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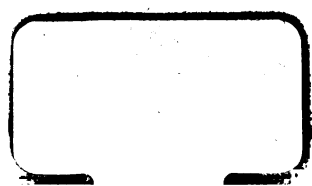
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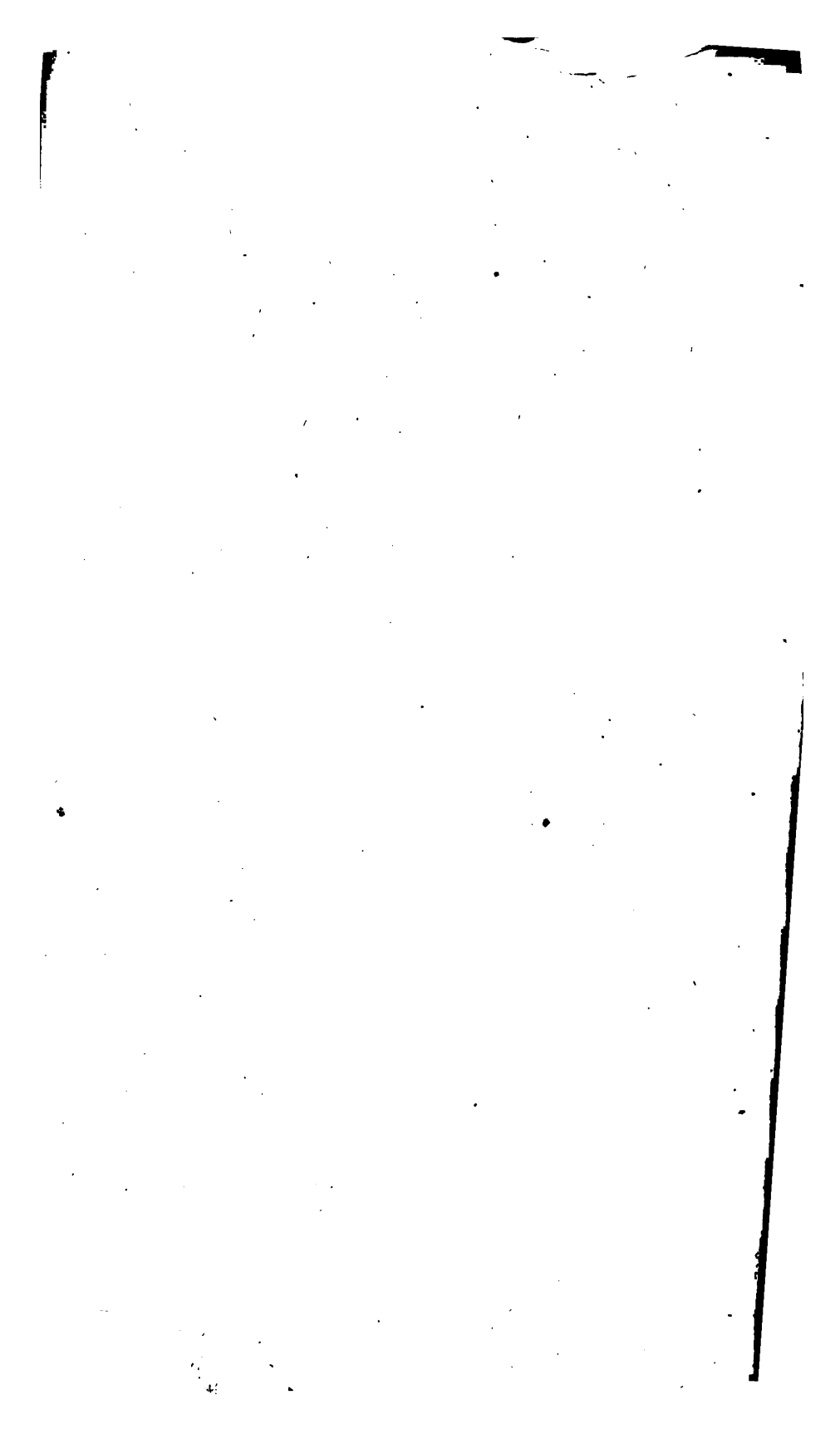




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Gamble  
CSI



*James Mill.*

SKETCHES

*Sept. 1818.*

OF

HISTORY, POLITICS AND MANNERS,

TAKEN IN

DUBLIN,

AND

THE NORTH OF IRELAND,

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1810.

*John<sup>by</sup> Gamble.*

Long from a country ever hardly used,  
At random censured, wantonly abused,  
Have Britons drawn their sport with no kind view ;  
And judged the many, by the rascal few.

CHURCHILL.

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# SKETCHES,

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## CHAP. I.

LIVERPOOL, *August 1810.*

EXHAUSTED with sickness I left London, in hope of finding in distant and rural scenes some relief from pain, and some alleviation of suffering: whether I shall have my expectations realized, or whether a work undertaken under such circumstances can afford much amusement to the reader, is, I fear, a problematical business.—Books of Travels have multiplied in proportion as the countries where travellers could resort to have diminished; and have left nothing new either to see or to say. In former times, when the desire of change, or the love of amusement, influenced a person to travel, he had the whole continent of Europe to resort to; where, amidst the festive scenes of Paris, or the romantic scenery of Switzerland, on the top of Vesuvius, or amidst the ruins of the Capitol, on the Rhone, the Tiber, or the Brenta; names endeared to the imagination, not only by the grand ideas annexed to them, but by fond association with the days in which these ideas were first acquired, he might find a remedy for a “mind diseased,” and sick of the world as it is, riot in an imaginary one, the glittering offspring of his own fancy; but thanks to the ambition of the great ones of the earth, who have kept the world in a pretty constant state of warfare for the last twenty years, and may, perhaps, for twenty years to come, the British tourist has now a narrower range. Spider

Ms. B. 9. 1. 4. 2/19

like he must spin his web out of the materials of the British empire only—with bird-eye prospects of Cadiz and Lisbon, as long as we are permitted to occupy them. There is no evil, however, without its good—one advantage attending this is, that it brings Englishmen better acquainted with their own country; every nook and corner of which have been so often described, that they are now as well known as Hyde-Park Corner. Should a similar knowledge of Ireland ever come to be generally diffused, it would be attended with infinite advantages to that ill-fated country; as many of the evils under which it has so long laboured, may be traced to the ignorance in which Englishmen have lived of its true character; with which, until lately, they were as much unacquainted as with Thibet or Japan—most happy should I feel myself, could my feeble production remove one abuse, correct one error, or soften one prejudice, that keeps asunder two nations whose interests are so inseparable, and which, united by God and nature, it will never, I trust, be in the power of man to put asunder.

I left London at six o'clock on Monday evening, the 29th of July, in the heavy coach, for Liverpool, from which place I knew I could have a speedy conveyance to Dublin. Nothing remarkable happened during our journey; for it would be almost as wearisome to the reader, as it was at the time to myself, to recount all the jolts and hardships of an overloaded coach during a journey of upwards of two hundred miles.—My fellow-travellers were mighty common-place people, they had neither sense to instruct, beauty to charm, or wit to enliven. Our principal speakers were a smart Liverpool milliner, a little addicted to Methodism, and, I suspect, more than a little addicted to love; and a Greenock shop-keeper who had been in London for the first time, and left it with a firm conviction of its inferiority to the part of the world of which he was a native. The streets, he said, were nothing to those of Glasgow; the London porter was not to be compared with



Bell's beer, one bottle of which (this was the highest panegyric he could bestow on it) would make a man drunk at any time—some brick-kilns we passed gave him an opportunity of remarking that the bricks about Glasgow were of a much better colour. The vice of London, particularly its ill observance of Sunday, which they termed the Sabbath, called forth severe animadversions from him and the fair Methodist. I verily believe they considered it another Gomorrah, devoted to immediate destruction; and as I endeavoured to soften the asperity of their censures, and besides, took a wishful look of it from Highgate Hill, I presume they found in me the pillar of salt, necessary to complete the picture. Sick of their unmeaning conversation I took refuge in sullen silence, though I could not forbear smiling as I surveyed the little group around me, and contrasted the present scene with the picture which, in early youth, my romantic imagination had drawn of a stage coach; where the most uncommon adventures were to happen, and where some forlorn damsel, flying for the sake of love, was to be met and comforted by some graceful and interesting personage—like myself; but this is but the stage coach of a novelist or a poet; an English one at present (so much are commerce and romance at variance) gives you laughing, not crying heroines, who care as little for refinement as they do for Epictetus, and sedate male passengers, (grave and sober men) who talk about the price of stocks, and the comforts of a good dinner, and care a great deal more about a leg of lamb, or breast of veal, than either pretty legs or panting bosoms, were they even aided by “the lightning of the eye, the clustering tresses, the white and rounded arms of Miss Owenson herself.” The company on the outside, as is usual on Liverpool coaches, consisted of a number of seamen, who drank, sung, and quarrelled during the whole of the journey; I do not suppose there ever was a more noisy coach, since coaches were first invented. A mill was the temple of

silence in comparison; one of them, an old Irishman, had been in the navy upwards of twenty years, and was then returning with a pension of sixteen pounds a year to his wife, who kept a small shop in Liverpool; he had three guineas, and a seven-shilling-piece, which he showed with great exultation, and seemed to consider an inexhaustible mine—with the generosity natural to his profession and country, he insisted upon treating every one, both in and on the coach: and by way of doing the honours of it the better, and setting his company a good example, he got so drunk, that in crawling round the top in pursuit of his brandy bottle, he tumbled off, and narrowly escaped being killed; he was very much stunned with the fall: the first use he made of his tongue, was, to inquire after the unlucky bottle which had caused his overthrow: and, on the Scotchman's telling him he should rather return thanks to Heaven for his deliverance; he poured forth a volley of execrations at his ill luck in returning (after so long an absence) to his wife, with a face covered with scars; he was hoisted, (not without some difficulty) on the top of the coach; and as he continued very outrageous at the thoughts of his lost beauty, as well as brandy bottle, the coachman thought it prudent to secure him with a large chain to the roof, where he sat grinning in terrific majesty: when he got sober he was released, and I could not help being struck with the courage he displayed in a very dangerous situation in which we were placed, by the partial overturning of the coach—the company inside scrambled out as well as they could, the outside passengers jumped off, and he only remained. While the coachman was engaged in getting up the fallen horse, he managed the reins with admirable coolness, and succeeded in extricating the coach from a situation, in which the slightest error would have overturned it and himself along with it.

We arrived about five o'clock on Wednesday evening, having been forty-seven hours on the road; the coach stops at the

Talbot Inn, in Water Street: a house, which however well it may be adapted to the man of business, is rather too noisy for a studious man, and too slow in its attendance for a hungry one. After a fatiguing journey, we naturally look forward to the comforts of a good dinner; I had regaled myself with the thoughts of it for the last twenty miles—it was lucky I had so well feasted in imagination, as I was doomed to experience the reverse in reality: the dinner was bad, and the wine execrable, the fish was too little, and a mutton chop was too much done; the mustard was sour, and had I tasted the vinegar, I dare say I should have found it sweet; besides all this I was obliged to wait a couple of hours for it, because the whole house, mistress, servants and all, were engaged in preparing a dinner for a great gentleman; I was curious to know who this great personage was, who thus caused me to fast without any religious merit: he was no less a person than a great Birmingham gunsmith, and, as the waiter told me, worth upwards of fifty thousand pounds—wealth being the only standard by which a man is estimated here; seeing me, however, look rather disconsolate, he admitted, with great candour, I had some reason to complain, but requested I would suspend my opinion till the next day at four o'clock, when, at the travellers' ordinary, I should get a dinner (to use his own words) fit for a prince, and wine, worthy, no doubt the Birmingham gunsmith himself; my opinion, however, was already formed—I did not choose to sleep in a mill, nor to eat in a caravansera, I therefore removed the next day to the Crown, in Red-Cross Street, where I now am, and find myself much more comfortable.

As I am fond of the theatre, I asked the chamber-maid at the Talbot, immediately on my arrival, if Mr. Young was performing there? she answered no; but after hesitating a moment, said the drunken man was: I had no difficulty in understanding who she meant, and had this night a very rich, though not a spirited feast, in his performance of Shylock—his excellence

in that part, however, is too well known to require any comment of mine; I was very much pleased with the appearance of the house, and with the performers in general. The Liverpool actors were very respectable, and besides Mr. Cooke and Mr. Simmons, there were some female performers from London: Miss Bolton was highly interesting in Jessica, and sung several songs with great taste and feeling: Mrs. H. Johnston played Portia with great propriety, though I should suppose it a part to which she is not much accustomed—her manner of speaking those beautiful lines beginning with

“ The quality of mercy is not strain’d,  
 “ It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven  
 “ Upon the place beneath,”

was correct and impressive; though a rigid critic might object to its being too artificial and studied. The part in which she pleased me the least, was that in which she laboured the most, I mean in the last scene of the last act, where Portia torments Bassanio for having given away her ring:

“ Let not that Doctor e’er come near my house  
 “ Since he hath got the jewel that I lov’d,  
 “ I’ll not deny him any thing I have,  
 “ No, not my body, nor my husband’s bed;  
 “ Lie not a night from home, watch me like Argus,  
 “ If you do not, if I be left alone,  
 “ I’ll have the Doctor for my bed-fellow.”

Indeed I have remarked, that in the expression of humour, this lady almost always fails; a circumstance the more extraordinary, if it be true, as I have heard reported by those who know her, that the character of her own disposition is gaiety; this is a proof, among many others, how little connexion there is between the real and artificial character of a performer, and should serve to check an opinion, too prevalent (which, for the

sake of my friend Cooke, I trust is unjust) that to pourtray successfully a villain, one must be a villain himself. Mr. Young, in whose disposition tenderness and all the milder virtues predominate, is most generally admired in parts of energy and force : though I have good reasons for believing he conceives his strength is in the pathetic ; but in this instance (no uncommon thing with the greatest men) he has mistaken his own character ; his *Beverley*, though a good, is an inferior performance to many of his others ; his element is the sublime, the gloomy and terrific, the gigantic that appals, the sorrow that rends, but does not soften the heart ; in the struggle of contending passions, the horror of remorse, the agony of guilt, and phreasy of despair, this actor stands unrivalled ; nor can any age or country, in my opinion, boast of a superior performance to his *Sir Edward Mortimer*, in the *Iron Chest* ; a piece rejected and neglected as a feeble and spiritless composition, till he embodied himself with it, giving light to darkness, order to chaos, converting a dry and sterile sketch, into a rich and finished picture, and giving to the lofty, but indistinct conceptions, the grand but half-formed ideas of the poet,

“ A local habitation and a name.”

I sat during the play in the pit, but afterwards went to the upper boxes, where I witnessed a scene fully as farcical as any that could be performed on the stage.—It seems it is essential in this theatre, to keep the clean and unclean, the modest and immodest parts of the female sex, as much apart as possible : whether the virtuous are improved by this deviation from the London mode, I shall not take on me to determine, but I am sure the other description are injured by it ; as they displayed an immodesty and indelicacy that was disgusting : a parent might have brought his children there for the same reason that made the Spartans make their *Helotes* drunk before theirs—If, as Mr. Burke (with more attention to good breeding than

morality) remarks, the great sting of vice is its grossness, the Cyprians of Liverpool are the most envenomed creatures alive. I was accosted by several: whether I am to attribute it to any thing particularly prepossessing in my physiognomy, I shall not take on me to determine; but I received several hearty embraces, while, to my shame be it spoken, I remained perfectly neuter: reversing thus the order of the sexes, or if for a moment active, struggling to save myself from the gripe of these Lancashire amazons—seeing a crape round my hat, they recommended me to drown sorrow in the arms of a fair one, and one of them having said she supposed I was an Irishman, another would allow me no claim to what among females is thought such an honour.—The lobby exhibited tumult, riot, and drunkenness—sailors, mates, and captains of vessels, uncoated, unshaved, covered with filth and tar, “with all their imperfections on their head,” walked about drinking grog, and smoking tobacco—I could not forbear remarking to the friend who accompanied me, the miserable situation of an elegant female like Miss——— obliged to twist her arms and legs, and make faces, for the entertainment of such Hottentots, adding, that if I was a young woman, I would rather throw myself into one of their own docks—“*La tête la premiere.*”—I retired from the fair syrens I had been conversing with, without feeling any inclination to break the vow of chastity I had taken on going among them, though from the shoving and pulling I experienced, I was very near, Joseph like, leaving my skirt behind me.

## CHAP. II.

LIVERPOOL, *August.*

I AM still here, and as the wind continues obstinately in the N.W. here I am likely to remain. I learn from the waiter, who, seeing me chagrined, kindly undertook to comfort me, that he has known instances of this wind blowing for weeks together—a comfortable prospect truly. But this is not a solitary instance of my ill luck—the same evil fortune has followed me in almost every journey I ever undertook; I never went to sea, no matter at what season, or however fine the weather was before, that a storm did not rise immediately afterwards—I hardly ever got on horseback that I did not run the risk of having my neck broke, nor did I ever set off on a walking party, that the rain did not set off along with me. I remember in one of those excursions through Wales, I had three ferries to cross; I was detained a day each at two of them, and was nearly drowned in crossing the third. Some people, says the proverb, are born with a silver spoon in their mouth, and others with a wooden ladle—I fear I am of the latter description; I am sure at least I am none of those who (as I have read in some old French play or other) if they were thrown naked into the sea, would rise up again with a bag-wig and sword.

Of all things, I detest a sea-port the most; and here I am like a tortoise turned on its back, unable to move any thing but its fins, left in this great bustling place, where every one seems busy but myself, with hardly a single acquaintance; for I cannot reckon as such the stupid drones I meet with in the public room of my inn, whose whole conversation is the price of sugar and

rum, Manchester cottons, and Sheffield hardware, with occasional digressions on the scarcity of corn, and the price of black cattle—"How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford Fair?"

After the declaration I have just made, that I have hardly an acquaintance in this town, it would be absurd to give an opinion of it; I shall therefore barely remark, that it appears to me a mere sea-port—a respectable Wapping, or Rotherhithe. The smell of tar assails one in every quarter—in Castle Street, and the squares, as well as in the docks; and, as we are told from high authority, there is no touching tar without being defiled, it is no wonder we perceive it in the manners of the men, and the faces of the women. The streets in general are narrow, crooked, and irregular, though there are some good houses in the town, and still more in the neighbourhood. The house of a celebrated medicine-vender, about two miles off, on the London road, is particularly distinguished for its neatness and elegance—a happy monument of his own craft, and the folly of the good people of England, who in this, as in various other instances, have proved themselves, "whatever he may be" no Solomons.—I have tried the medicine, and find it pleasant to the taste, and harmless in its effects, which is more than can be said for many medicines highly vaunted; but had it been as nauseous as asafœtida, and as deadly as night-shade, there would have been found people enough to have swallowed it.—The credulity of John Bull is as great as the adventurers are numerous who prey on it; he is the great Leviathan of the ocean, whose blubber gives food to all the smaller fish—his is the true ostrich stomach, and, luckily for politicians and quack-doctors, will digest any thing.

I am just returned from the theatre—the play was *King Lear*, the part of *King Lear* by Mr. Cooke, *Cordelia* by Mrs. H. Johnston. Mr. Cooke and Mrs. H. Johnston are the great load-stones of attraction at present; they are coupled



together in large characters on the play-bills, and always appear hand in hand like the two kings of Brentford. The last evening I witnessed a pleasant, this evening an extraordinary performance: when the good old king made his first appearance, I was at a loss to know what to think of him—it was too soon for him to lose his wits from sorrow, I therefore feared he had from brandy; I feared that the natural had been too strong for the artificial character, and that the actor was sunk in the excesses of the man—I soon perceived, however, that I was mistaken, and that he was perfectly sober: I then imagined, that, despising his amphibious audience, and not liking to “cast his pearls before swine,” he was burlesquing the part; nor am I yet recovered from the astonishment I was thrown into on this occasion. His performance was not only faint, flat, and spiritless, which might be attributed to illness; but he seemed to have no conception of his author’s meaning; out of every hundred men in the habit of reading Shakespeare, ninety-nine I have little doubt would read the part better than he played it.—The other performers did not do a jot better than their venerable chief—they were truly

“*Cantare pares, et respondere parati.*”

Poor Tom played the fool to be sure, but it was in undertaking a part for which he was so ill qualified—he ran about crying “poor Tom’s a-cold,” until, as the weather was warm, he threw himself into a profuse perspiration. I do not know whether it proceeded from his, or the ladies’ exertions, but I was obliged oftener than once, to put lavender on my handkerchief, to sweeten an atmosphere, which assuredly bore little resemblance to the “sweet south,”

“When it breathes over a bank of violets.”

Regan and Goneril, with their inflamed eyes, daubed

cheeks, and red noses, might have been mistaken for a couple of enraged landladies, quarrelling with an unlucky guest after having robbed him of his *half-crown* each; while the pious, the gentle, the soul-subduing Cordelia, with her smart air, cocked-up hat, cotton stockings, and short petticoat, looked more like a country lass, decked out for a village fair, than a king's daughter. To mend the matter, they were all imperfect in their parts, and after the prompter was heard first, came halting and hesitating the performer, a second or two afterwards. In short, a more miserable performance I believe was never witnessed in the barn of a country town—having “neither the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, they so strutted and bellowed, that they looked as if Bonaparte, or some of his journeymen, had made them kings and queens, and not made them well, they imitated royalty so abominably.”

I am just now summoned, as the wind is becoming favourable; I cannot quit Liverpool, however, without paying the humble tribute of my respect to a man whose virtues and talents are an honour, not to this town only, but to his country and to human nature; every reader I am sure will anticipate who I mean—the reviver of Italian literature, the mild advocate of freedom, the enemy of slavery, the friend of man—the humane and benevolent Roscoe. Born in an humble station, with no other inheritance than the sacred fire of genius, he has given himself wealth, and rank, and consideration; he has done more—he has given refinement to grossness, knowledge to ignorance, taste and humanity to cumbersome and over-grown riches; he has transfused a portion of his own spirit into the heavy matter that surrounded him. Orpheus-like, his soft and harmonious soul has softened the rugged nature of brutes; and a stranger of sensibility may contemplate Liverpool with some satisfaction, gracefully as he has thrown the rosy wreath of his own brilliant imagination round the massy pillar of rough and barbarous wealth. He has been the promoter of almost

every institution (and it has many) that this town has to boast of—of societies to save, of hospitals to prolong, and of libraries to gladden and instruct life ; nor are his private charities less numerous, and would fill a much larger volume than this—they are written in the breast of the widow and the orphan, in the heart that melts, in the eye that overflows at his approach—" When the ear heard him, then it blessed him ; and when the eye saw him, then it gave witness to him.—The blessing of him that was ready to perish was on him ; and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. He was a father to the poor ; and the cause which he knew not, he searched out."

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### CHAP. III.

DUBLIN, *August.*

WE sailed about an hour after I went on board, and for once Fortune has been propitious to me ; our passage was of the most favourable kind, and breezes, soft as the breath of love, wafted us gently to the emerald isle. The distance from Liverpool to Dublin, is about forty leagues, which we ran in something more than twenty-six hours. I passed the greatest part of the day on deck, and contemplated with all the security an unruffled sea affords, the rough and lofty coast along which our vessel glided—illuminated as they were by a cheering sun, these gigantic and craggy rocks inspired no terror, though it required little stretch of the imagination, to picture them blackened with tempest, and threatening destruction to the mariner struggling, " often vainly struggling," to avoid their fatal shock. The whole of this coast is dangerous, even to a pro-

verb ; and many sea captains have declared, they felt more anxiety in going from Holyhead to Liverpool, than in their passage from the West Indies to England. I would recommend every person who goes to sea for the first time, to keep upon deck as much as possible, it is the most effectual method of avoiding sickness, and, if at length he is obliged to yield to it, the tone and refreshment which the pure and cold air has given him, shortens its duration, and weakens its violence. It is, I think, impossible to enter the cabin of a packet without feeling nausea and disgust, the air is so confined and suffocating ; the society in a Liverpool one is generally of the lowest kind, and the fair sex, the delight of man in every other situation, ceases to be so in this one. Ovid gives rules for the cure of love—he has omitted, or perhaps did not know the most effectual of all. But I will draw a veil over this subject ; I have no pleasure in dwelling on the dark side of a fair picture, and the fairest picture, alas ! has its dark side. The writer of romance has great advantages over us humble authors of tours and voyages—in the calenture of his working brain, he is not, like us, confined to sober realities—he dips his pencil in the glittering dew-drops of fancy, and decks, with all the colours of the rainbow, poor, naked, shivering human nature—his head is in labour, and like Minerva of old, a full-grown goddess, with no human failings, and subject to no human weaknesses, bursts forth, ready dressed, and armed at all points : he conducts her, weeping and wailing, with a cambric handkerchief to her eyes, through four, sometimes six thick volumes of distress, “ through antres vast, and deserts idle,” with no money in her pocket, often without a shoe to her foot, or a shift to her back ! But, such are the happy privileges of a poet’s offspring, she is never a jot the less lovely, or the less attractive—she is still an overflowing fountain of sweets, a hill of perpetual love ; her food is ambrosia, and she transudes frank-

incense! Would some such had been in our cabin, for I am sure it wanted sweetening prodigiously.

Sir George Staunton, in his learned ("learned and dull are frequently synonymous terms") account of the embassy to China, has defined the nature of sea-sickness with great precision, and describes it with so much justice and minuteness, that it almost made me sick to read it.—(I have here to acknowledge the favours I owe this worthy author, for the many sound sleeps his valuable work procured me last winter, when I was afflicted with a severe rheumatism, and every other opiate had failed.) As I am, however, no writer of folios, I have no pretensions to make my readers either sick or sleepy; I shall not, therefore, meddle with the history of this nauseous disease, but say a few words of the method of treatment only.—When a person is compelled by sea-sickness to quit the deck, and betake himself to his berth, he should stretch himself as much at length as possible, with his head low, and firmly pressed to the pillow, endeavouring to lose all motion of his own, and to accommodate himself to the ship's. Wine or spirits is bad; though, of the two, the latter, diluted with water, is preferable. The drink I would recommend, is highly-taken bottled porter, soda or seltzer water; I have derived great benefit from a teaspoonful of æther taken in a glass of the latter; and once prevented it altogether by a small opiate plaister, applied to the pit of the stomach.

We got into Dublin Bay about four in the morning—the beauty of this bay has been often noticed—some person who was a great traveller, or was willing to be thought so, remarked that it bore a striking likeness to the Bay of Naples, and hundreds have echoed the observation who know no more of Naples than the Streights of Thermopylæ—a brother tourist, who visited this country last summer, is of a different opinion, and says, they are no more to be compared together than Brentford and Bath—I am sorry I cannot decide this important ques-

tion—I never was in the Bay of Naples; and though I have just sailed through that of Dublin, I must candidly confess I did not see it—I was in a sound sleep at the time, but had I been even broad awake, and on deck, the matter I fear would not have been much mended—for I must take this opportunity of mentioning, though only a poor author, I have one essential qualification of a man of fashion; I am remarkably short sighted—not so much so perhaps as the gentleman who ran against a ladder in the street, and then took off his hat, saying, I beg your pardon, mistaking it for a lady, but too much so for distinguishing prospects—were I to attempt to describe the present one, I fear I should so confuse earth, sky, and water, that it would be impossible for the reader to tell the hill of Howth from the silver cloud that rests on its head, or the blue waves that break on its base: I must therefore pass through this bay as quietly as our vessel did, nor has he any reason to regret that I do so; a description would be unnecessary for him who has seen it, and the best description would be unintelligible to him who has not: but if he is still unsatisfied, I beg leave to refer him to any of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, where he will get descriptions of all sizes, "ready cut and dried," both for sea and land: admirable ones truly, which, with slight alteration, will do as well for every other place as those for which they were written: we went ashore at a small custom-house near the pigeon-house, lately erected for the examination of passengers' luggage—I had two or three steps to ascend to the pier; in an instant a couple of stout fellows in ragged great coats started forward to assist me, and helped me up with as much caution as if I was bent under the burthen of fourscore years: they kindly followed me to the custom-house, wishing me health and long life and a happy sight of my friends: unlike the bishop in the fable, they did not choose, however, to give their blessings for nothing—they hoped I would remember poor Pat, and begged a *tin-penny* or two, just to drink my

honour's health: the examination of the trunks was a mere form, and over in a few minutes—mine was just looked into and closed again. I concluded that the gentlemen of the custom-house sold their civility much dearer than my late supporters did their blessings, and had my purse ready to comply with the demand which I expected—I was disappointed, however; there was no fee either asked for or expected: a traveller sometimes sees strange sights, and always says he has seen them; I have travelled a good deal myself, but never till this morning did I witness the novelty of a disinterested custom-house.—I stepped out of it into the long coach, which was waiting for us; it was completely filled inside and out: it carried thirty passengers with all their luggage—there was little danger of being run away with even with mettlesome horses; do ours justice they were not of that description: from their steady and venerable appearance, they might have drawn the archbishop of Dublin himself—as may well be conceived, the air in the inside was unsufferably close and oppressive; from the paleness of many of the faces around me, it was easy to see that sickness had not subsided—one gentleman remarked that he was always sea-sick in a stage coach: I regret I did not find out which of the countries he belonged to; his speech was what is termed Irish, but I think his accent was English—this, however, is not a certain criterion to judge by; most travellers returning from England, to prove they have been there, and to display their superiority over their untravelled countrymen, affect an English accent and pronunciation. As they are generally ignorant of the rules, they make ridiculous mistakes accordingly; pronouncing, *het* and *hend*, for *hat* and *hand*; *teeble* and *steeble*, for *table* and *stable*.—We passed through Ringsend, a small village almost in ruins; though it is only a mile and a half from Dublin, we were more than half an hour in getting to the Mail-Coach Hotel, in Dawson Street, where the coach stops.—The distance from the pigeon-house is four

iniles: our fare for our ourselves and luggage was three shillings and four-pence each. The Mail-Coach Hotel, I think is a good house; I am sure it is a dear one: we were charged three shillings English (three shillings and three-pence) each for breakfast: it is fair to acknowledge, however, that it was a sumptuous one—tea, coffee, eggs, ham, &c. &c.: and I dare say some of the company, whose bowels were empty after their late evacuation, took the full value of their money.—This was too expensive a place for me; authors have little money, and what they have they earn dearly; I therefore took private lodgings. I called in the course of the morning on some people I formerly knew; they received me with all the kindness so congenial to the hearts of Irishmen.—I had two invitations to dinner for that day, but declined them; both the gentlemen who gave them were married, and Dublin dames, I knew, no more than London ones, like to be taken unawares: besides, the motion of the vessel was still in my head, and wine and whisky punch I feared would not make it steadier; I preferred, therefore, dining in silence and solitude in the Ormond Tavern, Capel Street. The last of these expectations was in some degree realized, for I had a box to myself, and I should have known better than to expect the former—silence is no more the virtue of man in this, than it is of woman in any country; there were about twenty people in the room, all eating, all speaking, and, except myself, nobody listening.—I repeat verbatim and literatim, a conversation which a gentleman held with an acquaintance in an opposite box:—“Is this Doctor B. there, I didn’t see you before, because I didn’t look that way; I drink your health sir.” “I pledge you, sir, in porter: here, waiter, you damned wriggled-eyed bastard, why dont you bring me my wine, I say.” “Well, and how do you get your health my honey?” “Troth but middling, playing at cards with you, and a drop of the native has done it no good. Bad luck to your own soul for the head-ache you gave me yesterday, with laughing



at your old stories, and drinking your new wine.”—“ And how did you like the play the other night ? (It was *Love in a Village*, and *Mrs. Dickons* sung)” “ In troth I would have liked it better, only for you : you said you would meet me at the Cock, and so I went away to look for you before the singing began, but the devil a cock or hen could I find you at.” “ How do like *Mrs. Dickons* ?” “ How should I tell that, that had only set my two looking eyes on her, and went away, just as she was opening her throat like a lark in a summer’s morning ; but I can tell you one thing, by J—s, she has damned black-looking gums of her own.”—In addition to this treat of *calves-head*, I had a comfortable dinner of fish and stewed veal ; (I must here mention, as an inducement to Epicures to visit this country, that Dublin has fish in much greater perfection, perhaps, than any other capital in Europe ;) the wine was excellent ; I drank more than I intended on going in, but the conviviality was so general, that I thought it did not become me to be an exception to it.—Foote was once asked if he had ever been at Cork, during his residence in Ireland ? No, he said, but he had seen many drawings of it.—I witnessed a good number in the course of this evening, and actually finished a bottle myself ; no bad libation to the Zephyrs, who bore me in safety among a people who unite so gracefully,

“ The myrtle of Venus, with Bacchus’s vine.”

## CHAP. IV.

## DUBLIN,

I WALKED about the streets for some hours this morning, and saw little alteration in them since I was here last; it was predicted by some of its violent opposers, that the Union would cause grass to grow in the streets of Dublin—these political prophecies have not yet been fulfilled; I see nothing green in the streets, though I do a number of geraniums in the windows, which gives a delightful fragrance to the air, and breathes the perfume of Arabia on the banks of the Liffy:—there is something inexpressibly graceful in the appearance of this town to a stranger; he is forcibly struck with the strong likeness it bears to London, of which it is a beautiful copy—far more beautiful in miniature, than the gigantic original—like a watch set in a ring, it charms with its fairy distinctness, its light and airy construction: the streets are wide and commodious, the houses uniform, lofty and elegant: Sackville Street is a noble avenue, a hundred and twenty feet wide, terminated by the rotunda, and public gardens—nor do I know any square in London, that equals Merrion Square for beauty and uniformity of appearance: the river is open to the view, in the whole of its course through the city, and the quays, when properly embanked, will form a walk superior, perhaps, to any thing of the kind in the universe.—The Liffy, however, is but an inconsiderable stream, and only remarkable for having the metropolis seated on its banks—it rises in the County Wicklow, and discharges itself into Dublin Bay, a little below the city, and is navigable for vessels of three hundred

tons up to the new custom-house at Carlisle Bridge; this bridge is a very fine one; it consists of three arches,—the centre is forty-eight feet wide, and the two extreme arches, seventy feet, six inches—the breadth of this bridge is remarkably spacious, being sixty feet between the ballustrades; it is therefore wider by ten feet than that of Westminster:—there are several other bridges, none of which have anything to recommend them, except Essex Bridge, first built in 1676, but taken down in 1753, and rebuilt in an elegant form, after the model of Westminster Bridge.—Dublin is a place of great antiquity: Ptolemy, who flourished in the reign of Antonius Pius, about the year 140, says it was anciently called *Aschiled*. In 155, Alpinus, whose daughter Auliana was drowned in the Liffy, changed the name from *Aschiled* to *Auliana*; it was afterwards named *Dublana*, and Ptolemy calls it *Eblana*. *Dublana*, whence comes *Dublinum* and *Dublin*, is evidently derived from *Dub-leana*, “the place of the black harbour or lake,” or rather “the lake of the sea,”—the bay of Dublin being frequently so called. The Irish call it *Dromcholl-coill*, “the brow of a hazle wood;”—and in 181, Eogan, king of Munster, being on a royal tour, paid a visit to this place, which was then called *Atha Cliath*—*Dubb-Line*, “the passage of the ford of hurdles over the black pool:” king Edgar, in the preface to his charter, dated 964, mentions Ireland, with its most noble city (*nobilissima civitas*) of Dublin. By the Fingallians, it is called *Divelin*, and by the Welch *Dinas-Dulin*, or the City of Dullin.—In 448, Alpin Mac Eachard, king of Dublin, and all his subjects, were converted to Christianity by St. Patrick. In the year 498, the Ostmen or Danes, having entered the Liffy with a fleet of sixty sail, made themselves masters of Dublin and the adjacent country, and soon after environed the city with walls. About 1170, Dermot Mac Murrugh, king of Leinster, having quarrelled with the other princes of the kingdom, a confederacy was formed against him, by Rode-

rick O'Connor, monarch of Ireland: Dermot applied to Henry II. king of England, who sent over a number of English adventurers, by whose assistance he was reinstated in his dominions; and in the year 1171, the descendants of the Danes still continuing to hold possession of Dublin, it was besieged, and taken by a powerful party of the English, under Raymond le Gros. Mac Turkill, the Danish king, escaped to his shipping; he returned, however, soon after, with a strong fleet to recover the city, but was killed in the attempt, and in him ended the race of easterling princes in Ireland.—In 1172, Henry II. landed at Waterford, and obtained from Richard, earl of Strongbow (who married the daughter of Dermot Mac Murrough, and by agreement was his successor) a surrender of the city of Dublin. In 1173 he granted it his first charter, and by divers privileges, encouraged a colony from Bristol to settle there. In 1216 magna charta was granted to the Irish, by Henry III. an entry of which was made in the red book of the Exchequer, at Dublin. In 1217 the city was granted to the citizens, in fee farm at two hundred marks per annum; and, in 1227, the above monarch ordained, that the charter granted by king John should be kept inviolably. In 1404 the statutes of Kilkenny and Dublin were confirmed, in a parliament held at this city, under the Earl of Ormond. The charter of the city of Dublin was renewed, in 1609, by James I.

Notwithstanding its antiquity, Dublin has few ancient edifices, either public or private; the massy labours of our fathers have given place to the lighter works of their sons: the houses have almost all the appearance of being built within the last century, and even the churches, with the exception of Christ Church and St. Patrick's Cathedral, are of modern construction. The castle of Dublin, nominally an ancient, is in reality a modern building; it was formerly moated and flanked with towers, but the ditch has been long since

filled up, and the old buildings rased : the chapel and wardrobe tower excepted, which still remain.—The castle at present consists of two courts, the principal of which is an oblong square, formed by four ranges of buildings : within a few years, an edifice, called Bedford Tower, has been erected ; it fronts the entrance to the viceroy's apartments, and is connected with the building on each side by two fine gates ; over that on the right hand, is a statue of Fortitude ; and over the left gate, which is the grand portal, is the statue of Justice.

Though Dublin Castle is pretty, and even magnificent in some of its parts, it is deficient as a whole ; it has no uniformity of plan, and as it is so scattered, that the eye can take little of it in at once, it has no dignity of appearance—it bears too evident marks of the various repairs it has undergone, and like Sir John Cutler's worsted stockings, so often darned with black silk, that they changed their original nature, it has lost all traces of its venerable origin, in the grotesque embellishments of modern art.—Of the various other public buildings with which this metropolis is embellished, it is not my intention to speak ; they are too generally known to make description necessary, and so numerous, that even a faint one would swell this book to infinitely too large a bulk : I cannot, however, forbear saying a few words of the College Library, which I saw for the first time to day ; and struck me, as I think it must every stranger, with its superb and lofty magnificence.—It is built of hewn stone, with an elegant Corinthian entablature, crowned with a balustrade and ornamented windows, and consists of an extensive centre and two advanced pavilions. In the western pavilion are the librarian's apartments, and the grand stair-case, from which, by folding doors, you enter the Library, by much the finest room in the three kingdoms appropriated to such a purpose : the galleries are adorned with the busts of many

illustrious writers and literary characters, executed in white marble, by the ablest masters; and on the shelves are to be found an admirable collection of the best writers on every subject, in number exceeding forty-six thousand volumes, which is also daily increasing. At its further end, in the eastern pavilion, is the manuscript room, fifty-two feet long, twenty-six broad, and twenty-two high, wherein are many most valuable manuscripts, particularly those relative to Irish history; and some of high estimation in the Greek, Arabic, and Persian languages: among the former, are the celebrated Montfortian manuscript, and a copy of the four gospels, with a continued Greek commentary, written in the ninth century. Under this library is a spacious piazza of equal extent, out of which a gate opens into the Fellows' Garden. This college, as is well known, was founded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth—it is termed in the charter, “the College of the Holy and undivided Trinity near Dublin;”—it is now almost in the centre of it: so much has Dublin increased in size, in little better than two centuries.—It is governed by the provost and senior fellows, from whose decisions there is an appeal to the visitors, which are the chancellor of the University, or his vice-chancellor, and the archbishop of Dublin. The number of fellowships fixed at present is twenty-two; seven senior, and fifteen junior. The emoluments of a senior fellowship are supposed at present to exceed seven hundred pounds yearly; the eldest of the juniors, if no objection lies against him, is elected by the provost and seniors, to a senior fellowship, within three days after a vacancy is known: but to a junior fellowship, admission is obtained only by sustaining publicly one of the severest trials of the human faculties, of which we have any modern experience, or even knowledge from history.—The candidates are examined in Logic and Metaphysics, in all branches of the Mathematics, in Natural Philosophy and Ethics, in History, Chro-

nology, the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew languages.—The examination is in Latin, and the days appointed for it, are the four days immediately preceding Trinity Sunday:—none but young men of the brightest parts ever think of standing for a fellowship; they generally read from fourteen to eighteen hours a day, for a period of five, often of seven years, before venturing to undergo an examination: such intense application, as may well be conceived, has ruined the constitution of hundreds—many have become blind, many have lost their lives and reason, from the fatal effects of such continued mental exertion; nor is there perhaps a solitary instance of a fellow, whose health has not been injured, and talents impaired by it.—The brain, like every other organ, after violent motion, requires long rest; after a great degree of excitement, it sinks into as low a state of collapse: and the high wrought fever of youth and hope, which sustains the mind through such gigantic and incredible efforts, the moment they are crowned with success, subsides into all the lethargy and imbecility of old age. A Dublin fellow, fainting and exhausted, from the wilderness of dry and unprofitable study, has no longer either talent or inclination for it; like a painter seated before a difficult and dazzling picture, his eye seeks relief from the soft shade of light reading, and agreeable society.—It is little to be wondered at, therefore, we have so few works from himself, or the learned body to which he belongs; though it is deeply to be lamented, that a course of study should still be persisted in, which benumbs genius and paralyses effort; which makes knowledge useless, and learning contemptible; which puts the burden of Atlas on the gristly shoulders of youth, and plunges the present generation into the miry gulph of scholastic divinity, which has swallowed up so many preceding ones. The present provost, Doctor Hall, has the character of a learned and pious man: the chancellor is the Duke of Cumberland, who, for aught I know, may be a learned and pious man also.

## CHAP. V.

## DUBLIN,

I DINED with the gentleman who had accompanied me to the castle and college; he was a practitioner of medicine in town, and a fellow-student of my own at Edinburgh—there were two other gentlemen, medical men likewise: we had a most excellent dinner; I question whether the provost, or even the chancellor himself, (with all due respect I speak it) had a better:—the fish was delicious; though not a Roman Catholic, I actually kept Lent, in this instance I fear with no religious merit.—Our conversation was mostly medical; it is as impossible for four men of the same profession to meet without talking of it, as for four ladies to get together without a little scandal. The bottle circulated freely among us, but there was no constraint; every one was at liberty to drink as much or as little as he pleased, and, as is commonly the case when the liquor is good, every one pleased to drink a great deal:—Dublin physicians do not forget that they are men, and Irishmen—they converse, laugh, and drink, and have thrown aside the grave airs and formal manners, with the large wigs and gold-headed canes of their predecessors: they have a candour and openness of address, an ease and dignity of deportment, far superior to their London brethren—the truth is, a physician here is almost at the pinnacle of greatness: there are few resident nobility or gentry since the Union, and the professors of law and medicine may be said to form the aristocracy of the place. They have, therefore, all the advantages of manner, which a lofty sense



of superiority, along with much association with mankind, never fail to produce. A London practitioner is little better than a *bou bourgeois*, whom people of rank call in when they are sick, but have no intercourse with when they are well—the only exception I am acquainted with, was, the late Sir John Hayes, who was a highly amusing companion, and very much in company, certainly; but he was an Irishman, and patronized and brought forward by an Irishman, “Lord Moira:” I suspect he was confided in less, as he was associated with more; and, though his jokes were always relished, his physic was often given to the dogs.—Doctor Johnson has remarked, that a book might be made on the fortunes of physicians in large towns; my own experience abundantly proves the truth of the observation: some of the stupidest fellows of my acquaintance have been highly successful; while many young men of the brightest parts, have been compelled to relinquish the profession entirely;—having gradually journeyed from the first floor to the garret, they were obliged to go higher still, and from their airy “*Gradus ad Parnassum*,” to soar to the lofty regions of song: Apollo is the god of poetry as well as medicine, and when his votaries fail in the one, they naturally turn to the other; to speak seriously, I hardly know a more pitiable situation than that of some of my young medical friends; compared to whom, a shoe-maker or a cobbler, is a happy and independent character—without money to defray the necessary expenses of a gentleman, they linger out the best years of their life in penury and sorrow; in the most galling penury, which must display the appearance of riches; and in sorrow, which must wear the face of joy; living in a state of constant dissimulation, talking of fees they never received, of patients they never had, and though last, not least, forced to watch the humours and listen to the nauseating complaints of some antiquated, toothless beldam, who has undertaken to recommend them to her friends, and whose party they durst no more

desert at cassino or whist, than a soldier his colours in the field of battle.

I have mentioned above, that the gentleman with whom I dined was a fellow-student of mine at Edinburgh, about 16 or 17 years ago—it is a melancholy proof of the uncertainty of human life, even in extreme youth, that of twenty-five young men, I was in habits of intimacy with, he and two others only survive—nor was the manner of many of their deaths less melancholy; some were drowned, some lost their lives in the yellow fever, others in duels, and another because he could not get leave to fight one—he was a young high-spirited West Indian:—a short time after his return to the island, (I forget which) of which he was a native, he was grossly insulted by a gentleman at a dance—he retired, and sent him a message—the offender, with the unanimous approbation of his brother (gentlemen shall I call them) refused meeting him, because his father, (who, though a respectable man, was organist to the church) was no gentleman—the poor young man in a frenzy, rushed into the ball-room, and in the presence of these enlightened judges, blew his brains out. Had he turned his pistol on any of them, instead of himself, this consequence could not have followed—for surely they had no brains to lose.—The fate of another was still more distressing, and as it may furnish a lesson to presumptuous youth to move in the orbit which nature assigned it, I shall mention it here:—his name was Colclough—he took afterwards a distinguished part in the Irish rebellion, and was executed—he was a young man of considerable talents and great gentleness of manners; but he had great vanity, and great ambition also—vanity and ambition, more than conviction, have made many young men republicans.—He who thinks himself qualified to govern, does not like to obey, and the youth who, in the glowing visions of imagination, wields a truncheon, and hearkens to the trumpet, can have little relish for the pestle and mortar's more peaceful

sound. Among the debating societies of the students, there was one in which general subjects were discussed, to the exclusion only of medical ones—Mr. Colclough was a great speaker there, and often displayed no mean oratorical powers. I recollect well one subject of discussion was the assassination of Cæsar.—“ Was it a justifiable act on the part of Brutus and the other conspirators ? ”—As may be supposed, he took the part of the great martyr of freedom ; he made a long and brilliant speech which was greatly admired and rapturously applauded by all who heard it. I have very little doubt that the praise he received that night, gave a bias to his future life, and that the destiny of Brutus involved his own equally unfortunate one. He resolved to quit the profession of medicine, and betake himself to the bar, as a field where his abilities would have greater room. In the interval, however, a small fortune was left him, and he married. Shortly afterwards the Irish rebellion broke out—the stage was now erected on which so many thousands were doomed to perish ; he flattered himself, no doubt, with being able to play a distinguished part, and was among the foremost who appeared on its reeking boards. He had talents, youth, and courage, which, well directed, might have given him the rank and consideration he so much coveted ; but, abused and misapplied, served only to conduct him to the gallows—to excite some sympathy in the hearts of others, and probably in his last moments to embitter his own. At the age of twenty-six his course was finished. After the recapture of Wexford, he retired with his wife and child to one of the Saltee Islands, of which he was landlord, and chose for his temporary abode a cave, which he furnished with provisions, and hoped to remain concealed till the fervour of prosecution should abate—but Mr. Bagenal Harvey, knowing his place of retreat, followed him so incautiously, as to afford a foundation for conjecture and discovery :—they surrendered without resistance ; though from the nature of the place they

might have made for some time a defence. At his trial he displayed a calm intrepidity and dignity, tempered with mildness, which commanded the admiration and esteem of the spectators; at the place of execution he did not evince less fortitude; he called, it is said, for a glass of wine, and drank his Majesty's health. I hope this is not true. About to be launched into eternity, the most outrageous royalist troubles himself little about kings; but in a man of his prejudices and opinions, such a toast could only be dissimulation, and if ever given, must have proceeded from some faint hope, and lingering expectation of mercy. Mr. Colclough was a remarkably handsome man, elegantly made, though rather heavy in the limbs, as Irishmen generally are—his face was round and fair, with an expression of great sweetness; he was a Catholic, though, when I knew him, ashamed to acknowledge it—he thought it degrading as a philosopher and republican, to wear the shackles of so contracted a religion; yet so difficult are early habits to be rooted out, so much do the tales of the nursery influence the man, that what he denied with his tongue, he venerated in his heart; and he has been often known to steal privately to the only Catholic place of worship Edinburgh afforded; he was then very young, however, and his religious opinions might have undergone many changes previous to his death—little did I imagine at that period it should be his fate to undergo such a one, or that it should be mine thus to record it.

After our party broke up I went to the play—it was the Free Knights, which I was desirous to see; not, as will readily be believed, on its own account; but as I had seen its first representation at Covent Garden, to compare the Dublin and London performers. The first act was over when I went in; this was so far convenient, that it gave me an opportunity of surveying the house and audience:—as a public building, Crow Street has little in its external or internal appearance to recommend it to notice; there were some allegorical paintings

on the ceiling, of which I did not fully comprehend the meaning, nor did I think it worth while to inquire—the audience was brilliant and numerous: as we are now in the dog-days, the atmosphere was not over and above salubrious; all the foreheads around me glistened with dew—one very large gentleman seemed completely in the melting mood, and, as he either had no handkerchief, or could not get at it, “the big round drops,”

“ Cours’d one another down his rubicund nose  
“ In piteous chase;”

I could not help looking on the audience with pity, not unmixed with contempt; nor can I conceive how a number of beings, pretending to be rational, could forego the beauties of a delicious summer’s evening, to sit for hours in a heated atmosphere, unfit for respiration and injurious to health, listening to a wild farrago of absurdity, in comparison of which, Guy, Earl of Warwick, or Jack the Giant-Killer are rational productions—but such is the force of fashion: this play was approved of by a London manager, and was received as the news-papers were pleased to tell us, “by a brilliant and everflowing audience, with the most unbounded applause.—” The good people of Dublin, were therefore earnest to see and applaud likewise; and to prove themselves as profound critics as their sapient brethren of London. In justice to the latter, however, I must observe they displayed in this instance, more taste and judgment than the managers did—they listened with indifference to the sentimental click-clack of Ravensburgh and Agnes; they hissed the notable wit of “there’s a Rowland for your Oliver” and the little twaddling butler, and were, I am certain, on the point of condemning the piece, when the good genius of Mr. Reynolds, in the person of Mr. Young, saved him from damnation.—With all the energy

which characterizes his manner, he delivered two or three happily conceived, and not ill written speeches ; their effect on the audience was like electricity ; they drove away the gloom and discontent that were ready to burst forth, and substituted harmony and good humour in their place ;—like Balaam's ass of old, (I beg pardon for the comparison) the critics in the pit opened their mouths to curse, and could only pronounce blessings. Of the Dublin performers I shall at present say little, it would be illiberal to judge them harshly, labouring up hill as they were this night, against love without interest, song without music, comedy without humour, and dialogue without wit.—Mr. Duff, who performed the Prince Palatine, appears a decent, though affected player ; the abbot of Mr. Wheatly was a respectable, though unequal performance. I was forcibly struck with the appearance of Miss Smith, and highly gratified by the manner in which she supported her part—she is, indeed, a great and superior actress, and gave Agnes every support abilities could bestow.—The after-piece was the Budget of Blunders, a farce which met with much illiberal opposition last winter in London, for no other reason, I believe, but the opinion its author was supposed to entertain on the riots which a short time before had disgraced Covent Garden ;—it was highly and deservedly applauded here : Mr. Farron exerted his talents with much effect, in Dr. Smugface ; I should have seen him I dare say with more pleasure, had I not seen Liston in the same part ; but his humour is of so truly comic and original a nature, that every actor of his parts sinks in the comparison—in a particular sort of dry and quaint humour, in simplicity pretending to cunning, in vivacity that affects to be grave, in vacuity that seems to think, in the wisdom of folly, and the folly of wisdom, this actor stands unrivalled.—Their excellencies the Lord and Lady Lieutenant were present ; they came in before the commencement of the play, and I understand were received

with the highest applause: the duchess is a plain looking middle-aged woman. The duke I did not distinctly see, nor did he, I fancy, much of what was going on—he seemed little taken “with the cunning of the scene;” indeed, from the posture he sat in, I thought he was sleeping; but this is no imputation on his grace’s taste; I know by experience the Three Knights is a very powerful narcotic. He brightened up, however, at the farce, and laughed so heartily, (in which the audience, as in duty bound, accompanied him) that the author himself, had he been present, would have been satisfied, and pronounced him a most judicious critic and enlightened lord lieutenant. This was a day of meeting with great people; in the morning, as I was walking with a friend in Dame-street, he desired me to look at a man who was coming towards us: I looked both at him and after him—“Do you see any thing remarkable there?” asked he. “Very,” I replied; “he is remarkably ugly, and remarkably mean looking.” “He is remarkably clever,” said my companion; “that is Mr. C——, the celebrated advocate!” Bodily and mental beauty, (though I have known some instances to the contrary,) seldom go together. If Mr. C——’s talents are as great as his face is ugly, he must be one of the brightest men in the world: he is little, and dark complexioned; but as he was dressed in a full suit of black, probably looked less than he really is. Notwithstanding his unprepossessing appearance, he is said to be a great favorite of the ladies, who find in him, I dare say, more substantial qualifications than mere beauty, and select him, like captain Bobadil, upon “an instinct” they have got. Mr. C—— brought an action of damages some years ago against a gentleman for criminal conversation with his wife; it is reported he compelled his son to come forward as an evidence, to substantiate his mother’s guilt.—Let us hope, for the honour of genius, that this story is either not true, or greatly exaggerated.

A few moments afterwards I was lucky enough to meet with Mr. Grattan, who, though I had heard once or twice before in the House of Commons, I might be now said to see for the first time. I viewed, with mingled sentiments of respect and admiration, the man, whose transcendent abilities reflect such lustre on the country which gave him birth; which his talents have ennobled, and his eloquence free'd; and who, during a period of thirty years, has proved himself the steady and inflexible patriot, faithful to his country, but loyal to his king. During his long political life, Mr. Grattan has often experienced the uncertainty of popular favour---in turn praised and abused---he was pronounced the Saviour, and afterwards the betrayer of his country: his picture was put up with shouts and acclamations in the common-hall of this city, and afterwards taken down with curses and execrations. Regardless of ephemeral and evanescent popularity, he still held the even tenor of his way; untrified by the frowns of government, and unseduced by the erroneous judgments of the mob. He acted from the dictates of his own conscience, and found in the approbation of his own heart, the best reward of virtuous deeds.

" All praise is foreign but of true desert,  
Plays round the head but enters not the heart;  
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs  
Of stupid gazers and of loud huzzas.  
And more true joy exiled Marcellus feels,  
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

As an orator he is in the foremost class; he is not only the first at present in the House of Commons, but, perhaps, the greatest who ever had a seat there; he is not a frequent speaker however—he is neither a fluent nor eloquent haranguer on the common business and details of parliament—on such occasions his manner seems trifling and insignificant; his action ungraceful, and his words studiously sought, and ob-



tained with difficulty—but on a grand question of justice or morality, which involves the existence and security of government, the happiness of the present and of succeeding generations, his mind grows with the subject; he is wrapt and carried away as it were out of himself; and he seems to his astonished hearers, something more than human.—Like Achilles his arguments scatter death upon his opponents; the fire of his eloquence dries up and withers opposition, like the lightning of heaven—the power of generalizing, which Mr. Grattan possesses, is most extraordinary, and is the true criterion of the orator, as well as the poet, “Who are of imagination both compact.” Every sentence is an aphorism on which pages might be written; a text on which sermons might be preached; he reviews the past, he dives into the future, which he foretells with almost prophetic exactness; and in the bold frenzy of his oratory, as he pours forth the heavy denunciations of impending punishment on folly and mis-rule, he seems rather an oracle in the act of inspiration, than a public speaker. I remember well on the speech he made about two years ago on the Catholic question—(a speech which in my opinion might have impressed conviction even on Bœotian stupidity,) the whole gallery stood up as a spontaneous and involuntary tribute of admiration. Mr. Grattan is a thin and delicate-looking little man, but his eye is full of genius and fire—he is, I believe, considerably upwards of sixty, though his step has all the lightness and elasticity of youth: he lives at a beautiful place about nine or ten miles from Dublin: he is, I learn, an excellent husband and father, and as distinguished for his private as his public virtues.

I would strongly recommend, to the perusal of my reader his letter to the citizens of Dublin, published in the year 1797. It is almost as interesting at the present as at that period, and to England as to Ireland.

Mr. Grattan by this eloquent letter subjected himself to much obloquy and some danger—as a composition it was severely criticised; and by many pronounced as deficient in reasoning as in loyalty.—In the glowing language of oratory, which stops not to examine, he had said, “a naked man, oppressed by the state, is an armed post;” this was pronounced an absolute bull; and certainly though a strong, it is a singular expression;—this, however, if we are to credit Mr. Boswell, is not the first instance of the same imputation being fixed upon him—some person repeated with enthusiasm, before Dr. Johnson, the following passage from one of his earliest speeches-- “I will persevere in my efforts until there is not one link remaining of the chain of English slavery, to clank on the rags of the meanest peasant in Ireland.”—“Nay, Sir,” said Dr. Johnson, “that is a bull; if there is only one link how should it clank?”

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## CHAP. VI.

### DUBLIN.

AT the house where I breakfasted this morning, I was enquiring after curiosities---“I will shew you one,” said the gentleman, “and a very wonderful one too—the very house where Earl Strongbow lived, and, for aught I can tell, built, for houses made of stone and lime were not very much the fashion, when he came first amongst us.”---This was something worth looking at, and we set off immediately after breakfast to see it: he took me to the street which contained this rare treasure; we walked several times up and down,

but saw neither castle nor palace, neither shattered column nor decayed gateway---The houses were mean and old looking enough ; but after surveying them all, with more exactness than they deserved, we could trace no more resemblance to a Gothic edifice, than a Chinese pagoda.---We stopt every passenger to enquire after the house Earl Strongbow built ; nobody could give us any information about it ; we enquired at several shops ; they were not a whit better antiquarians than the passengers ;---we might as well have asked after the house that Jack built.---My friend, in a passion, swore he would stay there to doomsday, or he would find it out---He might have stayed to doomsday, and been no nearer his purpose---there was no such house there, though there had been an old one taken down some time before.---It appeared, however, from an inscription on one of the beams, that it was not of earlier date than Queen Elizabeth---so that not even poetic licence could make it the residence of Earl Strongbow.

Disappointed in the purpose we came for, we were resolved ; as we could not see the house in which this great warrior had lived, to see at least the one in which he was laid ; and went to Christ church accordingly. The monument of Earl Strongbow has a lofty and venerable appearance, and bears all the marks of great antiquity ; the statue of the Son is continued only to the middle, with the bowels open and supported by the hands :---He was a youth of seventeen, and, as tradition records, so terrified at the first onset of the Irish army, that he fled to Dublin in the utmost consternation, declaring that his father and all his forces had perished ; that, when convinced of his mistake, he appeared before the Earl, and congratulated him on his victory ; the father rigidly condemned him to death for cowardice, and executed it with his own hand, by cutting him in two---There is the utmost reason to suspect, however, that this narrative has no other

foundation than the fiction of some Irish Bard, who invented it for a people delighting in the marvellous and affecting ; and who would readily credit any evil story of a man, who had inflicted so much evil on themselves.

After having completed our survey, my friend proposed going to Palmerston fair ; I readily consented.---I have more pleasure in contemplating the moving picture of man, than the stationary one of statues and monuments.---At the fair where we were going, many, no doubt, in the words of Shakespeare, would "put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains." But clowns, even without brains, are better than heroes without bowels.---As the day was fine, we resolved to walk,---to avoid the crowd, we passed through the Barrack squares, and from thence into Phoenix Park. The Barracks are esteemed the largest and most commodious in Europe---They consist of four squares, situated at the west end of the town, on the north side of the river ; three or four regiments are constantly quartered here.---The Dublin mob have at all times been rather unruly, and now more than ever a watchful eye is kept over them ; a regiment of dragoons is always stationed in the neighbourhood, whose formidable appearance is a peculiar object of their terror. The nerves of a London mob seem to possess similar sensibility : though armed so strong with zeal for the worthy Baronet and the cause of freedom, on a recent occasion, they immediately dispersed at the sight of the immense sabres, and large cock'd hats, of the horse guards,---the most vociferous clamourer took to flight, and I know one instance of activity in a courageous and unwieldy friend of mine ; that would reflect credit on Capt. Barclay himself :---he was a great admirer of Sir Francis, drank his health, and wore his colours ; damned his enemies, and swore let others do as they chose, but he would never forsake him.---He was huzzaing with great strength of lungs, in Piccadilly, when one of the Dragoons

gave him a smart blow with the flat side of his sabre across the shoulders :—all his zeal, like Acres's courage, oozed out of his fingers ends ; and he ran, without stopping or looking behind him, to his lodgings in Holborn :—for some evenings after, he drank his porter with a much less warlike air than formerly ; though now, I understand, he gives himself great credit for the desperate battle he fought with an armed Dragoon.

The day was fine, and we had a delightful walk through the park, where there is a charming assemblage of rural beauty---I was glad to be in it for that and other reasons—I wished to hear my friend's voice and my own, which, in the streets of Dublin, is impossible ; the wheel-carrs follow each other in a long line like a flock of wild geese, with a nasty kind of ~~teasing~~ and jingling noise that is insufferable ; the heavy sound of a London cart is not half so bad, and commands something like respect ;—a Dublin carr is not much larger than a wheel-barrow : we endure the barking of a mastiff, but lose all patience at the yelping of a cur.—My companion is surgeon to a regiment which has been stationed in Ireland for several years ; he has been in all parts of it, and speaks in the most favourable terms of the kindness of heart he has met with every where ; obscured as it too often is in the lower classes by poverty and ignorance, and in the higher by habits of dissipation and the want of a good education.—In the course of his peregrinations he has been very much employed in his profession ; the country surgeons in Ireland being in general no *Æsculapius's*—In the unfortunate duel which took place about three years ago at Wexford, between Mr. Colclough and Mr. Allcock, he was engaged to attend as surgeon by the latter : he told me the whole business exactly as it happened ; and as it contains some circumstances not uninteresting, and to a certain degree illustrates the present state of manners in Ireland, I

shall mention the heads of it :—Mr. Colclough was a young and amiable man, a relation of the Colclough I mentioned in a former chapter; he was in a delicate state of health, and strongly attached to a life of rural retirement; his friends, however, overcame the reluctance he felt at becoming a public man, and compelled him, by their importunities, to stand candidate for the county of Wexford, at the last general election.—As he was of a catholic family, and whatever his outward professions might be, supposed to be in his heart and prejudices one himself, he was supported by the catholic interest—Mr. Allcock was the protestant member. When religious and party spirit was thus added to the irritation of election, the contest, as may be supposed, was violent, and carried on with great bitterness on both sides;—there was an estate of a Mrs. Chimeny, generally resident in England, of which Mr. Allcock was certain, as she had given directions to her agent to make all her tenants vote for him; they were mostly Catholics, and the influence of party was stronger than the fears of a landlord: at the instigation of their priests, who were the most active partizans of Mr. Colclough, they all gave their votes to him; this Mr. Allcock considered a dishonourable interference of Mr. Colclough, and spoke to him with great asperity about it;—the other denied, with the utmost solemnity, having ever tampered with any of his voters.—Mr. Allcock said he considered him accountable for the conduct of his agents, and becoming more outrageous, appointed a meeting in half an hour, to decide the quarrel. His committee, however, when he reported what had happened, disapproved highly of his behaviour, and insisted on his sending an apology:—this part of the business is involved in darkness, but it would appear that he did comply to a certain extent, and that Lord Valentia was sent with an apology: he was refused all access to Mr. Colclough, by the friends who managed his election: his

lordship repeatedly said, "I am the bearer of an apology, which I think ought to satisfy."---The gentleman, who was afterwards Mr. Colclough's second, pulling out his watch, said "No, Mr. Allcock gave Mr. Colclough half an hour, and we will keep him to his time."---They met exactly at the time appointed, in a field near the town---the business had now become known, and several thousands, of both sexes, and all descriptions, assembled to see it. Doctor P----- thinks there were no less than fourteen or fifteen magistrates present, who stood unmoved spectators of this open violation of law.---When the ground was measuring, Mr. Colclough's friend objected to Mr. Allcock's wearing glasses, and requested him to take them off: this he refused, saying, "I am known to be very short sighted, and even now am not on a footing with other men."---It had been previously agreed that in case of either party being killed, the other should not prosecute; Mr. Colclough's friend, in a loud tone of voice, then said, "In that case, Sir, I beg of you to understand, I consider the agreement lately made broken." Mr. Allcock bowed his head as if in token of assent, but said nothing.---The parties now took their places at twelve paces asunder. Mr. Colclough's second squared him in the attitude he should stand in, and putting a pistol in one hand, bade him adieu by shaking the other---an eternal adieu---for the next instant Mr. Allcock fired, and Mr. Colclough fell lifeless; he fell on one side, and then rolled round on the face. Doctor P----- ran forward; with difficulty he got off a tight high-crowned hat; he felt all over the head, thinking, from its instantaneous effect, that the wound was there: finding it unhurt, he ran his hand under the shirt, and got hold of the ball under the left breast; at that moment the blood came rushing like a torrent even from the tops of his boots, staining the earth on which he lay, "making the green one red."---The ball passed right through the body,

wounding some of the great blood-vessels, probably the aorta, or the heart itself; which, in a few seconds, poured forth all its crimson contents. An awful silence and stillness for some moments pervaded the immense multitude; they were overwhelmed with the suddenness of the shock: when they recovered their recollection, there was an almost universal cry of anguish and sorrow.—He had no longer any enemies, and the spirit of party faded before this melancholy scene; the Protestant now acknowledged his virtues—the Catholic bewailed his advocate, patron, and friend; and the poor, with clamorous sorrow, their humane and generous benefactor—Mr. Allcock was removed from the ground by his friends; they feared the rage of the people; but there was no reason, sorrow had subdued and softened their hearts; nor did sweeter incense ever embalm departed worth, than the tears which bedewed the body of this virtuous man, from hearts which perhaps never softened, and from eyes which never wept before. He was carried to his own house, and the body laid on a marble slab in the parlour, which was preparing for a grand entertainment, to be given on his election, of which he was assured. By a singular coincidence he was carried there in his own gig, gracefully decorated with flowers and oak leaves, for a far different purpose.

“ Flowers meant to deck his triumph;  
And not to strew his grave.”

Mr. Allcock was afterwards tried and acquitted; the judge conceived the rashness of the original provocation in a great degree expiated by the subsequent apology; while he commented with the greatest severity on the conduct of Mr. Colclough's second, whom he considered as in reality the murderer of his friend, by the obstinacy with which he resisted all accommodation. Sir Jonah



Barrington, as counsel for the prosecution, after alluding to Mr. Allcock's well-known excellence as a shot, reprobated in the strongest manner his putting on glasses. "Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "he levelled his pistol with murderous exactness, against the bosom of my unfortunate friend, who, until that fatal hour, had never raised his arm in enmity against man, bird, or beast." It is reported that Mr. Allock is now in a private mad-house in London.

We passed through Chapelizod, a large handsome village, two miles from the Castle of Dublin, on the banks of the Liffey, with a barrack, formerly occupied by the artillery, but now by a regiment of Infantry. We now recognized the wisdom of our choice in taking the park rather than the great road: we got here into the very thick of the throng, and were surrounded by an immense number of people, mostly of the lower class, proceeding in carts, cars, and gingles, on horseback, and on foot, to the happy spot. We were very much annoyed by the dust, and still more by the beggars, who were seated on the road side, and exhibited the most disgusting sores to excite compassion. The address of an Irish beggar, is much more poetical and animated than that of an English one; his phraseology is as peculiar as the recitative in which it is delivered: he conjures you, for the love and honour of God, to throw something to the poor famished sinner,—by your father and mother's soul, to cast an eye of pity on his sufferings;—he is equally liberal in his good wishes, whether you give him any thing or not; "may you live a hundred years, may you pass unhurt through fire and water, may the gates of Paradise be ever open to receive you;" are common modes of expression, which he utters with a volubility that is inconceivable.

Palmerston is a small village of a mean appearance, which, however, is amply compensated by the beauty of the surrounding scenery ; the fair is held in the town, and some surrounding fields. The people on the ground were mostly of the lower class ; yet the tents were laid out with a neatness, and even elegance, that bespoke the expectation of better company : long tables, covered with cloths, of the most perfect whiteness, and plates, knives, and forks, laid out with all the regularity of a tavern. Beef, ham, and fowls were exposed in a little larder in front ; wine and spirits, in goodly decanters, were ranged by their side, presenting a very tempting spectacle to the hungry and thirsty traveller. I was not of the former description ; I had swallowed too much dust on the road : but I was very weary and very thirsty ; we therefore sat down and called for some wine and water, which was either excellent, or we thought it so, which is the same thing : nor was our gratification confined to the sense of taste only, our eyes and our ears were equally delighted. We saw *pas de deux* and *de trois* innumerable ; not done with the grace of *Vestris* or *Angiolini* perhaps, but to the full with as much spirit. As the dancing was on the declivity of the hill, little accidents sometimes occurred ; the fair one stumbled, and displayed in her fall a stout pair of limbs, not easily tired, I guess, in any kind of exercise :—the music in front of our tent was a pair of bag-pipes ; another party was dancing to the sound of a fiddle.—I got up and went nearer, to hear it more distinctly.—It would have been as well for me, however, had I remained where I was—these *Palmerston figurantes* did not “trip it on the light fantastic toe ;” one huge fellow laid his great heel, stuck round with hob nails, as heavy as a cart-horse, on my foot, and almost crushed it to a mummy.—He danced on, and I hopt back to my tent, where I took another glass of wine

and water to lull pain, and listened to the drone of the bag-pipes with the same intention. The men and women in general were decently dressed; the women in stuff and flowered cotton gowns, with ribbands and mob caps: They almost universally wore white thread stockings: when a poor Irish woman wears shoes and stockings, she is always dressed; worsted ones, therefore, are seldom used.—The men wore coarse coats of a blue or brown colour; several danced in great coats of grey cloth or frize; though the weather was unusually warm, they did not seem inconvenienced either by them or the exercise they were taking.—The lower Irish are spare and thin—they are generally dark complexioned, with black hair, and often with thick bushy eye-brows; this gives an expression of countenance very different from that of an English peasant.—There is an air of vivacity and restlessness, of intelligence and, perhaps, of mischief in the former, totally unlike the fat, contented ignorance of the latter—though not more so than his harsh and disagreeable tones in speaking, to the soft and musical ones of a London accent. We staid about an hour longer, and then went away—the scene which pleased at first by its novelty, lost all its charms along with it:—we were kindly pressed to stay dinner by the good lady of the tent where we were sitting.—“We should have a hot loin of mutton (she said,) with a cut of salmon, and a rice pudding along with it, in half an hour: as to the wine we had tasted it, and she need say nothing about it; and the whiskey, when we came to try it, would equally speak for itself.”—It did speak for itself at that instant, and in very *striking* language too—a couple of fellows, who were drinking in the tent, quarrelled and came to blows—our hostess was in terrible trepidation for her plates and glasses; a more mischievous place could hardly be conceived for two men to fight in—she implored them

for the love of the sweet Jesus to be quiet, and not to *destroy* the credit of her tent, which was always under a good *character*—the supplications and even tears of this fair vender of whisky, had no effect in softening their hard hearts. We therefore joined our strength to her eloquence, and shoved them into the field, where they boxed it very fairly out—"Didn't I tip it to him neatly in the bread basket?" said the successful combatant, to a friend who was congratulating him on his victory. "I could have shut up his peepers an hour before, but wanted to try what sort of game he was; and, by the Blessed Virgin, he is nothing but dunghill."—I was anxious to see the kitchen from whence the roast mutton and rice pudding were to issue; the landlady, who was full of curtsies and blessings for the service we had rendered her, shewed us it:—it was a large hole made in the ground, directly behind the tent—there was a blazing turf fire large enough to roast an ox, covered with pots, and several spits before it.—I am assured, had we stayed, we should have got an excellent dinner; but as there is often in the evening a course of fighting, the *dessert* might not have been so agreeable.—The custom of fighting, however, is not near so universal as it was—it is now pretty much confined to single combats with the fist, and does not, as formerly, involve the whole field in a general battle with Shillalahs, made of their native oak; which, in an Irishman's hand, is not a very gentle weapon, and has no pretensions to one property of a joke—namely, breaking no bones. I am told in proportion as the influence of Mars has diminished, Venus has become the favourite divinity; an Irishman's love, like his appetite, is satisfied with plain food, and does not stand in need of piquante-sauce to make it relishing—he is as careless about place as about person; he requires no couch of state, or costly

bed of down; the sky is his canopy—the verdant mead, or daisied bank, the scene of his joys; where, in the sweet delirium of love, he forgets his labours and his cares---his sorrows and his wants---by a happy dispensation of nature.—“The cordial drop which makes the bitter cup of life go down,” is found in most exquisite concentration, in the cup of him who stands the most in need of it.

Returning home we looked into the hospital-fields burying ground—this is the burial place of the lower class: of the poor, the artizan, and the stranger; of the unfortunate who ends his days in an hospital, the wretch who perishes on the highway, and the criminal who dies by the executioner; the outcast who had no friend, the wanderer who had no habitation,

“Who found no spot of all the world his own;” here find at length an everlasting abode. We walked over their mouldering remains, which a little earth loosely scattered hardly concealed from our view: in some places it did not conceal them. Whether from the carelessness of interment, or the ravages of animals, the graves of several were open, and the coffins exposed; through the broken boards of which we saw their decaying bodies in every progressive state of putrefaction; in some the knees were falling from their sockets, and the eyes melting in their eye-balls, the worms crept along their fingers, and the body and face was one great mass of corruption: in others an unshapen heap of bones and ashes only remained. We turned in horror from a spectacle so hideous and revolting; from a sight so dreadful and disgusting, so mortifying and shocking to mortality; nor can I conceive how such a violation of decency and humanity could be permitted. I did not even stop to look at the tomb of Brian Barome, monarch of all Ireland, who was killed by the Danes at the battle of Clontarf, and is said to be buried here. I fled with precipitation from this

Golgotha, where the air is contaminated with the exhalations of death, nor did I seem to myself to breathe freely till I was some distance from it. A little further we met the lord and lady lieutenant, with their attendants and some other company.

Imagination could hardly form a greater contrast than this gay and gallant party, to the quiet and silent group we just had quitted; yet they once were active and animated, though not so splendid as these are; who in a few years, perhaps a few months, will be mute likewise in their turn. Oh! could the wand of enchantment touch the slumbering bones, and raise before them these inhabitants of the grave; could they gaze on their fleshless arms, their putrid lips, their hollow cheeks, their eye-less sockets, where the worm has now taken its abode; could they behold as in a magic glass, the reflection of what all that lives must be, how would they start affrighted and dismayed; how would their mirth and gaiety vanish, their pomp and consequence subside; how would the frivolous pursuits, the transient pleasures, the restless wishes, and busy cares, of this fleeting scene sink into the insignificance they deserve.

“ The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow’r,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e’er gave,  
Await alike th’ inevitable hour;  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

These are melancholy reflections, and little in unison with other parts of this chapter: I have only to say, I did not seek them—they lay in my way, and I stumbled over them. The odd coincidence of encountering splendour and equipage as I issued from the mansions of the dead, forced them from me with impulse irresistible—nor are such reflections without their use—they teach us to think and to enter into ourselves. “ They are no flatterers but feelingly persuade us

what we are."---They teach us how to live, when they tell us we must die.

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## CHAP. VII.

DUBLIN.

**THE** Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is one of the greatest officers under the crown. He is the only viceroy in the king's dominions, and has the privilege of conferring knighthood and other lesser vice-regal ones. He is always now an English nobleman of high rank: there are no instances of a Scotchman being appointed, and I believe but one or two of an Irishman. Yet the exalted virtues, and incorruptible integrity of one of these, might have warranted a repetition of the experiment. Every person acquainted with Irish history, will know I allude to the great Marquis of Ormond, as he was generally called: with inflexible fidelity he supported, for several years, the falling fortunes of his unhappy master: after his execution he shared in like manner the misfortunes of his son, and lived abroad in poverty and exile along with him. He was so much at times straitened in his circumstances, that it is reported on having occasion to send his peruke to the peruke-maker, he was obliged to borrow, and appear in public, with a large and unseemly one, until his own was repaired. On the restoration of King Charles, he was created a Duke, and sent over Lord Lieutenant of this kingdom; where he was as much distinguished for the uprightness of his conduct as the splendour of his government. He was doomed, however, to share the fate of

all the faithful and virtuous servants of the royal libertine.— In turn, in favour and disgrace, flattered and neglected, he never lost the equanimity of his temper. Discoursing once of the ingratitude of king Charles, he jocularly added, "Well, nothing of this shall yet break my heart—for, however it may fare with me at court, I am resolved to be well in the chronicle." A gentleman who had solicited some favour of the king, implored the duke's assistance,—"All my dependence," said he, "is on God and your Grace."—"Then I fear your case is desperate;" said the other, laughing, "I know no two who have less interest at court at present." He outlived his son, the gallant Earl of Ossery, who was killed in the engagement with the Dutch fleet in the 46th year of his age: "I would not exchange my dead son," exclaimed the duke, with exultation, "for ever a living son in Christendom." Notwithstanding the tempered mildness of his latter years, he was in early life remarkable for the impetuosity of his disposition. In 1634, Earl Stafford, then deputy of Ireland, gave an order, that no person should enter either House of Parliament with a sword: this order was universally complied with both by Peers and Commoners.—The Usher of the Black Rod attending at the door of the House of Lords, insisted on Lord Ormond's compliance likewise—this he positively refused, adding, with a threatening air, if he must deliver his sword, the usher must receive it in his body.—He was summoned before the council to answer for this breach of order—he boldly defended himself, saying, he had received the investiture of his earldom, *per cincturam gladii*, and was bound by the royal patent to attend his duty in parliament, *gladio cinctus*: lord Stafford, awed by the dignity and spirit he evinced, did not think it prudent to carry the matter further. This unfortunate nobleman was characterized by great inflexibility himself, which, carried often to head-long obstinacy, was in a great measure the cause of his melan-



choly end. Though in many respects a valuable chief governor, he was guilty of some acts of harshness and injustice. Much allowance, however, must be made for the age in which he lived, and the existing state of things in Ireland, where strong measures only could probably be efficacious. The Irish parliament, which was his most servile flatterer in his prosperity, was the first, as flatterers generally are, to desert him in his adversity:—it entered strenuously into the prosecution against him, and sent several of its members to assist the committee of the English House of Commons in conducting it. Lord Stafford's defence was a very able one; the concluding part of it was highly pathetic, and would be pronounced eloquent even at the present day. "But, my Lords, I have troubled you too long—longer than I should have done, but for the sake of these dear pledges, which a saint in heaven has left me.—" Upon this he paused---dropped a tear---looked upon his children---and proceeded: "What I forfeit for myself is a trifle---that my indiscretions should reach my posterity, wounds me to the heart---Pardon my infirmity---Something I should have added, but I am not able---and therefore I let it pass.---And now, my lords, for myself---I have long been taught, that the afflictions of this life are overpaid by that eternal weight of glory, which awaits the innocent. And so, my Lords, even so, with the utmost tranquillity, I submit myself to your judgment, whether that judgment be life or death:---not my will, but thine, O God, be done!"

The King, whose cause he had supported, and whose orders he had obeyed, exhausted and overcome by clamour, signed reluctantly the warrant for his execution.—The Earl, when the fatal and unexpected intelligence was communicated to him, started from his seat exclaiming, "Put not your trust in princes, or in any of the sons of men, for they will certainly deceive you."

The king could never forgive himself for his pusillanimity in thus giving up so faithful a servant;—in the hour of his own sorrow he remembered it in bitterness and anguish of heart:—“I suffer,” said he, “by an unjust sentence, for having allowed an unjust sentence to take effect on an innocent man.”

The present Lord Lieutenant is rather a tall and dark-complexioned man, about fifty years of age, or upwards. In early life he was well known by the name of Colonel Lennox, and the duel he fought with the Duke of York—the Duke had a very narrow escape, as the ball carried away part of his side curl. Whatever doubts were entertained of the reasonableness of his conduct, there were none of his courage—he displayed in this instance, as in every other, all the courage which is hereditary in the Royal family:—the Duke of Richmond is highly popular; his affability, and condescension, are the theme of universal praise; he throws aside, whenever he can, the cumbersome caparison of office, and rides, walks about, and converses with all the plainness of a private individual.—Though appointed by an obnoxious ministry, the Catholics, in their dislike to it, mingle nothing offensive against him;—in this they shew their good sense—a lord lieutenant of Ireland has now no more to do with the measures of government, than the postman with the incendiary letter he is the bearer of;—he is a mere chair of state, and has little more real power than a village magistrate, or parish constable: all he has to do is to fall in with the temper of the people, and keep them in good humour if he can.—The Duke possesses the indispensable qualification in a very eminent degree, and is, by a bottle at the least, the best lord lieutenant that has been in this country for half a century:—he has taken several excursions to the country parts of the kingdom, where he is as famous for his conviviality as his high rank;—he is what is called a five-bottle man, and after supper

drinks grog and smokes tobacco like a West India planter.—Many stories are told of him, the truth or falsehood of which I have no means of ascertaining. I select one without vouching for its authenticity:—he was spending a few days at a gentleman's house in the south of Ireland;—there was a good deal of other company, all great topers, and invited for that reason;—they were milksops, however, compared to his excellency, who, having soon laid them under the table, was reduced to the unpleasant alternative of either drinking by himself, or not drinking at all.—In this melancholy predicament, his host dispatched a messenger for a young curate of good family, in high estimation for the strength of his head, who lived a few miles distant;—he begged of him, for the love of the Lord, the credit of the county, and the honour of his country, to come to him immediately, and strive to keep company with his excellency.—The clerical Bacchus did not refuse so agreeable a summons, and next day was seated at table opposite the vice-regal one:—after the rest of the party were dispersed or fallen, the two champions were left alone.—“This is poor pitiful work, your grace,” said the Curate; “the wine is getting cold on my stomach; what do you think of a bumper of brandy?”—His grace had no objection to so *spirited* a proposition, and two large glasses were instantly swallowed—two others were as instantly filled up; Mr. ——— drank a part of his, but could proceed no further; his jaw became fixed, and he rolled motionless on the floor:—the Duke coolly finished his own glass, and, smiling on his prostrate antagonist, walked steadily to his chamber.—Next day he drank his health by the title of Dean—had he overcome the Duke, I suppose he would have been a Bishop. This method of drinking himself into the hearts of the Irish, is, however, not original with his grace: the Duke of Rutland silenced

opposition in a similar manner ; but unfortunately did not live to enjoy the fruits of his labour ; he fell a martyr to his exertions for his country, and died of a fever, brought on by carousing and hard drinking:---in his cups he had a good-natured propensity to making knights. As respectable men generally declined his favours, they were lavished on people of a different description, and many of his knights still sell soap and tobacco, noggins of whisky, and farthing candles, in different parts of the kingdom. These poor knights have long been a subject of merriment in Ireland---ridiculed and jeered at by the men, and not much thought of by the women.

“ Things that love night,”

“ Love not such Knights as these.”

The Duke of Rutland possessed all the munificence of his noble sire ; and, with all his faults, was the phoenix of modern Lord Lieutenants. I have looked into the history of several, but find nothing worth recording---the most of them were grave and formal courtiers, who wore bag-wigs and swords, turned out their toes, danced minuets, and laughed as seldom as they thought.---Wit does not seem indigenous in the castle of Dublin, more than in the palace of St. James's.---I suspect there is something in the air of courts unfriendly to it ; as the air of this country is said to be to venomous animals, and that wit can no more thrive in the one, than serpents in the other. There is no rule without an exception, however ; and I just now recollect a very particular one. The Earl of Chesterfield was a scholar, and a man of wit, as well as an elegant courtier ;---his government of this country proves him not only a man of an enlightened understanding, but of the most benevolent dispositions :---he came over in the year 1745, a period remark-

able for the rebellion which raged in Scotland, and made it necessary to have an able and prudent Statesman at the head of affairs in Ireland. By the wisdom and lenity of his measures, the Catholics remained perfectly quiet; before his arrival, those in power had shut up their chapels in Dublin, and their priests were commanded to leave the kingdom by proclamation. These severities were offensive to lord Chesterfield; convinced that harsh treatment alienates the heart, but that gentle usage inspires confidence, and gains the affections, he permitted them the undisturbed exercise of their religion; to accusations to their prejudice, resulting from dislike, he paid no regard---rumours of plots and insurrections were listened to by him with calm indifference.---One morning prior to the battle of Culloden, Mr. Gardiner, the vice treasurer, abruptly entered his bed chamber with tidings that the papists were rising---"Rising," said his lordship, looking on his watch, "it is time for every honest man to rise; it is past nine o'clock, and I will rise myself. Lord Chesterfield, the day he embarked for England, was followed to the shore by the prayers and good wishes of a crowd of attending spectators;---and to perpetuate his virtues and the gratitude of the nation, his bust was placed in the Castle of Dublin, at the public expense. Lord Carteret, who governed Ireland for several years, was likewise a man of knowledge and a scholar;---in 1729 he issued a proclamation for apprehending the author of Draper's letters---Swift afterwards expostulated with his excellency on the propriety of this proclamation; when lord Carteret, with classic elegance, thus replied---"*Res dura, et regni novitas, me talia cogunt moliri.*"

Swift, prior to this interview, wrote on a pane of the window of the audience chamber in the Castle,

My very good Lord, tis a very hard task,  
That I should wait here who have nothing to ask.

The Lord Lieutenant wrote underneath.

My very good dean, there is none who come here  
But have something to ask, or something to *fear*.

Swift at that time was violently in opposition; under the simile of the legion club, he thus describes the first session of the Irish parliament, held in the late parliament-house, College Green.

Not a stone's throw from the College,  
Half the globe, from sense and knowledge,  
Near the Church—you know the rest;  
Making good my grandame's jest.  
Out they flew with horrid squall,  
Beloved by few, accurs'd by all.

We never know the value of any thing, however, till we have lost it; the people of Dublin, who thought very little of their parliament when they had it, are now extremely clamorous to have it back again: it only loaded their shoulders, but the United parliament, they swear, breaks their backs with the weight of its burdens---whether with or without reason, they are at present in a state of great fermentation;---the storm which lately raised the billows of the Thames, did not much exceed that which now agitates the Liffey. It is not here, however, on account of a speculative question but one of paramount consideration---the heavy taxes laid on at the close of the last session of parliament---they are principally additional duties on wine, and a considerable augmentation of the hearth and window tax---as they have retrospective power, they are reprobated not only as oppressive but unjust, not only as taxation but robbery:---several persons have refused paying them, and vestries are summoned in many parishes, to arrange the most effectual

means of opposing their operation. This is a very unequal struggle, and it is not necessary to be a prophet to foretell the event---the government will conquer, and the vestries will yield; the inhabitants of Dublin may give their choler vent in words, but they must end where they ought to have begun---by opening their purses.---Mr. Foster, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, is considered the author of these obnoxious regulations---he is the universal subject of conversation and---benediction---“The blessings of the evil one, which are curses, are upon him.”---He is placarded and caricatured in print shops; and the fancy of Dublin displays itself in as many grotesque delineations as that of London on similar occasions. I meet with him as I walk along on old walls and gateways; sometimes hanging, and sometimes roasting; and lest it should be supposed it was temporal suffering only, some kind-hearted commentator on this flaming text, writes underneath, in large characters, D---n to Foster for ever.---Popular commotion is like the hysterics; one person is affected, and thousands take it by imitation.---The Common council of Dublin has not escaped this wide-spreading contagion:---at a turbulent meeting which took place a few days ago, his picture, which had been put up in the hall for his opposition to the Union, was ordered to be taken down---a member who did not think this mark of contumely sufficient, proposed it should receive a kick from each person in its journey to the lumber room---another greater genius said, it should be kicked by every man in the nation. This playing at foot-ball with pictures, is a harmless way of displaying resentment, and though not so well at present, is no bad amusement for cold weather; it would shew the world likewise, that the common council of Dublin does not want for *understanding*.

Dublin, however, must be allowed to be at present in a distressed situation; several thousand manufacturers are out of

employment ; and bankruptcies are so numerous, that credit is almost at a stand.—Some of these evils, doubtless, are occasioned by the union.—The talent and integrity of the Irish parliament, can hardly, I believe, be under-rated ; but frugality was not among its faults ;—it was bribed liberally, but it spent freely ;—its patriotism could never, I fear, much benefit the city of Dublin, but its money did.—Three hundred Bacchanals, whose sun daily set in claret—spending six months every year with their wives and children in Dublin, must have been of infinite service ; and their loss would for a time be severely felt.—Something must likewise be attributed to the improvident disposition of the Dublin merchants, and shop-keepers, who live in great luxury and profusion—who too often adapt their expenditure to their highest income, and lay up nothing in a year of plenty, for a year of famine ;—but the effect of both these causes would have been transient ; nor would the taxes have been severely felt, but for the almost universal stagnation of trade, occasioned by the present perplexed and complicated state of commerce in Europe.—The people of Dublin, however, whose vanity has been wounded still more than their interest injured by the union, persist in attributing to it all their misfortunes ; and in private company, as well as at public meetings, vent their fury on it, and its infamous authors, as they term them.—At the common council just mentioned, an orator exultingly asked, where was Lord Clare now—where was Marquis Cornwallis—where was Mr. Pitt—nobody answered him, nor did he answer himself ; but as he pronounced them unworthy of life, and roundly asserted that their deaths was God's judgment upon them, for the murder of the immaculate Irish parliament, it is to be supposed he meant they had taken the broad road of destruction, rather than the narrow path of life.—Mr. Pitt, though not much a fighter himself, was the cause of fighting enough in others—he had



lived in a blaze; and fire, perhaps, this orator thought, was his natural element.—A certain Colonel, to commemorate the peace of Ryswick, let off some fire-works, which were greatly admired.—Being in company a few days afterwards, the conversation turned on the monument just erected in Westminster Abbey, to Purcell the celebrated musician :—the colonel particularly admired the beauty of the inscription, “ He is gone to that place where only his own harmony can be exceeded.”—“ Lord, Colonel,” said a lady who was present, “ the same thing may be said at your own death of you.—He is gone to that place where only his own fire-works can be exceeded.”

In general, however, the common council of Dublin is on the side of government ; it is mostly, or I believe entirely, composed of protestants ;—protestant and loyalist are in this country synonymous terms.—Independent of the natural prejudice which attaches him to England, his own safety and supremacy depends, he thinks, on the connexion ; nothing, therefore, but some grand question which at once wounds his prejudices, and attacks his interest, rouses him to opposition, nor does it ever last long.

“ He carries anger as the flint bears fire ;  
Which, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.”

There are few good speakers in the common council of Dublin—it is the collusion of opinions only which emits eloquence, and there can be little argument where almost all are of one mind :—several of the members, however, express themselves with fluency ; and one of them with more vehemence and force than is usual among English orators---his name is Gifford, well known in this city by his high protestant ascendancy principles, and violent and indecorous invectives against the Catholics:—his conduct has been stig-

matized as the consequence of sordid considerations only ; he is called a tool of government, or, in local phrase---a castle hack.---Mr. Grattan, in his strong and sarcastic language, thus characterized him :---In the city a fire brand, in the court a bully, in the field a coward ; and who is only induced by the party to which he belongs, because he does those vile acts which the less vile refuse to execute.---But we must allow for exaggeration in an orator as well as in a poet.---Mr. Gifford, I am told, is an amiable man in private life ; probably not blind to his own interest ; a regard to that may influence his public conduct as it does most other men's ---but though interest does something, principle, perhaps prejudice, does more.---A thousand a year may make him speak more violently against the catholics ; but ten thousand a year probably would not bribe him to desert the protestant cause.-----Government either is, or affects to be, alarmed at the irritation of the public mind---some movements have been observed among the military, and private orders, it is said, have been given to the yeomanry to hold themselves in readiness---gossiping people, from the love of the marvellous, recount frightful tales of nocturnal meetings and large assemblies of men, that have no existence but in their own imaginations---timorous ones frighten themselves and endeavour to frighten others, with ridiculous accounts of placards that are every night thrown into the castle yard, inscribed, Catholic emancipation---repeal of the union---or rebellion---and hold these boyish tricks decisive evidence of an approaching insurrection ; as if when men are knaves enough to rebel, they would be fools enough to tell the world of it before hand.---These poor hen-hearted creatures who go about croaking about plots, and pikes, and the church, and papists, like East-cheap fishmongers after the city was burnt, are not all old women as one should suppose ; some of them are men of good education, little use as they

seem to have made of it.---In reality, there is no danger  
 either of rebellion or insurrection.---Government knows it,  
 and every rational man who thinks for a moment must know  
 it likewise : the protestant will not rebel surely ; no fears  
 are entertained of him ; nor will the Catholic---the memory  
 of the late rebellion is too recent---his sufferings are too  
 fresh ; his wounds are too green ;---he may harangue, he may  
 threaten, he may revile. Like Hamlet, he may speak  
 daggers, but he will use none.---A suppressed rebellion  
 (as it is proverbially expressed) strengthens government  
 ---it cuts off the active and ambitious, it frightens the  
 timorous, it sickens the humane, and for a time lays the  
 people prostrate at the feet of government.---Reconciled to  
 lesser evils by the recollection of greater, legal subjection, or  
 even oppression, is scarcely felt by those who have just  
 escaped from the insolence of military dominion ;---the fury  
 of lawless and unbridled will. Independent of all personal  
 considerations, the horrors of the late rebellion must operate  
 on the heart of every humane and thinking man ; and deter  
 him from rashly venturing on another.---Was I a subject of  
 Turkey, I would live contented under its government rather  
 than run the risk of making it better by a rebellion, of even  
 half its terrors.---I happened, being then a very young man, to  
 be in this town at the period of its breaking out ; and was I  
 to live to patriarchal age, I shall not forget the impression it  
 made on me ; nor the gloomy and sepulchral appearance  
 Dublin presented--- when all business and pleasure were  
 suspended, when every man was a tyrant or a slave ; a rebel  
 that was suspected, a spy that suspected, or an executioner  
 that punished ; when malice and hatred, terror and doubt,  
 fear and distrust, were on every face, and all the tender chari-  
 ties of nature withered and perished before the poisoned  
 breath of party ; which made no allowance for error, had no  
 recollection of friendship, felt no gratitude for kindness,

no sympathy for age, sex, sickness or sorrow---when almost every house was a barrack, every public building a prison, and every street a golgotha, or a shambles, on the lamp posts of which some wretched fellow creature was daily suspended; who, while his limbs quivered in the agonies of death, was the subject of brutal joke and unfeeling exultation.---It is some faint pleasure, however, to remember,---though there is so much to lament and reprobate, there is something likewise to admire.---Gentleness, mutual forbearance, and compassion, were consumed in the hot caldron of discord, so fatally working; but magnanimity, unshaken fortitude, and contempt of death, were still to be found; in the contemplation of which we may strive to lose the recollection of the savage excesses, and mid-night murders, of the rebels; the vindictive and unrelenting vengeance, the floggings and torturings of the opposite side; as the Roman senate, when Terentius Varro presented himself before it, after the fatal battle of Cannæ, overlooked his pride, his errors, and his obstinacy, on account of his unsubdued and inflexible spirit---they thanked him for the fortitude he had displayed in his misfortunes, for the confidence with which he still hoped for success---“*Quia de Republica non desperasset*” were their remarkable words.---The Irish parliament, in the midst of universal conflagration, continued its sittings undaunted; it is likewise to the praise of this assembly, it rejected the proposition of some of its violent members, to order the prisoners to military tribunals, and instant execution.---These unfortunate men, however, did not meet death with less certainty, though more slowly on that account: almost universally they met it with a courage which was never excelled.---The two Sheares were, perhaps, the only exception; and as they were brothers, had an aged mother, and the eldest a wife and several children, a deep sense of their wretched situation was natural and excusable---when the jury brought in the fatal verdict, they burst into tears, and clasped each other in their arms,

presenting a scene of distress, which subdued even the court itself, and melted hearts steeled by habit and prejudice against them. Mr. O'Byrne met death not only with composure but cheerfulness---he was confined in the same cell with Mr. Oliver Bond---a gentleman, unaccustomed to such scenes, passed the night previous to his execution along with him---he declares, that on his entrance into the prison, the clanking of chains, the brutal and ferocious aspect of the keepers, the heavy and grating sound of the doors as the locks were opened, and the bolts slowly withdrawn; the gloomy and forlorn appearance of every thing around, so disordered his frame, that his teeth chattered, his knees bent under him, and his hair literally stood an end.---Mr. O'Byrne during the night conversed with the utmost gaiety and indifference---he took a hearty breakfast, and eat a couple of eggs---when summoned to execution, he did not by the least variation of voice or countenance, display even a transient uneasiness: he shook Mr. Bond affectionately by the hand, saying, "God Almighty bless you---you have but a day or two longer, and then your sufferings will be over as mine nearly are."---It is reported, so complete was his self-possession, that in passing to the scaffold by the window of an apartment where Mrs. Bond was waiting to see her husband, he stooped so low as not to be seen by her, lest he should alarm her feelings, at that moment trembling for all she held dear.---Though considerably prior to the period I am writing of, I shall mention the fate of another of these unfortunate sons of rebellion; on account of the firmness he displayed.---He was a clergyman of the name of Jackson---he was tried and found guilty, but contrived to escape the penalties of the law, by swallowing a large dose of arsenic---the intrepidity with which he bore the excruciating pains of that poison was remarkable.---A motion in arrest of judgment was made---He concealed the pangs he was suf-

fering so well, that when he was called upon to know what he had to say, why sentence should not pass upon him, though at the time actually unable to speak, with a smiling air he bowed and pointed to his counsel :---his fortitude did not fail him to the last, for it was scarcely suspected that he was ill, until he fell down in the agonies of death, in the midst of his counsel's argument.---The following anecdote is related of him in a work lately published by Dr. Mc Nevin---while he was preparing for his trial, and was fully apprised of what would be its result, a friend was, by the kindness of the gaoler, permitted to remain with him until a very late hour at night on business.---After the consultation had ended, Mr. Jackson accompanied his friend to the outer door of the prison, which was locked, the key remaining in the door, and the keeper in a very profound sleep, probably oppressed with wine.---There could have been no difficulty in his escaping, even subsequent to the departure of his friend, and without his consent ;---but he adopted a different conduct, he locked the door after his guest, awoke the keeper, gave him the key, and retired to his apartment.---This is recorded by Dr. Mc Nevin to prove he had a high sense of honour ;---the honour which remains to be hanged, when by opening a door escape is certain, appears to me romantic and unnatural ; nor do I conceive such a feeling would operate, in such a situation, upon any human being.---Mr. Jackson was probably bewildered and confused by the unexpectedness of the occurrence ; and, stupified and infatuated, had not presence of mind to seize the critical moment of escaping from death, though afterwards he had fortitude to meet it undaunted.---But of all the victims of this unfortunate rebellion, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was the most generally deplored.---A warrant had been issued against him, but he escaped, and remained undiscovered upwards of two months, in the city of Dublin : he was discovered, however, on the

nineteenth of May, at the house of one Murphy, a dealer in feathers, who resided near St. James's gate. On the police officers entering the room, the unhappy nobleman made a desperate defence: though he had no other weapon than a dagger, he wounded two of the principal of them; Mr. Justice Swan and Captain Ryan;---the latter died of his wounds shortly afterwards, and the former still feels, at intervals, the effects of his. Lord Edward himself expired in great agony on the third of the following month, from the effects of this furious conflict, as he had been wounded in the shoulder, by the shot of a pistol from Major Sirr. Lord Edward who was brother to the Duke of Leinster, and married to a French lady, supposed to be a natural daughter of the late Duke of Orleans, was eminently qualified for the direction of revolutionary commotion; being a man of daring courage, a most active spirit, and of a family highly respected, for its ancient greatness, by the lower classes of the Irish.---He had served in his Majesty's army, where he had been highly esteemed for his courage and military conduct, his honour, humanity, and candour. Mr. Cobbett, as is well known, was serjeant-major of the regiment to which his lordship belonged:---in a work lately published, he gives him the character of being a young man of the most perfect integrity. Mr. Cobbett does not do more honour to Lord Edward, than he does to himself, by this manly tribute of respect to the memory of a man, who did not become a rebel from selfish or ambitious motives, but a warm, though mistaken zeal for the good of his country, and of human-kind.---Whatever may be said of the other conspirators,

“ He only, in a general honest thought,  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mixt in him, that nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, ‘ This was a man ! ’ ”

## CHAP. VIII.

## DUBLIN.

IT has been often a subject of wonder, that in a city of such extent as Dublin, there should be so few places of public amusement:---but one theatre, not very large, nor in general well-filled: that it is not well filled, however, is not want of taste in the public, but want of good conduct in the managers. Monopoly is unfavourable to exertion, and where there is only one Theatre, or one manufacture, the article is seldom good: The management of the Dublin Theatre has been long complained of,---the managers were generally players;---players are seldom men of business in any country, as seldom, perhaps, in this, as any other one. Mr. Daly, for many years the potentate of Crow street, was an admirable man of pleasure, but an indifferent actor: he performed the lover both on and off the Stage; on it with little applause---but off it with the greatest:---he always rehearsed with the handsomest actresses, and acquitted himself (it is reported) to the perfect satisfaction of these consummate judges:---these rehearsals, however, were more agreeable than profitable; he was obliged to resign his sceptre, to extricate himself from his involvements; and, like the Mark Antony he had often mimicked, lost his little world for love. Mr. Frederick Jones succeeded him, and I believe has not *succeeded* much better;---he was a man of pleasure also, but whether Venus or Bacchus was his favourite divinity, I have never learned;---instructed by the fate of his predecessor, he



probably avoided the former, and so got ship-wrecked on the latter.

“ Incidit in Scyllam cupiens evitare Charybdem.”

Until lately Mr. Holman was acting manager---he is a gentleman and a good player; (and, what players either good or bad seldom are,) a man of sense and education likewise: he was educated at Oxford, and intended for the church. In early youth, captivated with its beauty at a distance, and ignorant of the snake that lurked in the grass, he plunged into the wilderness of a theatre, and forsook the sober consideration and steady lustre of a respectable profession, for the ephemeral reputation and transient blaze of a player's life. Mr. Holman is likewise an author, and has written a comedy of no inconsiderable merit.---Notwithstanding these advantages, he was far from giving satisfaction in the discharge of his office; and lately relinquished his situation in favour of a Mr. Crampton, a gentleman distinguished as a private actor at the Kilkenny Theatre. Mr. Crampton is only now in the commencement of his reign, and, as is common at the commencement of all reigns, great things are expected of him:---he has promised much; (as is likewise common;) I hope he will keep his word.---The golden age of Thespis will, I hope, be restored, for the sake of the poor actors, who have hitherto lived under a *brazen*, or at the best a *silver* one;---literally they have been half starved; but I trust this foul stain will soon be removed, and that these mimic Kings and Queens, and Princesses, “these walking shadows,” “these poor players” who fume and strut their hour upon the stage,” will be able to purchase victuals, to fill up the folds of their robes, and give them the look of “true counterfeits.”---I have been at two or three plays since the representation of the Free Knights,---the house was

badly filled every night.---Crow-street is somewhat larger than the Hay-market Theatre, and bears a strong resemblance to it ;---the actors, in general, are not above mediocrity ; nor are they below it :---with the exception of a few, they are equal, I think, to the present Covent Garden Company.---I wished to see them in genteel comedy, and went to the Belles Stratagem---the part of Flutter was done by Mr. Lewis, son of the late performer of that name ; he does not possess all the abilities of his father, but he does much of his vivacity, and all his restless and fidgety manner on the stage.---I would advise him to reform that latter part ; if he cannot imitate his father's beauties, he should not copy his defects.---The Doricourt of Mr. Dunn, was not worse, perhaps, than the Doricourt of any performer now on the London boards ; but it did not come up to my conception of the part. It is a difficult matter for players, little accustomed in early life to the society of gentlemen, to assume their manners and appearance ; they almost always fail, therefore, and substitute the tricks of a fop, or a petit maitre, in their room. Mr. Fulham in old Hardy, made me laugh heartily---his humour was chaste and correct ; he is no caricaturist, like Munden ; who, in the same part, I am sure, would have disgusted by his vulgar farce and extravagant mummerly.---I do not deny that this gentleman has merit as a comic actor---it is not to his acting, I object, but the excess of it ;---above all, I object to his abominable contorsions of countenance, which make acting contemptible, and the human face hideous.---I am told he never allows any of his family to go to the theatre the night he performs : he has reason---no man could command the respect of his children, if they saw him make such a fool of himself. The actresses are still better than the actors---Miss Walstein is a charming performer---her Letitia Hardy was an admirable piece of acting---she had all the airy graces, the playful ele-

gance of the original---she was really a syren, who sung and danced men out of their senses.---She would be a great acquisition to the London stage ; where there is no good actress in this description of parts, now that Miss Duncan appears so seldom ; and over Miss Duncan she has the advantage of greater youth, and greater beauty. Miss Walstein, I believe, plays tragedy likewise ; and her countenance is undoubtedly cast in a tragic mould ; a witty writer objects to her smile in comedy, which he terms a sepulchral one, and compares to plating on a coffin ;---he accuses her of having a great deal of vanity, which he attributes to the success she had in the character in which I had the good fortune to see her. I wish, (he proceeds to say) she could get some of her male acquaintance to translate for her use, this excellent precept of Horace ;

“ Memento—servare mentem,

“ Ab insolenti temperatam

“ *Lætitiâ.*”

Miss Smith I have again seen, for the third time ; and am more and more confirmed in the opinion I first formed of her ; she is a great tragic actress ; such as Mrs. Siddons perhaps was, but is no longer.---When Mr. Clifford and his committee undertook to correct the abuses of Covent Garden, I wonder they never asked the reason of her exclusion from it : --she would be an acquisition, I will venture to assert, to it, or to any theatre in the universe. There may be said, at present, to be no tragic actress at Covent Garden. Mrs. Siddons is no longer one ; her powers are consumed, and her talents decayed, from the all-powerful hand of time ; which overturns palaces and temples, as well as human intellect, and has no more mercy on empires than actresses.---No person, I will venture to assert, could see Mrs. Siddons with pleasure now, who saw her for the first time ;---she please

from the force of habit only; which reconciles us to the most nauseous things, and attaches us to ugliness, because when we knew it first it was beauty:---This force of habit is of service to some of her near relations, as well as to herself. Like old Transfer, in the novel of *Zeluco*, a London audience find nothing agrees with them so well as what they are accustomed to;---could any thing else render tolerable a large unwieldy woman, upwards of sixty years of age, counterfeiting the appearance, and mimicking the light and airy tread of lovely and fascinating youth.---Could she even be endured with her face to the audience? must not the delusion vanish the moment she turns her back? yet the back is not the least prominent part of Mrs. Siddons, and her friends may argue, with much plausibility, she is still a great actress at *bottom*;---even her face, though so generally admired, never pleased me---it is cast in too antique a mould---it does not show to advantage on a modern stage, or a woman's shoulders, though it might in front of a Roman Legion.

To a lover of the drama, Crow-street has one great advantage over Covent-Garden---which, perhaps, more than compensates for the greater magnificence and decorations of the latter---there is much more variety---the appetite is not palled with disgusting repetition---a new piece seldom runs longer than a few nights, and pantomimes are rarely brought forward.---In Covent-Garden, last winter, that most intolerably vile, of this vile tribe, Harlequin Pedlar, was performed every night for six weeks together.---I wonder what an enlightened foreigner would think, or say, of the English nation, if he judged it by its amusements?---he could not think us philosophers, and his politeness would not allow him to say, he found us idiots.---Another advantage which the Dublin theatre has, is its size:---the immense buildings, which the avarice of London managers has induced

them to raise, is as unfavourable to comfort as to natural acting;---they are too large either for hearing or seeing distinctly;---the actor must raise his voice, and distort his countenance, and action, to be seen or heard, at any distance: his picture, like the scenes, must be larger than the life, or it will not be visible---if he wants to express surprise, a start will not suffice; he must jump two paces back, like a fencing master: if he wishes to display horror, he must throw his face out of all human likeness---if he speaks in anger, it must be in thunder; and even love, and sorrow, must be unheard, or delivered on the key of rage:---the consequence of this is, that the actor is deteriorated---his attention is diverted from his part to his person, from the natural display of passion, to the artificial display of action---like a lady at court in her long train and hoop, or, rather, like the felons' dance in the Beggari Opera, the shackles he wears are equally destructive to activity and grace. Nor is the effect it has had on the audience less considerable; the taste of the public is vitiated---unable to enjoy the wholesome food of the legitimate drama, they have lost, with the small houses of former times, all relish for the plays of better days: Mr. Kemble himself is no mean sufferer by this.---I will venture to assert, he never was half so rapturously applauded, as the little fairy Dew-drop in the pantomime I have just mentioned.---He was obliged to yield even to more despicable rivals---the flutes and clarionets of his own theatre.---I saw him one night last winter in Macbeth---he makes his first appearance, as is generally known, at the head of his army, accompanied by Banquo, and the music playing a march.---As he was beginning to speak, a gentleman near me damned his noisy tongue for putting a stop to that beautiful Scotch tune he had been listening to.---I observed, indeed, a very general impatience that night, to have both him and Mrs. Siddons

off the stage, in order to have the witches on, whose singing, and grotesque appearance, seemed to delight the house prodigiously.---In truth, we seem fast approaching to the state of ancient Rome, when actors wore masks, and used speaking-trumpets---when spectacle, and pantomime, were alone considered, and the public sat whole nights looking at them.---This was an important period in the Roman history, and well deserves the attention of every thinking man---dramatic representations, of little moment in themselves, are of consequence, as they denote the state of the public mind.---Rome, with her taste for the ancient drama, lost her ancient virtues likewise;---a nation, which loses its virtues, soon loses its freedom;---she was destroyed by luxury first, and then by the enemy.---The period of pantomime was the period of her *fall*.

I forgot to mention that I visited this morning the exhibition of paintings, lately opened for the benefit of the distressed manufacturers---the price of admission was a shilling; and I met with a number of well-dressed persons of both sexes.---Though a few capital pictures by some eminent artists have been exhibited, the arts still appear in their infancy in this country.---Comerford, as a miniature painter, is in high repute both here and in London; and an artist of the name of Dunn, who is at present in London, has made very near approaches to the firm and characteristic style of the former, with a much greater delicacy of pencil.---Mr. Dunn, I understand, is at present employed in painting the likeness of her royal highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales.---Cummin is esteemed an excellent portrait painter, and the landscapes of Gabrielli, an Italian artist, are remarkably fine; possessing all that richness and glow of tint, in his skies and distances, so much admired in the works of Claude Lorrain, and many of his countrymen.---Several of the portraits appeared to me to possess

great excellence, but that of Sir Henry Jepp (a celebrated accoucher) by Robinson, an artist now no more, particularly attracted my observation.---The impression it made upon me, was not, however, so much occasioned by its merits, though the face was said to be painted by the late G. Romney, as by a witty epigram I met with, on his being knighted by the late Duke of Rutland---which, if I recollect right, is as follows :

“ You made Sir Henry Jepp a knight,  
He should have been a Lord by right ;  
And then the ladies' cry might be,  
Oh ! Lord, good Lord, deliver me.”

These exhibitions, which heretofore, as I am informed, were supported by the casual contributions of individual artists, have lately been put on a more permanent footing ; by the establishment of a society of artists, for the purpose of promoting the study of this delightful art,---but what may be its final success time only can discover.

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## CHAP. IX.

### DUBLIN.

I AM come here at an unlucky period---visiting Dublin, in August, is as bad as going to the country at Christmas---the town is as bare of company now, as the trees are then of leaves, or the earth of verdure.---Fashion has prodigious influence in this metropolis ; and the gentry, merchants, and tradesmen, think it incumbent on them to pass the

summer out of town, because the fashionables of London go at that season to watering places.—Notwithstanding the gaiety of Dublin, I do not think a stranger would find it a pleasant residence, after its novelty had subsided ;—there is, no doubt, much hospitality, and, on slight introduction, he may get many dinners ;—but as ostentation mingles in its full proportion with kindness of heart, in these invitations, this hospitality is rather a holiday suit, than a plain jacket; it is drawn forth on state occasions, but is too costly for every day's wear.—The usages of Dublin make it necessary to give dinners, often beyond the income of the entertainer ; who, in his ordinary mode of living, probably pays the penalty of his occasional profusion.—He never wishes, therefore, to be taken unawares, or to expose himself to the chance of being caught at his humble meal of mutton and whisky punch, by the man who a few days before had feasted with him on venison and claret ;—a stranger, therefore, does not find his hospitality a resource at that time he wants it most—in the hour of languor and lassitude, when it would be so agreeable to have a house to step into on the footing of unreserved intercourse.—Nor does the public life perform what the private denies—the *savoir vivre* is but moderately advanced in Dublin—there are none of those comfortable eating-houses in which London so much abounds, where one often meets rational and agreeable society, and has a good dinner at a reasonable price ; without being obliged to swallow a quantity of sloe-juice, which the courtesy of England denominates wine.—The taverns in Dublin are either so miserably low, that a respectable person cannot be seen going into them, or are equally extravagant with the most expensive London ones—the lodging houses, with some exceptions, and I have been lucky enough to get into one, are liable to the same objection—they are either barracks, which the mop seems never to have



visited, or beyond all reason extravagant. In all these, and various other conveniences, London abounds to a degree that makes it of all other places the most agreeable residence for a man of small fortune---nor is there, perhaps, a town in the world, where a man who hangs loosely by society, can glide more gently down the stream of time, or where, if he cannot greatly enjoy, he can *endure* life better. ---Dublin has another great disadvantage---paradoxical as it may appear, it is too small for retirement; a stranger can never long remain so---curiosity busies itself about his profession, his fortune, and manner of living, until every thing about him becomes known: he may be said, therefore, to be too much on his good behaviour.---This, as far as morality is concerned, is perhaps an advantage; but in various minor matters of economy it is attended with many evils;---a man watched by eyes more numerous and wakeful than those of Argus, can neither eat, drink, nor dress, as he likes---he cannot live for himself, but the world.---Places of amusement are not numerous here---until lately there was but one theatre;---even that resource will not continue many days longer, as it shortly closes for the summer.---Drinking will then be the only amusement; and it is not half so good a summer as a winter one. The weather just now is insufferably warm, and wine is by no means so agreeable a beverage as water.---I shall, therefore, leave this in a day or two, to breathe the cooler air of the Northern mountains, where excessive heat is as rare as adultery.---A traveller can no more quit a town, however, than he can turn off a servant, without giving it a character,---like an epilogue, after a new play, it is always expected of him.---In conformity, therefore, to immemorial usage, I shall say a few words of the general state of society and manners in Dublin; though when I speak, I had better perhaps remain silent; when I seem to move, I may make little progress; and when

I flatter myself with giving a group, I may only sketch a few individuals.—There are few resident nobility in Dublin—Irish Nobility is a sickly and delicate plant—like the myrtle it does not do, in this northern climate ; it thrives only in the sun-shine of court favour—it is not a noun-substantive kind of greatness ; it cannot stand by itself ; it leans for support on the minister, who often finds the propping up of this tender vine an embarrassing and expensive species of gardening.—People of large landed property are equally rare ; these gentry, like swallows, take an annual flight to England, where they hop about from London to Weymouth, from Bath to Cheltenham, till their purses are as empty as their heads, when they return to wring further sums from the hard hands of their wretched tenants, who seldom see them but on such occasions. The learned professions may be therefore said to form the aristocracy of Dublin---law, physic, and gospel, take the lead here, and give the ton in manners, as well as morals and literature.---These three professions go hand-in-hand ; though *haud passibus æquis* ; law is always the foremost---a physician can be but a knight, or at the best, physician to the Lord-Lieutenant,---a lawyer may be Lord Chancellor, and rule the Lord-Lieutenant himself :---the wool-sack is a very comfortable seat, far softer than the bench of a bishop, and therefore much higher in public estimation.

The Irish bar contains many men of shining abilities ; the eloquence of Mr. Curran is well known and generally admired ; Mr. Bushe, the Solicitor-General, is considered an able reasoner and sound lawyer ; and Mr. Plunkett, the late Attorney-General, is an admirable public speaker, either at the bar or in parliament. --This gentleman, however, was severely reprobated for his conduct on the trial of Mr. Emmet, for high treason, about seven years ago.---Mr. Plunkett, who was then only King's Counsel, conducted the

prosecution against this unfortunate young man, with a rancour and virulence which shocked and surprised every person acquainted with his obligations to his father and family.---Mr. Plunkett's reasons for this conduct have never been made known, though it injured him very much in public estimation. Crown lawyers have at all times been of the blood-hound tribe ; they seldom lose scent of their prey, either from considerations of gratitude or humanity ; we have a striking instance of this in the prosecution of Lord Essex, on whom the celebrated Bacon, then Attorney-General, exhausted every opprobrious term in the English language, though this amiable nobleman had been his greatest benefactor and constant and unalterable friend.---The style of the Irish bar is different from the English---it is less solemn and decorous, but more lively and animated, more glowing and figurative, more witty and sarcastic---it reasons less, it instructs less, it convinces less, but it amuses more ; it is more ornamented, more dramatic ; it rises to the sublime, it sinks to the humorous, it attempts the pathetic---but in all this there is too much the tricks of a juggler. I don't say that an Irish advocate thinks less of his client than an English one, but he appears to think less ; he appears to think most of himself---of his own reputation, of the approbation of his brethren, the applause of the spectators, and the admiration of the Court. ---I dare say I should be most gratified by specimens of eloquence taken at the Irish bar, but was either my life or fortune at stake, I should like to be defended---at an English one.

In society the Irish lawyer is equally amusing ; there is a mixture of gentlemanly manners and professional acuteness ; of gay repartee and classic allusion which makes him often an instructive, and always an agreeable companion.---Yet even here it is easy to remark the traces of the defects

I have mentioned---a rage to shine, and disposition to dazzle---his wit cloyes by repetition, and his allusions are often forced, and far-fetched---difficultly found, and not worth the trouble of seeking :---he is too fond of antithesis, likewise, and says smart, rather than sensible things ; specious rather than solid things.--This disposition, however, to be witty rather than wise, is not confined to the gentlemen of the bar, but is universal through the city---in every party I have been in, talkers were many, and listeners were few ; and wit, or what was meant to be such, was bandied about with the bottle, or the cards.---As many of these would-be-wits had little pretensions to it, we had often laugh, when there was no joke, and much merriment when there was little reason for it.---They are great punners, and, to do them justice, I heard some excellent ones.---I would recommend the editor of the Morning Post, who seems so partial to this species of humour, to import a quantity for the use of his paper, as the stock on hand is of the vilest kind.---I am not clear, however, but this constant effort after wit, produces beneficial effects in Dublin society---it animates the man and sharpens his faculties, and makes him alive to the approbation of those about him;---he is the complete reverse, therefore, of the lazy, lounging, man of fashion, in London ; who holds it the essence of ton to be haughty, silent, supercilious, and indifferent ; who, unlike Falstaff, is not only not witty himself, but a damper of it in others---who sits by the side of genius without a wish to be instructed by it, by the side of venerable old age, without a desire to contribute to its comforts, and by the side of beauty, which he surveys with the scrutinizing look of a jockey at a horse-fair, without the smallest effort to make himself agreeable.

The lower classes of the inhabitants of this city have afforded abundant materials to the dramatist, as well as the

tourist---they are represented as a wrong-headed, and warm-hearted, a whimsical and eccentric kind of people ; who get drunk and make bulls, and who cannot open their mouths that something funny and witty does not come tumbling out, like pearls, everytime she spoke, from the lips of the fair princess Parizade, in the Arabian Nights Entertainments. I do not deny that there may be some foundation for this character ; but if I am to judge from what I have seen myself, it is greatly exaggerated.---A Dublin black-guard, like a London one, may sometimes utter a quaint or witty saying, which the uncouthness of his appearance, and the singularity of his accent, may render more striking ; but I should suppose most of the stories told of him are without any foundation ; and that their authors give as recollection, what is only invention.

Luxury has made as great progress among people in business here, as in any other place-I ever visited.---A shop-keeper gives splendid entertainments, and his wife elegant routs, in which her own manner and appearance, that of the females she invites, and the costliness and embellishments of her furniture, would bear comparison with persons of a much higher rank ; nor does her husband acquit himself with less propriety at the foot of his table, or in the drawing-room. In this respect the Dublin shop-keeper has infinite advantage over the London one---in morals he is not, I believe, inferior, but in manners decidedly superior ; he is cheerful and easy, frank, and unembarrassed---in conversation he is lively and pleasing---he may not have much to say, but the manner is excellent ; his ideas, from the nature of his profession, are not numerous ; but, like the goods in his shop, he possesses the art of shewing them off to advantage. The universal prevalence of good breeding, among all descriptions of respectable people in Dublin, must strike the most unobservant spectator---to assign a plausible reason for it,

would not be easy. I would attribute it in a great measure to vanity; to a slavish imitation, and servile admiration of fashion and rank, which leads them to adopt their prejudices, to echo their opinions, to copy their manners, and to boast of their acquaintance. Vanity, indeed, seems the prominent feature of every inhabitant of Dublin---he is vain of himself, vain of his city, of its beauty, of the splendour of its public buildings, and of its vast superiority over London, in this respect. Doubtless, he is deserving of praise, which he would get more readily, if he did not demand it so imperiously;---the difference between a citizen of London and Dublin seems to be this---the latter is vain, and the former is proud;---he has a lofty opinion of his country and himself; he never dreams that this can be disputed; and, satisfied with it himself, is indifferent even if it should: the latter is not so assured of a ready acquiescence to his claims, either for his city or himself; perhaps he is not so well assured of them himself; nor if he was, could he exist so well on his own resources. His advantages, and superiority, must be reflected from the eyes, the tongue, and consideration of others, to make them truly valuable to himself. In this observation, however, I do not deny but I may be refining too much, and that Dublin vanity only strikes me more, because I am accustomed to it less. In the account I have just been giving, I beg leave to be understood I only comprise the Protestants; I have not seen a sufficient number of Catholics to form a decided opinion of their character; though I have seen enough to be convinced that there is a considerable difference between them and Protestants.---In their air and manner, in their ready acquiescence, and smiling civility, I think I perceive the traces of the thralldom in which they have so long been held; while in the erect and upright step of the Protestant, we recognize the freeman.

The citizens of Dublin (Catholics I believe as well as Protestants) are hospitable ; how much of this is benevolence, how much ostentation, is an ungracious point for a man who has benefited by it to decide ; nor does it admit of easy decision. I should be tempted, however, to give them credit for a considerable portion of the former ; if some alloy mixes with the gold ; if the statue is partly brass, and partly clay, it is the same, perhaps, with most of our virtues, and most of our actions. This hospitality, however, compared to what it was in former times, is much on the decline :---writers like me, who cheerfully eat their dinners, and allow them no credit for giving them, may have some share in this,---but the increasing pressure of the times, which makes it every year more difficult to support a family, is probably the great reason :---along with this, hospitality is seldom to be met in excess in any town, when it comes to a certain magnitude, or in any community, at a certain point of civilization. But if hospitality has diminished, charity remains ; were the faults of the inhabitant of Dublin ten times greater than I have described his foibles, he has charity enough to cover them all ; his foibles he has in common with others, his charity is peculiarly his own. I know of no spot in existence, of the size of the city of Dublin, where there is such unbounded munificence : in London, no doubt, there are many valuable institutions for the relief of distress,---and God forbid I should undervalue them,---but still it must be remembered, that much is compulsory, and not meritorious ; much the mere consequence of boundless wealth---the man who rolls on guineas, may well bestow farthings on the poor. But the charity of Dublin is not strained---it is not founded on acts of Parliament ; it is not weighed and measured by the standard of law ; nor is it the gilded offering, the filleted and garlanded sacrifice of wealth. It gives not on compulsion, it gives not from a horad. The waters of the Liffey do not bear, like the

waves of the Thames, the riches of the two hemispheres---the inhabitants of its banks have no Eastern spines of gold; but they have what is better still,---they have humane and benevolent hearts.

The number of beggars in Dublin is remarked by all travellers, and is said to prove its poverty---Admirable reasoners, who see nothing but on one side!---Does it not prove its charity likewise?---There are few beggars in London---what is the reason---there is little poverty, perhaps, will be the answer!---Is that so?---is that indeed so?---is there really little poverty in London?---Alas! there is much; much suffering, much sorrow, much want---in every quarter, in every lane, and in every street---but there are few beggars---if there were many they would starve.

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## CHAP. X.

### DROGHEDA.

I Left Dublin at eight this morning in the Drogheda coach; I took my seat the day before---and was desired to be there by seven precisely: they hoped I would not take it amiss, but they assured me they would not wait a moment longer for King George himself.---I was punctual, and came at seven precisely.---Though they would not wait for King George, they did for a little hunch-backed passenger; and did not set off for an hour afterwards.---We were surrounded by a number of beggars---every person, both on and in the coach, gave them something---a venerable old fellow, without a hat, and with a beard as long as a Jewish Rabbi's, divided it among the others.---No doubt he made a fair division, for we heard no complaints.---The country we drove through was level and tolerably fertile; the houses of the peasants



had all the external marks of comfort ; there were not many gentlemen's seats, but a number of gay little boxes, which looked like the summer retreats of the tradesmen of Dublin. We stopped a few moments at Swords, an inconsiderable place about seven miles from town---I got out to see it better. I was surveying it with more attention than it deserved, when a gentleman came up and accosted me by my name.---I did not at first recollect him ; but when he asked me if I had not come over from Holland in the year 1799, on board a transport, with two wounded officers, I immediately recognized him ;---he was then recovering from the effects of two dreadful wounds, and was as thin as a skeleton :---the hospitality of Ireland had now given him the look of an Alderman, or a Church-warden ;---no wonder, therefore, I did not at first recollect him---he was a very young man then, and had been newly appointed a captain in the 17th Foot.---In the battle of the 19th September, a party which he commanded attacked a French redoubt ; they were on the point of carrying it, when some confusion took place, and several began to run : he was endeavouring to rally them, when he received a shot in the body and fell, but instantly got up again ; his men were still retreating, and he was calling to them to stop, when he was shot a second time a little below the knee ;---as the bone was broken, he was then unable to move himself : he begged some of the soldiers to take him on their shoulders, but, regardless of his intreaties, they ran on without giving him assistance.---A moment afterwards, the French were on him ; they tore his gorget rudely from his breast, his sword from his side, they even felt his pockets for money, and took his hat from his head ; in which situation they carried him into the redoubt and laid him on the ground.---About an hour afterwards, the redoubt was attacked by a fresh party---who forced their way in ; and a short but desperate con-

flict ensued; during which he was trampled on, both by French and English---he thinks he must have been inevitably killed, but luckily a French soldier, mortally wounded, fell over him and protected him from the tread of others. He was at length in the hands of his countrymen; by whom he was put into an hospital cart, and sent about two miles back to the Surgeons---all his sufferings during the day were trifling compared to the anguish he endured from the motion of the cart---he fainted with the pain several times. The surgeon, after surveying his broken bone, pronounced the necessity of amputation, which was performed that instant, at Captain G.'s own request.---During the operation, he vomited blood several times, which poured likewise from the orifices in his back and breast. His recovery was long despaired of; a mortification was apprehended in his thigh, and it was evident he was shot through the lungs:---youth and a good constitution, however, prevailed, and when I met him first, he was almost convalescent.---Government appointed him some years afterwards Barrack Master to this little town, where he lives very comfortably. This rencontre revived the memory of the time I passed in Holland, and I amused myself on my return to the coach with the recollection of various incidents that occurred during that period. I landed in Holland the day after the Duke of York---I hope his R. H. found firmer footing than I did---the beach was a perfect puddle, and, without a bull, I might be said "to have stepped upon land to my waist up in water."---What the interior of Holland may be I cannot pretend to say, not having penetrated far into the country; but I did not like its first appearance---there was too much water in the landscape---for, not to mention the sea and the earth, the sky was pouring down rain in torrents. There was some novelty, however, in a regiment of Cossacks, which was encamped a little higher up on the

beach ; the sentinels on duty in front of their tents, in blankets fastened over their chests with pins or skewers ;---though this had a comfortable, it could not be said to have a very warlike appearance.---It is unnecessary, I believe, to mention that I did not belong to the fighting part of the army,---an author is seldom a warrior ; his pen is his weapon ; and, like the two literary heroes who fought in London some time ago, his bullets are always paper ones.---I was one of a numerous corps of young surgeons, sent over at the requisition of Sir Ralph Abercombe---heroes might inflict the wound ; mine was the humbler task to find the plaster.---I spent some weeks at Hunesden, where the general hospital was ; I had plenty of employment, hardly time, indeed, to take my meals : this was of less consequence, however, as they were very easily taken.---The world has been called a great sepulchre---with equal propriety, the village of Hunesden might have been termed one vast hospital---Churches and stables, houses and barns, were filled with sick and wounded soldiers ;---I was quartered in the house of an old fisherman.---I did not, however, fare much the better for this ; whether it was that Englishmen were plenty, or fish were scarce, I seldom tasted any.---On the 26th of September, I was ordered up to the army with several others---a great battle was daily expected, and a number of additional surgeons was necessary.---We were put into an old Cow-house, where, having got our tourniquets and bandages in order, "we hovelled us like swine and rogues forlorn," in short and musty straw,---eat mutton when we could get it, and drank gin, and smoked tobacco, when we could get none.---On the 1st of October, general orders were issued for the battle, which was to take place next day. About two o'clock the Duke of York, attended by a groom, and accompanied by a single aid-de-camp, passed by where we were stationed ; he conversed for some time

with us, and displayed the most humane consideration about the means to be used for the alleviation of the sufferings of the wounded.---Early the next morning the army took up its position---I was attached to the right wing---it was not yet day-light, and I walked for some time backwards and forwards behind the ranks ;---at seven in the morning day slowly broke---it was a dark and dreary morning, the rain came drizzling down, and every thing wore a look of desolation---nature seemed to mourn the folly of her sons, who thus inflict such misery on each other.

" And for a fantasy, and trick of fate,"

" Go to their graves like beds."

For some moments before the commencement of the action, the scene was a most awful and impressive one ; all was solemn, silent, and sad---there was neither sound of trumpet, drum, or fife---a universal stillness prevailed, slightly interrupted by the commands of the officers, delivered almost in a whisper, and the sighs that burst forth involuntary from some of the men ; reflecting no doubt on the change which a few moments might produce.---This liguor, however, was soon dissipated by a most tremendous discharge from an immense number of pieces of cannon ; and the line slowly advanced loading and discharging their muskets---to describe the noise and disorder, confusion and uproar, that followed, would be impossible ; nor was I any longer permitted to be a witness of it.---I was summoned to my station some distance in the rear ; a prudent man might still have found it not distant enough---a curious one would probably have thought it too distant---my curiosity was perfectly satisfied, and I found it quite near enough---the wounded were now brought in, in considerable numbers, and our part in the bloody drama commenced---we were principally employed in putting on tourniquets, to suppress

hemorrhages, which were sometimes so excessive that the patients died in our hands :---the fate of one poor little drummer was particularly distressing---he had a leg and a part of the thigh shot away by a cannon ball ; he was instantly carried to us, the drum still suspended from his neck ; he was a fine-looking boy, about fourteen years of age ; he looked as if he could cry, but thought it unmanly, and endeavoured to laugh.---“This would be a poor sight for my father, (said he, looking up in my face,) but I am a soldier now, and must not mind it.”---I was busied about him, when, leaning his little head on his drum, he expired.---Some of those brought in to us were wounded in the intestines. I know no part of the profession of a surgeon more afflicting than this :---soldiers are generally aware that wounds in these parts are mortal, and their inquiring looks, as they gaze on the surgeon’s face, and seek to read the fate they are afraid to hear from his tongue, must distress every heart of sensibility.---Between one and two the firing slackened, and we had the pleasure of hearing that the enemy were defeated.---I ran out of my tent to enjoy, for a few moments, the welcome sight ; the day was now fine---the smoke which, like a cloud, had enveloped the two armies, was cleared away ; and I had a distinct view of both of them.---I do not know how it was in other parts of the French lines ; but opposite me they retreated in the most perfect order and regularity, their music was playing, and colours flying, and the whole struck me with the appearance of men returning from a review.---This was a hot day’s work for the British army, and it was followed by as cold a night :---it was judged advisable not to take possession of Alkmaar till next morning, and they were obliged to lay all night on the field of battle.---Towards evening I walked over a part of it, which was covered with the dead of both armies---French and English, Russians and Dutch, lay mingled together ; and the storm, which lately

raged so violently in their bosoms, was now hushed in the everlasting calm of death.---I could not contemplate such a scene without feeling melancholy, and soon turned from it in sorrow and disgust.---I was returning slowly tentwards, when I was eagerly accosted by a woman, in an accent that left me no doubt of her country---“ Ough, sweet Saviour of the world ! who ever thought of seeing you in this purgatory of a place ; and were you too in that devil of a battle ; and did you escape without either scrape or scratch ? ” ---I assured her I was alive and well, which she was very much rejoiced to hear ; she had been an attendant at a lying-in-hospital, where I had studied, and afterwards married a soldier.---I fancy she was then looking round for what she could pick up ; as her pockets seemed very much stuffed.---I did not dive into them, but I can pronounce the contents of her bosom excellent ; she drew from it a bottle of excellent gin, which she insisted on my taking a mouthful of.---I swallowed three, and never did spirits come at a better season, for I was very much out of them before---Albeit, little disposed to the laughing mood, I could not forbear smiling at the strange contrast between the hospital where we parted, and the field where we met ;---in the one we were employed in bringing people into the world, in the other, they were as busy, and certainly not less successful, in sending them out of it. Of the subsequent proceedings of the army I am unable to give any account ; as I was sent on the sixth, down to the Helder, and from thence on board the Aid transport, to take charge of 63 wounded soldiers, and two officers, to England :---one of them was Captain G——, whom I have already mentioned ; the other was a Lieutenant-Colonel, and a man of rank and fortune---he was a highly agreeable companion, as he had not only received a liberal education, but possessed the most perfect elegance of manners ;---on

the latter he perhaps valued himself too much---he had been educated abroad, and the coarse and clownish air, the awkward manners, and embarrassed address of a mere Englishman, were often the subjects of his ridicule---we had frequent disputes on the subject; for which we had abundant leisure, as we lay three weeks in the Texel, waiting for other vessels.---On our arrival at Harwich, he asked me to dine with him, which I mention for the sake of a characteristic circumstance which occurred:---the house was so crowded with company, that we were obliged to dine in a bed-room---the colonel was inditing a letter, which I was writing for him, to some of his friends; when Mr. Bull, the landlord, came in, saying that Lord Hawkesbury, who was then in town with his regiment of militia, would pay his respects to him in a few minutes, if he had no objection.---When the landlord retired, I said I think I had better leave you---he answered no, it is a mere visit of compliment, and will be over in a few minutes---“besides,” continued he smiling, “we may, perhaps, bring our everlasting argument to a conclusion; and you may have an opportunity of judging between the untravelled English lord, and the travelled English gentleman.”---A few moments afterwards Mr. Bull returned, and throwing the door open, said, “My Lord Hawkesbury.”---Unluckily for his lordship, as well as for my argument, there was a step into the room, which was completely thrown into shade, by a large bed that stood between it and the window;---his Lordship flounced into the room like an elephant, and his sword, which he probably was not much accustomed to, getting entangled between his legs, added still more to his confusion,---his bow, therefore, was certainly not one on which Lord Chesterfield, (had he been present) would have bestowed much commendation; while the courtier from Vienna, was as easy and unembarrassed as a Bishop at his

prayers.---We may readily pardon Lord Hawkesbury, however, a false step at Harwich, if he never makes one in the situation which he now holds.-----I cannot have done with this digression without saying a few words of a man, on whose character of late much obloquy has been thrown---of the recent investigation held on the Duke of York, it is not my intention to speak---the public has heard and decided, and we owe it respect even in its errors---yet the future historian will not judge harshly, the Commander-in-Chief, of whom nothing worse can be said, than that he yielded some times to the influence of a woman; while he will do justice to the magnanimity of the Prince, who so readily relinquished his honours at the expression of the public will. That his conduct in Holland was most exemplary and correct, I can pronounce, as well from my own observation, as the concurrent testimony of every officer with whom I have conversed: his attention was extended to every department in the army; and while the wants of the soldiers were as liberally supplied as their situation would admit of, the most perfect discipline was preserved---The people of Holland only knew there was a British army among them, by the advantages they derived from it; by the articles it consumed, and the money it laid out;---they suffered neither injury nor insult, oppression nor annoyance of the slightest kind.---I have little doubt that a single regiment of militia, at the period of its being first embodied in Ireland, annoyed the inhabitants of any town where it was quartered, more than the whole British army did the people of Holland. To the department with which I was more immediately connected, his attention was unbounded---the comforts of the sick and wounded, were the objects of his unwearied assiduity, and their wants were provided for, to a degree that would exceed belief.---In the hospitals, and on board the transports, the greatest regularity



and cleanliness were observed; there was better food, and better attendance than sickness often experiences in private houses.—Often when the Col. Commandant of Helder had nothing better to eat than salt beef and biscuit; and nothing better to drink than rum or gin-grog, they had an abundant supply of fresh meat, fermented bread, and wine.—There was a positive order of his R. H., that no officer, whatsoever, should have any bread from the ovens, until the hospitals were first supplied; and I believe this order was never deviated from.—Every person acquainted with the construction of hospitals, will know how to appreciate the merits of such conduct—if contrast is necessary to enhance its value, the un-medical reader will find it in the history of our former campaigns. That our expedition to Holland was almost disastrous one, nobody, I believe, will venture to dispute.—I am thoroughly aware, likewise, that, captivated with the glare of success, the world almost always pronounces an unfortunate general, an undeserving one.—In justice, however, to the Duke of York, we would do well to consider what insurmountable obstacles were opposed to him; not only from the opposition of man, but from climate and soil, and even the visitation of heaven; which poured unusual moisture on a country, of which moisture is at all times the defect—obstacles which, it appears to me, neither human abilities, nor courage, could overcome.—If human understanding could have foreseen them, be it remembered, it was not the Duke of York who planned this expedition; nor did he select either the time or the place of its debarkment;—yet he was vilified and traduced, while the “author of our adventures in Holland” lost neither character nor reputation;—like Antæus, he rose more vigorous from his fall, and, for the misfortune of these kingdoms, was allowed to continue, unchecked, his mischievous career.—Be it likewise remem-

bered, that most of our expeditions to the continent of Europe, have experienced a similar fate to this unfortunate one;—that our troops have been sent to contend for unattainable objects, to struggle against nature and the elements---against the course and order of things---the tide of human affairs and opinions, and even against the decrees of heaven. The British army in Holland (as I fear it has often been since) was placed in a situation where victory was unavailing, and defeat destruction---where its valour, like a gladiator on an amphitheatre, might be admired and wondered at, but could be of no real utility; ---like a sword in the hands of a madman, it gleamed terrific in the eyes of the bye-stander, but had no particular object on which to fall.---That was the age of chivalry with the British Ministry---they loved fighting for fighting's sake; and when they had no other enemies to encounter, like Don Quixotte, they attacked---windmills.---I hope the heaven-born minister, on his ascent to his native sky, did not bequeath his flaming mantle to any of the present ones.

It was now 11 o'clock; we had rolled over hills and dales upwards of three hours, and had feasted our eyes on the beauties of nature; we became, therefore, impatient for a feast of a different kind, and breakfast was looked forward to as a most delectable occurrence.---A young lady called out to the coachman to know how many miles it was to the place where we were to get it.---“Something better than two;” he answered.---“Oh then, dear Sir,” exclaimed she, “drive as fast as ever you can, for I am very hungry, and want breakfast very bad.---I could eat (said she pulling in her head and turning round to me) a young foal, or a child in the small-pox,”---A few moments afterwards she asked me if I did not feel hungry myself.---“No,” I said, “my stomach was very delicate in a morning, and the young foal, and the other dish she had been so kind to mention, had taken away my

appetite."---We stopped at the Man of War, a large single house about half-way between Dublin and Drogheda. Whether it was long fasting, or the goodness of the fare, but I thought it one of the best breakfasting houses I ever was in.---The bread and butter, tea, sugar, and cream, were excellent.---In this country 1s. 7½d. is the regular charge for breakfast, and includes every thing, eggs, ham, &c. the latter, however, is not generally called for, eggs being the favourite dish of the country, as well as potatoes.---I eat one, some ladies eat one also ; the gentlemen, however, took care none should be lost ; some eat four, and one eat six, with a proportionable quantity of bread and butter.---In Ireland, toast is never brought in swimming in greasy butter, in the disgusting manner too common at an English inn---it is cut into thin slices, and laid on the table with fresh butter, which every one puts on for himself.---On our return to the coach we became much more conversible than before breakfast ; good cheer generally puts people into good humour ; it not only made us good humoured, but what it seldom does, it made us learned also. We had much ingenious speculation about the name of the house we just had quitted---one lady said she heard a man had been murdered in it during the Irish wars, and haunted it for several years afterwards---it might do very well to breakfast in, but she must confess she would not like to sup or to sleep in it.---This fair believer in hobgoblins was neither young nor handsome ; and in my opinion might have slept in a church-yard without fear of molestation, either from man or ghost---One of the gentlemen said he remembered hearing a story, when he was a *youngster*, of the mistress of the house being a very large woman---with a stately air and majestic walk, for which reason the neighbours all called her the Man of War.---Another ingenious personage conceived it was called so by way of a joke, because one met with so much good cheer in it. If

this be war said the wit, (slapping one of the ladies on the knee) may we never have peace.---I ventured, with great deference to these superior critics, to throw out the idea that the sign perhaps was formerly a ship ; but this was rejected with contempt, as too easy and obvious a solution.---Like true commentators they persisted in diving to the bottom for what, probably, lay upon the surface.---We talked afterwards of Ireland, which was unanimously allowed to be of wonderful antiquity, and a full grown nation when the surrounding ones were scarcely out of their cradle :---a grave black little man in the corner, said it was recorded by tradition that Ireland was peopled a short time after the deluge by a grandson or great grandson of Noah.---He admitted, however that this hypothesis did not rest on the most unquestionable authority, and for his part he questioned whether they had at that day the knowledge necessary for sailing on a troubled ocean, or a sufficient skill in constructing vessels large enough to venture on it ;---he modestly, therefore, demanded no higher antiquity for his country than fifteen hundred years before Christ, when a colony of Phœnicians came over from Spain, and having peopled Ireland, spread themselves into England and Scotland. --I did not choose to say much in opposition to this, as I knew it would not be very patiently borne---if all nations have affected to deduce their history from the earliest periods, the old Irish have particularly indulged in this vanity---nor can this be much wondered at, by any person who reflects seriously on what has long been their situation---depressed for many ages, stung with the reproaches, the contempt, and the injurious slander of their neighbours, they passionately recur to the monuments of their ancient glory ; and speak of the noble actions of their ancestors, in the glowing style of indignation which would ill brook them to be questioned.---Nor is it to be denied, that from the species of honour which has its

source in antiquity, Ireland fairly claims at least an adequate portion---The title of Lord of Ireland gave precedence to Henry the fifth, at the council of Constance, in preference to the Ambassador of France---nor is the evidence which the Irish adduce in defence of their Phœnician origin, easily answered, nor does it admit of ready refutation.---There are still remaining large pillars of rude stones placed erect, on the top of which there are fixed others in an inclined and horizontal position, resembling the altars raised by the Phœnicians in honour of their God Balus.---In several parts of the kingdom there are to be seen other monuments, and even to this day, certain customs are retained among the native Irish, which seem to point out their ancient connection with this nation.---The opinion of their annalists, concerning this point, is strengthened by Sir Isaac Newton, who informs us in his chronology, that a nation of Iberians, from the borders of the Euxine and Caspian Sea, settled anciently in Spain, that the Phœnicians, who first introduced arts and letters into Europe, had an early intercourse with the Iberian Spaniards, a colony of whom, by the name of Scots, settled in Ireland in the fourth age of the world.---To Ireland, Scotland was indebted for its first inhabitants.---Of the latter kingdom, Edward the first, as has been often mentioned, destroyed the historical records.---This shameful act of tyranny obliged the Scotch Antiquaries to have recourse to the records of this country, which taught them to acknowledge it as their parent state.---At an early period, Ireland, from the Iberian Scots was called Scotia---some have asserted that the use of letters was not known in Ireland until the time of St. Patrick.---This opinion is unsupported by any convincing evidence.---The Irish is altogether different from the Roman alphabet, with respect to the powers, the number, and the structure of its letters.---It claims for its origin the Celtæ, from whom, as we are

told by Aristotle, the Greeks borrowed their Alphabet.---Dr. Raymond asserts, that it is exactly the same with the ancient Celtic.---He has given a specimen of the Lord's prayer in both, where even a superficial observer must perceive a striking similarity.---Sir William Temple says that the Celtic dialect, used by the natives of Ireland, is the most original and unmixed language that yet remains in any part of Europe.---Nothing can be said with certainty in respect to their early writings, as no traces of them remain, except in monumental inscriptions.---It appears, however, that a few centuries after the christian era, when the ravages of the Goths and Vandals had extinguished, elsewhere, the means of knowledge, and involved the other nations of Europe in the thickest darkness, Ireland, like Athens of old, was resorted to by foreigners as the only surviving repository of learning.---At that period, seminaries of knowledge were erected in several parts of the kingdom.---Learning was encouraged and cultivated, more especially by the clergy, with a zeal almost approaching to enthusiasm---the salutary effects of this were experienced beyond the limits of their own country---Their missionaries passed over to the continent, where they were received with grateful approbation, and their labours crowned with success--Henrick of Saint Germaine; who flourished in the reign of Charles the Bald, writing on this subject, gives this flattering testimony, "Why," asks he, "should I mention Ireland---almost the whole nation, despising the dangers of the sea, resort to our coasts, with a numerous train of philosophers."---We have the authority of Bede, that Oswald, the Anglo-Saxon King, applied to Ireland, for learned men to teach his people the principles of christianity.---In the seventh century, the learning of the Irish was celebrated so highly in Europe, that the Emperor, Charles the Great, honoured them, very particularly, with

his alliance and friendship ; a memorial of which was preserved until lately, and probably may be to this day, in the paintings of the late royal palace at Versailles.---It was about this period that Ireland attained, through Europe, the appellation of the Island of Saints, and sometimes the Island of Scholars ;---the latter she has long lost ; the former she still retains, and probably has as good claims to it as any of her neighbours, though I do not deny but there may be, (as is the case in every assemblage of Saints,) many sinners among them.

We changed horses at Balbriggen, a fishing town about eight miles from Drogheda ; it is a pretty little place, and I am told has an excellent quay, where large vessels can load and unload.---The cotton manufactory was carried on here to a great extent ; but has now declined so much, that they have converted some of their principal mills into flour ones.

We arrived in Drogheda about two o'clock---the appearance of the town pleased me as we drove through it ; it was market day, and the country-people in general seemed comfortably, though not very finely, dressed. The women, however, were almost all ugly---they were sallow, pale, and thin, and at thirty had the look of old age.---Scanty nourishment, hard labour, and much exposure to the air, are doubtless the causes of this :---they wore short cloaks of a coarse grey cloth, with green or yellow stuff petticoats. The men almost universally wore great coats of the same colour with the women's cloaks ; they wore them to keep out the heat, probably. It could not be for the sake of heat, for the weather was remarkably warm.---I did not see either man or woman without shoes and stockings.---The distance from Dublin to Drogheda, is twenty four Irish miles.---The fare on the outside was 6s. 6d. in the inside 8s. 8d.---It carried ten inside, and I believe a still greater number of outside

passengers.—The coachman got 10d. from each of the former, and probably from a number of the latter ; as many of them had in all respects the appearance of gentlemen.—The people of Ireland have in this respect less vanity, or more economy, than the people of England. It is much more common to see gentlemen on the outside ; and they mix at breakfast and dinner with the other passengers, without any risk of being objected to.---The coachman was decently clad, civil, and attentive ; he had none of the impudence of manner, so common among his brethren in England, who now as generally assume the air of gentlemen, as the gentlemen do the air and look of coachmen.---The coach, though not an elegant, was a comfortable vehicle ; fully equal to any coach carrying the same number of passengers in England.—I could only wish it had been a little less musical—there was a good deal of loose iron work about it, which kept a jingling kind of sound, like Dr. Slop's instruments about the neck of Obadiah.---I am as fond of conversing, as he was of whistling, and would have given something to a smith to have silenced this troublesome music.—I had an introduction to a shop-keeper in the town, on whom I called immediately after quitting the coach.---I was received by him and his wife with the utmost civility.---They insisted on my living with them, and even taking a bed at their house.—Some poet has remarked that he always found, “ his warmest welcome in an inn ;” this is rather extraordinary, as poets, in general, do not possess much of what gives men welcome there.---Had he travelled to Ireland, however, he would often, I am sure, have experienced the contrary.—I devoted a part of this day to asking questions of my host, whom I found an amiable and intelligent young man.---I suspect, however, his answers, on some points, are to be taken, “ cum grano salis.”---He is a protestant, and a very zealous one ; of course, not partial



to the Catholics; to whose claims, of what is termed emancipation, he is a bitter enemy.---He has the same idea of the superiority of Protestants over Catholics, that an Englishman has of his over a Frenchman:---he piously believes that one Protestant is a match for two Catholics; and the consequence of this persuasion, which is common to the Protestants of Ireland, perhaps is, that two are equal to three.---Drogheda is situated on the river Boyne, which carries vessels, of 150 tons, as high as the bridge of the town; inclosing within its old and ruinous walls, the uneven shelving banks of the river on both sides.---The two principal streets are large and handsome; but much of the ground within the walls is unoccupied by buildings; and the mud-walled cabins outside of these, give no very favourable impression in the approach; though the spire of one of the churches is a conspicuous and beautiful object.---Drogheda contains about twelve thousand inhabitants, and is a place of considerable trade, which must increase with the advancement of the inland navigation.---It was formerly called Tre-dagh, and is a place of great antiquity.---There are many ordinances in Prynne, in the reign of Edward the Third, by which it appears that it was even then of some note.---It is remarkable for the great battle fought near it, in the year 1689, between the English and Catholic armies. It stood two sieges prior to this period, which reduced the walls to the ruined and shattered condition in which they now are.---The first of these sieges lasted nearly three months; though the town was neither strong in itself, nor well supplied with provisions.---It was at the commencement of the great rebellion, in the year 1641, and as it was the only barrier to Dublin on the northern frontier, it was placed under the command of Sir Henry Tichbourne, an active and gallant officer, who was ordered to use every possible means for its preservation.---The Irish, who though very

numerous, were, from their situation, unable to surround the town by a regular encampment, could not, with their utmost vigilance, prevent some supplies from getting into it.---These being soon consumed, the citizens and garrison were reduced to great distress--Sir Phelim O'Neale, who commanded the Irish, made several attacks, but was repulsed. The garrison, inspired by the example of their governor, was determined to endure every extremity, rather than surrender a place of so much importance.---One of these attacks was made in the night:---some of the rebels had penetrated into the town, which was only preserved by an accidental circumstance, which is thus related by Sir Henry Tichbourne, in a letter to his wife, "God's workings are wonderful, and oftentimes, especially in matters of war, produces great effects out of small and contemptible means:---this night, my man following me hastily out of my lodgings with my horse, the horse being untuly at the best, suddenly broke loose, and made such a noise in running and galloping madly upon the stones, in the dark, that it put the rebels to a stand, believing we were better prepared to meet them than in truth we were; and thereby afforded us something the greater leisure to entertain them, as by God's blessing we did."---The town, however, must at length have surrendered, had not the Earl of Ormond arrived at the head of three thousand foot, and five hundred horse. --On the news of which O'Neale instantly raised the siege and retired into the north.---About ten years afterwards Drogheda was besieged a second time, when it experienced one of the most dreadful calamities which ever befel any city:---the cause of royalism, which was completely subdued in England, was kept alive in some degree in Ireland, by the exertions of Lord Ormond---he had formed a numerous army, composed of catholics and protestants---united together, not so much by their zeal for the king, as their dread of the common

enemy the Puritans.---An army composed of such disordant  
 and heterogenous particles, had little principle of attraction;  
 but much of repulsion---difficultly combined and easily  
 separated, it could afford but feeble resistance against the  
 parliamentary troops, whose courage was heightened by  
 fanaticism, and directed by discipline.---On the 15th of  
 August, 1649, fifteen thousand men, with a formidable  
 train of artillery, and all other necessities of war, landed in  
 Dublin, sent by parliament for the chastisement of Popish  
 rebels, and the relief of their godly brethren.---Cromwell  
 was the leader of this formidable force---he contrived, by  
 his intrigues, to be chosen Lord-Lieutenant, by an unanimous  
 vote of parliament.---Having appointed a governor of Dublin,  
 and adjusted such matters as required his immediate atten-  
 tion, he put his army in motion, and laid siege to Drogh-  
 beda.---Ormond, being aware of this, had taken care to  
 repair the fortifications of that city, to furnish it with  
 necessities, and a garrison of two thousand foot, and three  
 hundred horse, which he placed under the command of  
 Sir Arthur Aston, an officer of distinguished reputation.---  
 He had likewise strengthened his little remaining army;  
 with which he advanced to the neighbourhood, to be ready,  
 if an opportunity offered, to give assistance to the town.---  
 But these precautions were useless---Cromwell led his  
 artillery to the walls, in which he in two days made a suffi-  
 cient breach.---The assault was given, and his men twice  
 repulsed;---in the third attempt, led by Cromwell himself,  
 the town was gained:---quarter had been promised to all  
 who would lay down their arms: notwithstanding, by order  
 of their most inhuman general, the conquerors put the  
 garrison to the sword, without regard to sex, age, or con-  
 dition.---The governor, and all his gallant officers, were  
 massacred without mercy---mothers were butchered with  
 the infants at their breasts, and the infants torn from their

nipples and dashed on the floor.---A number of ecclesiastics, of the Romish persuasion, were found within the walls.---Cromwell instantly ordered his soldiers to plunge their weapons into these helpless wretches.---For five days this hideous execution was continued, with every circumstance of horror---thirty persons only remained unslaughtered, by an enemy glutted by carnage; and these were transported to the Island of Barbadoes.---Ormond, in one of his letters, on the subject of this horrid scene, says, "the cruelties, committed by Cromwell, on this occasion, would make as many several pictures of inhumanity, as are to be found in the book of martyrs, or in the relation of the massacre of Amboyna."---The effect produced on the minds of the Irish catholics, by this infernal transaction, was indelible---the general who commanded it was an Englishman; the troops who perpetrated it, were protestants and Englishmen likewise: to Englishmen, therefore, they associated the idea of all that was horrid, brutal, and barbarous;---they considered them no longer as enemies to contend with, but as fiends and executioners, whose delight was in torturing, and whom it was their duty, therefore, to torture in return.---The blood-stained Englishman, who shut his ears to mercy, who stabbed the suppliant who kneeled before him, and plunged his weapon into subdued, and undefended bosoms, was, for upwards of a century, the never-ending theme of wonder and conversation among the lower Irish---their imaginations were overpowered and disordered, by the recollection of his tortures and butchery; and every tale of horror was eagerly received, and every suggestion of melancholy believed implicitly. The superstition natural to an illiterate people, contributed to heighten, and continue the impression; and the most marvellous stories were propagated and received as incontestible.---Lakes and rivers of blood, visions of spirits in flowing robes, and ghosts rising from rivers, and shrieking

murderers, were said to be seen and heard, by every lonely traveller.—The Irish and English have mutually much to forgive each other---each party condemns the conduct of the other, and a dispassionate man will find enough to condemn in the conduct of both.---Englishmen of the present day, who pronounce the Irish cruel, barbarous, and disloyal, will do well to recollect, what the conduct of their own ancestors has been;---in the contemplation of their excesses, they may learn indulgence for the excesses of others.--- Often has the earth groaned with the wickedness and folly of her sons; but I know of nothing, in modern times, equal to the sacking of Drogheda, or in ancient history superior to it, except, perhaps, the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus;---nor did the sufferings of the Jews exceed those of the ill-fated inhabitants of Drogheda, except by being of longer duration.—Sorry am I to have it to say, that such a parallel is to be found in Ireland, and that the actors in it were---ENGLISHMEN.

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## CHAP. XI.

### DROGHEDA.

**I** AROSE on Sunday at six o'clock; it was a beautiful morning, and the sun shone in cloudless brightness. I wandered into a delicious meadow behind the house; which, from its silence and solitude, might have been a hundred miles from the habitations of men. It was bordered by a row of lofty trees; the violet and daisy enamelled the surface, and mingled their light tints with the rich verdure of the grass: a little brook gurgled through one extremity of it, and I seated myself by its side. It was the place a poet

would have chosen for the visit of his muse; and though not a poet, it inspired me with the wish of becoming one. I had full in view the ruined towers of Drogheda; its fallen porches, its dilapidated, and moss-grown walls. I invoked the assistance, therefore, of the Dryades and Hamadryades of the grove, and commenced my ode. Like other holiday friends, however, they came but slowly, and I had got but four lines forward, when a more powerful divinity came, uninvited, and threw a whole arm full of poppies over my eye-lids. Whether the reader is a gainer, or loser, by this interruption, it does not become me to decide; but it is not impossible that my sleep has saved him from one.---I was awoke by my friend hallooing to me to come to breakfast. I told him I meant to write an ode on the destruction of Drogheda, and as he was the only inhabitant I was acquainted with, I would dedicate it to him.---If it was in favour of King William, and the Protestants, he said, he would be glad to listen to it; but if it was on the other side, as, from the sentiments I delivered the night before, he feared it might possibly be, he begged to be excused having his name in it; as it would do him no credit among his relations, who hated the Papists, and cared no more about the siege of Drogheda, than the destruction of Troy.---Though no admirer of some of the doctrinal points of the Romish church I like its external form of worship; I have been several times at the celebration of high mass, which I look upon as a lofty and magnificent spectacle, which elevates the soul, in some degree, to the Deity it addresses.---I have been equally struck with the less glaring pomp, the chastened dignity, the plaintive melody, and exquisite harmony, of their Evening service.---It is impossible, I think, for any person of sensibility to be present at vespers, without feeling his affections kindled, and his heart humanized.---I do not wonder that Catholics, whose worship is endeared to

them, not only by its beauty, but by habit and association with the early days in which it was first heard, remain so unalterably attached to their religion ; and turn with so much disgust from our cold and less ornamented ones.--- It would not be much unlike what we sometimes experience in dreams, when we think to clasp swelling and voluptuous beauty, and find a hideous skeleton, a mass of dry and withered bones, in our arms.---As Drogheda is a great Catholic town, I expected to hear mass in perfection : I asked Mr. ----- to go along with me to some place of worship of that persuasion. - He started as if a culverin had been let off at his ear—He is a proper-conducted man, fond of his wife and children ; yet, had I asked him to go to a house of ill fame in church time, it could not have astonished him more. He would do much to gratify me, (he said) but to be seen in a mass-house was a species of degradation no protestant should be guilty of.---The protestants of Drogheda are mostly the descendants of Oliver Cromwell's soldiers, and retain much of the zeal, though I hope they do not the other bad qualities of Oliver himself.---My next proposal, being a truly protestant one, was readily acceded to ; it was to visit the obelisk, erected on the river Boyne, in commemoration of king William, and the glorious victory he obtained there.---I had no reason to regret not going to mass ; the day was charming, the country beautiful, and the company, which consisted of my host and his two brothers, highly agreeable.---They seemed all to have that necessary qualification for a companion, as well as a wife---perfect good humour.---They had likewise in no mean degree the qualification necessary for guides, an acquaintance with the place we were going to visit ;-- they know every dell and valley, every height and hollow, of this ever-memorable field ; which is the classic ground of Ireland, and as high in reputation as the plains of Pharsalia.---They pointed out to

me the ground which was occupied by each army, and described the whole progress of the battle with a minuteness that would have astonished Duke Schomberg himself ; they led me to the spot where king William was wounded the evening before the battle ; and shewed me the distant hill, from which the wretched James, in alternate hope and fear, beheld the tide of war, alternately advance and recede, and from which, with a soul subdued to his fortunes, he fled the moment he saw the battle declare against him.---I am afraid, however, my friends are partial historians---not only was the river deepened, but little hills were swelled to mighty mountains, and superficial bogs to immense morasses, all to do the more honour to the great protestant hero, who has so long been the idol of every loyal Irishman.---With a license more a-kin to poetry than history, they diminished his army to twenty thousand men ; while they augmented that of James to sixty thousand, exactly double their real number.---It must be admitted, however, in excuse for their partiality, that the conduct of James, that day, was as contemptible and dastardly, as that of his rival was magnanimous and deserving the crown he contended for.---When wounded, he lost neither his fortitude nor presence of mind,---every bullet, coolly remarked he, to those that surrounded him, has its billet.---William, it is well known, was a predestinarian ; a doctrine, whether true or false, as comfortable to the soldier, as the Catholic belief of the absolution of sins is to the dying sinner.---James stood trembling and dismayed ; a timid spectator of the varied and animated scene which extended beneath him.---“Oh, spare my English subjects!” exclaimed he once or twice, as divisions of his rival’s army were repulsed, and driven back on the river.---James possessed no real sensibility ; the man who could admit his nephew, the son of his deceased brother, into his presence, when under sentence of death ; could hear his



passionate appeals for mercy ; could see him prostrate on the earth, and feel the eager grasp of his trembling hands about his knees---the man who could hear, and see all this unmoved, must have been devoid of all humanity.---Misfortune, however, had now overtaken him, and softened his stern and gloomy soul ; he thought he felt for his English subjects, but he only felt for himself.---The whole of his conduct, indeed, in Ireland, was a series of blunders, and marked by that sort of infatuation said to characterize individuals, and nations, devoted to destruction :---he retreated when he should have advanced ; and he stood still when he should have retreated. He loitered in Ireland with a large army unemployed, when he should have appeared in England at the head of it ; and he persisted (in opposition to the advice of his wisest officers,) to stand the shock of William's regular troops, with his raw and undisciplined ones.---In the council of war held the evening before the battle, Hamilton recommended that eight regiments should be sent immediately to secure the important pass of Slane.---James proposed to employ fifty dragoons in this service : the astonished general bowed and was silent.---“ Had your Majesty ten kingdoms,” exclaimed St. Ruth, “ you would loose them all.”---Early on the morning of the first of July, King William advanced to the banks of the Boyne.---The Irish army was encamped on the opposite side ; to their right lay Drogheda, which James occupied by a garrison : on their left a difficult morass, which communicated by a narrow pass with the bridge of Slane, that lay three miles higher up the river. The English advanced in three divisions ; that on the right was commanded by Count Schomberg, the centre by Duke Schomberg, and the left by King William ; the river had been carefully examined, and in the places pointed out, was to be crossed separately, by each of these divisions.---Count Schomberg, with the right wing, set off

rapidly up the river. James saw this movement from the heights of Donore, and sent off large detachments to the opposite banks of the river.---Count Schomberg pressed on with so much expedition, that before they could get forward to intercept him, he reached the ford which he intended to pass, crossed it, and led his men down the river with intrepidity. Encouraged by this success, the part of the centre composed of the Dutch Guards, and Brandenburgers, the former leading the van, advanced to the Boyne, which they passed with considerable difficulty, dislodged the enemy, and made good their ground on the opposite bank. Here they formed, and advanced forwards, supported by a body of English, and by the French Hugonots, and the Danes, who by this time had passed the river. Upon their approach, General Hamilton, who, with the horse and a part of the Irish infantry, had been posted on the rising grounds, attacked them with impetuosity.---Unable to withstand the shock, they broke and retreated in confusion. Here Caillemot, the leader of the Hugonots, received a mortal wound. As his soldiers were carrying him bleeding off the field of battle, he exerted his utmost strength, and exclaimed, "A la gloire, mes enfans! a la gloire!" The rapidity of the Irish horse, the flight of the Danes, and the disorder of the French, spread a general alarm; and the want of cavalry struck the minds, even of the peasants, who were but spectators of the battle, so forcibly, that a general cry of "Horse! horse!" was suddenly raised; was mistaken for an order to "Halt!" surprised and confounded the centre, was conveyed to the right wing, and for a while retarded the pursuit.---In this moment of disorder, Duke Schomberg rushed through the river, and placing himself at the head of the Hugonot forces, pointed to some French regiments in their front, and cried, "Allons, messieurs; voila vos persecuteurs."---These were

his last words.—The Irish horse, who had broken the French protestants, wheeled through Old Bridge, in order to join their main body, but were here cut down by the Dutch and Enniskilleners.—About sixteen of their squadron escaped, and returning furiously from the slaughter of their companions, were mistaken by the Hugonots for some of their own friends, and suffered to pass.—They wounded Schomberg in the head, and were hurrying him forward, when his own men fired and killed him.—William had now crossed the river, at the head of the Dutch, Danish, and English cavalry, through a dangerous and difficult pass, where his horse, floundering in the mud, obliged him to dismount, and accept the assistance of his attendants.—The Irish retreated towards Donore, where James stood during the engagement; surrounded by his guards,—and here, drawing up in good order, they faced about, and charged with such success that the English cavalry, though led on by their king, was forced from their ground.—William, with some peevish exclamations at the want of courage of the English, rode up to a large body of Irish Protestants, well known, both then and since by the name of Enniskilleners, and asked, “What they would do for him.”—Their officer informed them who he was—they advanced with him, and received the enemy’s fire.—The battle was now maintained on each side with equal ardour, and with variety of fortune. The king who, mingled in the hottest part of the engagement, was constantly exposed to danger.—One of the Enniskillen dragoons mistaking him for an enemy, presented a pistol to his head.—William calmly put it by, “What,” said he, “do you not know your friends?” The presence of such a prince gave double vigour to his soldiers. The Irish infantry were finally repulsed. Hamilton made one desperate effort to turn the fortune of the day, at the head of his horse. Their shock was furious, but neither orderly

nor steady. They were routed, and their general conveyed a prisoner to William. The king asked him whether the Irish would fight more. "Upon my honour," said Hamilton, "I believe they will; for they have yet a good body of horse."—William surveyed this man, who he thought had betrayed him on some former transactions, with contempt; and in a sullen tone exclaimed, "Honour!" your "honour!"—The right wing of King William's army, had by this time pursued the enemy close to Duleek,—James, who still continued at Donore, commenced his retreat immediately;—he marched to Duleek, at the head of Sarsfield's regiment; his army followed, and poured through the pass.—When they reached the open ground, they drew up, and canonaded their pursuers.—Their officers ordered all things for a retreat, which they made in such order, as was commended by their enemies—Their loss in this engagement was computed at fifteen hundred; that of King William's army did not much exceed one third of this number.—By this memorable and decisive battle, the hopes of James to ascend the throne of these kingdoms were finally crushed;—he fled to Dublin, and a few days afterwards to France, followed by the scorn and contempt even of his partisans.—"Exchange kings," said Sir Teague O'Regan, after he was taken prisoner, "and we will fight the battle over again."—The Irish Catholics might now be said to be completely subdued—and happy would it have been for these kingdoms, had the victory, gained by magnanimity, been used with moderation.—But moderation is seldom the virtue of any government.—A series of barbarous and prescriptive laws were issued, from which the eye of humanity turns in horror and disgust.—The Irish Catholic, who was no rebel, who had contended for his natural king, and obeyed the orders of his own parliament, was stigmatized as the most vile, the most obstinate, and irreclaimable of

beings.---He was excluded from the pale of society, he was scarcely permitted to reside in a town; he was debarred the exercise of his religion, he was trampled on, abused, and outraged---he was chained, not as an enemy, that was conquered, but a wild beast it was dangerous to let loose.---Many of the laws, passed at this period, bear a strong resemblance to the edicts of a Nero, or Cæsar Borgies.---It must, however, be admitted, in extenuation of government, that had it even been disposed to moderation, it is doubtful whether the prejudices of Protestants would have permitted it.---They held popery a horrible idolatry, whose touch was contamination, and which, like the Israelites of old, it was their duty to root out.---I have little doubt that many of them would have done it, precisely in the same manner, by the extirpation of the wretched inhabitants.---The consequences of this shocking state of things have been long, and are still felt in Ireland. The wholesome tree of society has been poisoned at its root; and its branches, like those of the baneful upas, have scattered pestilence and death.---The warm and overflowing affections of the Irish Catholic have become stagnate; the milk of human kindness is curdled in his breast; his spirits are depressed, his energies subdued, and disappointment, and oppression, have rendered him a listless idler, or a fell misanthrope.---Nor are the effects of it less perceptible in the Protestant.---Living, as he supposed, in the midst of his enemies, he viewed his neighbours, and servants, with distrust. Imagining that he was hated, he soon deserved to be so; and fear, which made Nero and Domitian cruel, too often taught the Protestant to be a tyrant, and to treat the Catholic as a slave.---He arrogated to himself all title, advancement, and even advantage, as an exclusive right; and in the meanest situation, regarded the Catholic, "the most distinguished by wealth or talent," as a far inferior being to

himself.—To this diseased and vitiated state, and not to inherent disposition, I would attribute the haughtiness and arrogance, the impatience of controul, the restlessness and turbulence, of which the Irish, when abroad, are so often, and, perhaps, so justly accused.—God be near me, as I speak the firm belief of my heart, that Ireland has suffered more misery since the reformation, than ever befel any nation, in the same space of time.—I have been more circumstantial in relating the battle of the Boyne, because the fate not only of Ireland, but of England, and the family seated at present on the Throne, depended on it.—From the then critical situation of affairs, there is every reason to suppose, that had James been victorious, he would have been reinstated on the throne.—Irritated by opposition, triumphant over all his enemies, and free from every restraint, nothing else could have been expected, but that he would have trampled upon the rights of the people, and adopted the most arbitrary designs, as the ruling principles of his government.—It is likewise deserving of attention, from the number of troops engaged on each side; which was greater, than in any battle fought in these kingdoms, since the time of the Romans.—The army of William consisted of thirty-six-thousand men; that of James, only of thirty-three thousand.—I have taken pains to ascertain this fact, to correct the prevalent opinion, that the army of William was the least numerous.—It was not only the most numerous, but consisted for the most part of veteran troops, who had followed him from the continent.—The Irish were raw levies, hastily raised, and little accustomed to the use of fire-arms. That they did not conquer, therefore, is not half so wonderful, as that they fought the time they did.—Yet historians, on the evidence of this battle, have gravely asserted, that the Irish fight badly in their own country; and that there is a natural inferiority in them to the

English---If either of these propositions be true, the proof of them must be sought elsewhere.---The Irish did not fight badly; they fought well; and they fought long; nor did they fight against the English.---King William's army was no more an English, than it was a Turkish one.---They formed but an inconsiderable part of it; nor did William, "who had but a mean opinion of their military prowess," allow any of his divisions to be led by an Englishman.---It consisted of a motley group of Dutch, Danes, and Brandenburgers---of French Hugonots, and Irish Protestants; to the gallantry of the latter, after the English cavalry, had retired discomfited, is in a great measure to be attributed the success of the day.

In order to see some prospect, my friends wished to point out to me it was necessary to cross the river, which we did exactly at the same ford the Dutch guards did; and exactly in the same manner.---I dont mean exposed to a heavy discharge of grape and round shot, but on horseback; a number of horses were grazing about; each of us mounted one, and having rode over, turned our steeds loose and allowed them either to stray on the more verdant meads of the Eastern bank, or return to their ancient habitations.---A little higher up we saw some people crossing over in a particular kind of boat called Corragh; it is made of wicker work, and does not seem larger than a basket; some sort of a hide was drawn over it, which renders it impervious to the water: it holds one person, who directs it with a paddle, in the management of which he must preserve the most perfect steadiness, as the slightest movement on his seat would overturn the nut-shell that carries him.---We passed the seat of a Mr. Cottington, whose eldest son was unfortunately drowned a few years ago in crossing the Boyne, in the manner just mentioned.---His grounds are highly improved and beautifully planted---he has dug up an immense number

of balls that had lodged there, on the ever memorable day I have related---his house was attacked and nearly carried by the rebels in 1798.---Had it been completely so, these balls, carefully preserved as trophies of the triumph of protestants, might have been hurled back in vengeance against them; and, after the lapse of more than a century, have visited on them a portion of those ills they formerly inflicted on others.

---We returned to town by a delightful road; on the right was the hill of Donore, clad in summer's fairest garb, and decked with a rich tuft of trees;---the Boyne, full to overflowing its green-margined banks, was on our left; and in our front, on a gentle eminence, was the town of Drogheda, with her lofty spires raising their heads above the grove that surrounded them. Short-sighted as I am, the sight gave me pleasure; perhaps, so strangely are we formed, the more pleasure for being short-sighted---it hid a part, while it allowed the imagination to fill up the rest to its mind; to raise the little, to conceal the mean, to heighten the mountain, to deepen the vale; to give more verdure to the fields, more brightness to the sky, and more radiance to the sun.---Alas! to practise the deception which man practises on himself, as he views afar off the lofty mountain of life; which, sanguine in youth, and cheated by hope, he clothes with verdure, shadows with myrtles, and strews with roses; soon to experience the contrary, when in riper years he has tried it, and found it, as it is---bleak, dreary, and comfortless; howling with tempests, broken with precipices, and planted with thorns.

We arrived about four o'clock in town, after a walk of somewhat more than eight Irish miles, a little fatigued with our journey, and perfectly ready to do justice to the hospitable meal the younger brother of my friend had invited us to. ---Beside our walking party, two other gentlemen were asked.---I don't pretend to say there was much wit among



us; but I am sure there was a great deal of laughter, which is, perhaps, a much safer companion :---our dinner was good, and the wine and punch still better.---The company swallowed them in large potations, which may in some degree account for the laughter.---Whether from the force of sympathy or whiskey, I became infected also, and laughed as vehemently as the loudest.---Though a stranger, I was no restraint on them; I was introduced as an author, a being I fancy the most of them were in company with for the first time :---but their laughs were neither less frequent, nor less noisy on that account---happy in distant obscurity, they were ignorant or indifferent, that a snake was in the grass; that a spy was in the house, like another James Boswell, pen in hand, and ink-horn at breast; ready to take down each unguarded sally, or inaccurate expression.---Our party consisted of seven---assuredly it was not the feast of the seven wise men---none of our sayings, I fear, will be ever recorded in a book of wisdom; yet I do solemnly declare, of all that was spoken, and much was spoken, "for we were all more speakers than listeners," I did not hear a single sentence that could be construed into a bull.---My readers will no doubt be as much astonished as I was, to have an Irish drunken party without either a bull or a quarrel in it.---The truth is, of what passed in the latter part of the evening, I have very indistinct recollection.---We had swallowed so many bumpers to great men, beginning with the great man, the scene of whose exploits we just had visited :---this is always a bumper toast, and drank sitting, standing, or kneeling, according to the zeal of the company.---It is rather an awkward one, however, to kneel at, as it is almost as long as a fashionable sermon; a part of it, if I recollect right, is as follows.---"The glorious and immortal memory of the good king William, who saved us from popery and slavery, brass money, and wooden shoes."---If any sober person takes offence

at my getting tipsy, I have only to say in my own excuse, I was not so cold-blooded a protestant as to view the waters of the Bóyne without emotion ; and the glorious and immortal memory has been an excuse for drunkenness upwards of a century.

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## CHAP. XII.

### DROGHEDA.

**I AWOKE** this morning with a head-ache and sick stomach ; I took a walk along the Dublin road to dissipate it ; returning, I was overtaken by a middle-aged woman of decent appearance.---She accosted me first, asking how many miles it was to Drogheda. I told her something more than one, and asked her if she had travelled far that morning. " Ay, and all night too (said she;) many a weary mile, and many a sorrowful one too ; and God he knows I had enough of that before."---" My good woman (I said) we have all enough of that ; sorrow wears every garb, and is as often found under a silk pelisse, as this grey cloak of your's ; and when death comes, it is a sad thing to quit that fine Castle yonder ; (pointing to a large house that was in sight) but it is nothing to leave your clay-built cabin---be that your consolation" " Ah, Sir !" said she, " gentlefolks have many blessings ; so many people to care for them, and to watch over them, and to love them ; but I have nobody to care for me now, nobody in all the wide world to trouble their heads about me. Ogh hone, ogh hone, (wringing her hands, and rocking her body backwards and forwards, and from one side, to another,) Jemmy, darling, in sorrow I bore you, many a bitter taunt, and many a

heavy blow, I suffered for you ; ay, man, many a heavy blow and broken heart; you might have let me alone surely."—I had no difficulty in obtaining her story from her,—her heart was full, and no niggard of its tale—overflowing with its woes, it found relief in the voice that soothed, in the ear that listened to them.

“ The grief that does not speak,  
“ Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.”

I regret I cannot tell it in her own words,---yet they would be nothing without the tones and action which accompanied them. Whenever, however, I recollect her expressions, I will make use of them—Early in life, she had been courted by a young man of her own age,---she was fond of him, and he pretended to be fond of her; nor had she any reason to doubt it, she said—“ for I had another guess face then, than now, that crying has brought wrinkles into it; and when I had on my stuff gown and calamanco petticoat, though I say it, that should not, was a comely enough lass to look at; and though I wrought hard all the week, I made myself clean when I went to prayers upon Sundays, and went to confession, though nothing had I to confess at all, at all,---for I was innocent then, and knew nothing of man or their wicked ways---and the neighbours pointed me out as a pattern, and said there is Jenny Cassidy, nobody ever saw her taken with liquor, or heard her ill-word; and my heart became puffed up with vanity, and I went to wakes, and hurling matches, and trusted in my own strength, and the blissid virgin forsook me, and left me to myself, and I found my strength was nothing but weakness.”

At one of these merry meetings, her lover contrived to make her swallow a larger portion of liquor than she was accustomed to; into which, it seems, he infused a medicine

purchased in an apothecary's shop, which he thought had the property of making loving, those who took it.---Returning home by an unfrequented road, he decoyed her into a lonely field, where, partly by force, and partly by intreaty, amidst tears of sorrow, and of pleasure ; amidst struggles of shame, and of rapture ; amidst the lamentations of lost innocence, and the sighs and ejaculations of new found joy ; to make use of her own words, he obtained his wicked purposes.---At their next meeting he comforted her, by telling her she had committed no crime ; that they had broken a sixpence together, and were, therefore, man and wife in the sight of Heaven,—and that he would marry her, before men and devils, in holy church, whenever his service was out, which would be in three or four months.—Lulled by his fair promises, she delivered herself without restraint to the sweet delirium of love ; and in a summer's evening, under the hawthorn hedge, scented with fragrance, on a green bank, covered with daisies, and spangled with dew drops, while the birds carolled around them in unison with their joys, she tasted pleasures, which greatness seldom knows on its softest bed of down.—Nature is a great leveller, and is pretty uniform in her blessings, as well as her gifts.—What she gives in continuance to some, she makes up in intensity of enjoyment to others ; bloated and unwieldy wealth, often dozes through life with less real gratification than this poor country lass experienced in a few moments of stolen interview with the man she loved. Man may be proud of the adventitious gifts of fortune ; but in the weakness of birth, the period of sleep, at the hour of death, and on the soft bed of love, all are equal—“ The great and the little are there, and the servant is free from his master.”——Her love continued unabated, and seemed “ to grow with what it fed on.”—With the lover it was otherwise—satiety soon followed enjoyment

—his visits became less frequent, and at length ceased altogether.—It was her turn now to be a suppliant, and an unsuccessful one.—In vain she followed him with tears and supplications, in vain she reminded him of his broken sixpence, of all the oaths he had sworn, and all the promises he had made---the rustic Lothario heard her with an indifference that would not have disgraced his brother Libertines in a higher station of life.---The hour of delivery approached---her secret was still her own---again she sought him out, and found him with difficulty---she fell upon her knees before him,---she clasped her arms round his, and bathed them with her tears,---she implored his pity, his forgiveness ; by sinners in purgatory, by blessed souls in paradise, by the great God by whom one day they were to be judged---she implored him, while yet it was in his power, to save her from ruin and shame.---Sorrow made her eloquent, and the poor and illiterate Irishwoman spoke the language of poetry, because she spoke the language of the heart.---“ Look upon me,” said she, “ look upon me, look upon my pale face, and altered body, and think who is the cause of it.—I was happy till you knew me ; I was innocent till you seduced me ; till I knew you I was nothing but good ; ough, dont you be my punishment for being bad !---What is this world even to the longest liver---you are young now, but you will soon be old---your green head will soon be grey ; and then you would give the world not to have such a sin on your soul.”——He endeavoured to get away, but she held him fast.---“ By the happy hours we have known together, by the sorrowful ones I have known since, save me ! save me ! or kill me on this spot, and I will bliss you for it, and count you my best friend, though you have been my sorest enemy.---You know you have.”  
 ---The hardened ruffian now spoke in his turn.—He

reviled, he abused, he cursed her;—he did not kill, but he wounded her more deeply---“he was not so far gone,” he said, “as to take a whore for his wife, and to have his first born a bastard.”—This last insult was too much---reason, which had been tottering before, now forsook her entirely---Convulsions followed, in which labour took place, and, stretched upon the floor of her destroyer’s cabin, she brought forth a son.—Of what passed for several years, she had but little recollection;---her thoughts were all dark and gloomy; she sat for days together in the large building, where she was confined, counting the straws, unable to speak, or to sing, or even to cry,—when she could do either she felt happy---“and often, and often,” said she, “when the whole world was asleep, and the moon shone bright, I stood at the bars of my window, and sung to my Saviour, the live-long night, the story of my woes; and he heard me in pity, and sent little doves down from heaven to comfort me, and to tell me not to mind the persecutions of man, for they had persecuted him also.”—At times, however, she was more outrageous, and then the keeper treated her with great harshness, and she had still, she said, the marks of the blows he gave her.---On one of those occasions, in which she was tamed into quietness, a woman was permitted to see her.---Her lover’s conscience was at length awakened, and he began to feel compunction for the wrongs he had done her,---he begged her to take comfort, he promised to marry her the moment she came out, and besought her, to send him, by his messenger, some token of forgiveness.---“Did you send any answer,” I asked her.---“I did not,” she replied, “I could not send any.---But I opened my breast, that she might tell him of the marks that were on it; and I tore a handful of my hair for her to give him.---It was almost grey then; it was black when he knew me first.”---Madness, as well as sorrow, often breaks forth in unpremeditated sub-

lime---I was struck with the resemblance, which this simple contrast of her present and former situation bore to the answer of the celebrated Marius, to the order of the pro-consul of Utica, instantly to quit his province.---He was proscribed and a wanderer ; a price was on his head, and he was in the most squalid garb.---“What shall I say to the pro-consul ?” said the licitor who delivered the message. “Tell him,” replied the other, surveying him with dignity, “that you saw Caius Marius in exile, seated on the ruins of Carthage.”---From this deplorable state, after a lapse of many years, she recovered, and her father, softened by her sufferings, took her again into his house.---Her seducer was long dead; he had his skull fractured at a neighbouring fair, in a drunken fray, in which the inhabitants of two town-lands were matched against each other.---Her son in the mean time grew up, and was her only consolation---the affection which had met with so barbarous a return from his father was centered in him, and when he was at her side, her former sufferings were forgot ; and a better youth, she said, never broke bread, nor a kinder heart---and I thought my troubles were all over, and that he would be the staff of my old age, and would close my eyes, and be always near me.---In this, however, she was disappointed---the consequences of her transgression pursued her, where she could be wounded the most---her son was despised on her account---the young women slighted him, the young men would not keep company with him, and all descriptions fastened on him that, in Ireland, most opprobrious of all appellations---bastard. The young man having coolly weighed his situation, took an affectionate leave of his mother by letter, and early one morning left his native village, to seek, among strangers, the sympathy and kindness the prejudices of his neighbours denied him.---He enlisted in a regiment, then stationed at Drogheda,

from whence his mother had frequent accounts of him.---In consideration of his good conduct, he was made a corporal, and she was beginning to recover from the distress his leaving home had caused her, when she received the dreadful news, which occasioned her present journey, as well as sorrow.---All her former ones were nothing, compared to it---when her lover deceived her first, and then deserted her, when her friends renounced, when the world frowned, and her reason forsook her---in the faint glimmerings of it, with which she was visited, she still had comfort---she had no joy in life, but she had hope in death---in her Saviour who died on the cross, who was a man of sorrows himself, in whose blood she would be washed clean from all her transgressions; but now she said, she had no joy, no comfort, no hope---he had turned his face from her in wrath; the punishment of her sin was on her, in the person of the son, to whom that sin had given birth.---Oh! had she died a year ago, she would have been happy, for then she would not have known it---or had it been his death only, had it been *fair* death, from the hand of God, she would have followed him with pleasure to the church-yard, and when the last sod was laid on his coffin, she would have stretched herself beside it, and prayed to God that she might never see the morning.---But it was the death of his soul that she lamented,—the Church had disowned him, the priest had cursed him, the curse of God was on him, and her wickedness was the cause.—The son of sin had allied himself to the daughter of perdition.—He had married—a Protestant.—I endeavoured to reason her out of so unfortunate a prejudice, but the attempt was unavailing, and even injurious—her eye became phrenzied, and her whole frame so agitated, that it threatened a return of the madness from which, it is possible, she had never entirely recovered.—We were now at the end of the town, I therefore took a hasty leave of her,



not the less sincerely lamenting her sorrow, because the cause of it was imaginary.—I have related this story, not only because I think that readers of a certain description will be gratified with it, but as it shews how religious prejudice, which had for a while lain dormant in Ireland, is again unhappily revived.—I have seen several instances already, and from all I can learn, shall see many more.—I shall therefore say little on this subject at present ; deploring, however, as I most sincerely do, that what was given for a blessing, should have become a curse ; that the folly of man, should convert the wholesome food of religion into a deadly poison, and that the inhabitants of a country, who possess kindness of heart, to a greater degree perhaps than those of any other, should be drawn forth like hostile armies, arrayed for mutual destruction ; or rather like enraged tygers, ready to tear each others bowels out.—This story, likewise, shews the peculiar habits of thinking, of the Irish peasantry, with whom loss of chastity is a crime of the deepest die ; partly dependent on their strong sense of religion, still more, perhaps, on their lively sensibility ; which renders them painfully alive to the opinions of others.—This prevalence of opinion must strike every person who has opportunities of observing the domestic manners of the Irish.—What would the neighbours say to such a thing ? is the question, which people even of the middle class ask themselves on every little, as well as great occasion.—Very often considerable sacrifices are made to this voluntary bondage they impose on themselves. A young lady was courted by a gentleman of excellent character, and independent fortune—she refused him, (as she said) by the directions of her mother.—A friend, who well knew her straitened circumstances, remonstrated with the old lady :—“ Is he not (he asked) a liberal man, as well as a rich one ; and might he not be of great use to your younger chil-

dren?"—She admitted he might.—“Is he not a better offer than you can ever expect for your daughter again?”—“She feared he was.”—What made you refuse him, then?”—“On account of his name, to be sure,” replied this judicious parent—“fifty years have I lived in the town of ———, and never kept any but the best company—I have people enow to envy me : and with God’s help they shall never turn their noses up at Mrs. G———.

This inquisitorial power of opinion would have great efficacy, in keeping the community virtuous, if it was uniformly exerted, or had any rational standard to refer itself to:—But in every country the progress of reason is slow; in Ireland, from unfortunate causes, it is peculiarly so.—Much of what is really vice, is not deemed so.—Drunk-  
 enness is not a sin, quarrelling is not a sin---they flatter sometimes their pride, but never wound it:---but breach of chastity is the sin never to be forgiven, because it is shame---it is degradation.---A name of the highest reproach in France, would be none here---because it would be unintelligible; they have two however---one for each of the sexes---that for the woman, I need not name—that for the man, is—bastard.

I stood an hour in my friend’s shop this morning, after breakfast, and was highly amused with the manner of doing business.---The number of people that came in was very great, and so was the trouble they gave; stuffs, dimities, and cottons, were tossed about, with as much indifference to the trouble given the shopman, as a fashionable lady in Bord street feels on a similar occasion:---one or two women bought gowns, and I observed that the colours they preferred, were all different shades of green---a very elegant stuff, of a pale yellow was shown them---the youngest seemed pleased with it, but the other whispered something in Irish, and then laid it aside.---I remarked

the shopman smiled, and asked him what she said: "Dont have any thing to do with it, it is a *protestant* colour." Green, in all its shades, is catholic—Orange is protestant:—Green is not only the most beautiful, but it is the national colour.---All the attachments, indeed, and prejudices of the Catholic, have a reference to the country, to the soil, to the sod, as he affectionately terms it; ---this is a more natural feeling, and therefore bids fair to be more lasting than the protestant one, which is artificial and factitious, founded on recollections that time must infallibly weaken, and on attachments that are extrinsic and adventitious.---Very few of these poor people could speak English ---my friend's pride won't allow him to learn Irish.--- In this instance, as pride often does, he pays for its gratification---he is obliged to keep a shopman at a large salary, who acts as an interpreter, and who, I suppose, can speak Irish very well, for he spoke English very badly; ---he translated for me one or two Irish jokes, which he said would make me laugh heartily. This is always an unfortunate exordium; whether it was it, or that he allowed the wit to evaporate in the translation, but I felt more inclination to yawn. If the jokes were good ones in the Irish language, there they should have been allowed to remain, for they were very dull ones in English.---The grand article purchased by the men, is a very essential part of human clothing---I mean breeches---though the Irish peasantry have been stigmatized as republicans, they do not deserve the name of *Sans-culottes*; on the contrary, this part of their dress claims much of their attention; they pride themselves, on having them large, and clean, and whole,—the coat and waistcoat seem much less thought of, and are often in rags—why they should be the objects of such honourable preference, I shall not attempt to conjecture: but as a hero in romance discovers himself by throwing open his cloak and displaying

nor even morality.---It is pride, it is vanity in its cool, it is delirium, it is phrensy in its heated moments.-- It mingles with their amusements, and floats on their cups ; it is felt by the drunkard and blackguard, as much as by the most orderly and sedate.---The concluding line of each verse of a song I once heard in a company of drunken Orange-men, was as follows: " And to H—— with the breed for ever."---By the breed was meant the catholics, or papists as they are most commonly termed here ; it is almost needless to add, that whenever the musician got the length of this benevolent line, the whole party joined rapturously in the chorus.---We must not, however, conclude hastily from this, that the character of Irishmen is radically worse than that of other men ; extrinsic circumstances only have moulded it into a form different indeed from its real one ; the same, perhaps worse prejudices would exist in any other country, where a struggle for preponderance between two sects had existed for so great a length of time---where the mass was the conquered, and the handful the conqueror, where the nation was the oppressed, and a colony the oppressors ; which preserved its hard earned supremacy by ever-wakeful exertion and vigilant, perhaps necessary severity.---In England, during the civil war, the people went religiously, as they have often since gone politically, mad---happily, it was only a remittent, while in Ireland it has been a continued fever.---During the time it lasted, however, it was equally ridiculous, and equally contemptible.---The presbyterian hated lawn sleeves, surplices, and set forms of prayer ; the puritan had causes for sorrow no less important ; he abominated music, and could not abide an organ ; the altar was in the east end of the church, instead of the middle ; he was obliged to bow his head at the name of Jesus, to keep fasts and feasts, to be mortified in Lent, and to eat plumb-pudding, and mince pies at Christmas. There was no enduring such formidable exactions, and so he went to war to get

rid of them.---In proportion as it was assailed by the waves of fanaticism, the Church of England man became more and more attached to the holy ark, "as he thought it," of his own religion: his affections were kindled, his pride was wounded, his feelings were roused, and, as long as the Church wanted repose, he could take none of his own. Hume, in his history of that period, gives many ludicrous instances of those passing follies:---I shall mention one, not as the most apposite, but as the only one which just now occurs to my recollection.---"Stand up," said a drunken soldier, of the Royal army, as he came one night rolling home; "stand up," said he, to a church against which he staggered, "you drunken b---h.---I will stand by you to the last."

Mr. Foster's country residence is a few miles from this town; it is highly improved, and delightfully situated: like the demesnes of almost all the Irish gentlemen, it is open to every stranger. Whatever difference of opinion may exist on his public character, there can be none on his private;---he is entitled to the highest praise, as a landlord, and a resident country gentleman. He has introduced several valuable improvements in agriculture; he has bettered the appearance of the country; and greatly amended the condition of the surrounding peasantry. The shady groves, the neat cottage-houses, and rural walks, in the neighbourhood of Cullen, form an assemblage of pastoral beauty, not exceeded by any thing I have seen in England or elsewhere.---The roads he has made, for many miles round, are superior, in grandeur and durability, to any I have ever travelled over.---In consequence of judicious alterations in the corn laws, Ireland, who some years ago had not grain enough for her own consumption, has now a large quantity for exportation. He was for several years afterwards very popular;---particularly at the period of

the union, which, unawed by the threats, and unseduced by the promises, of Mr. Pitt, he opposed most strenuously. He appears now, however, as universally reprobated, as he was then admired.—Many causes, no doubt, have combined to produce this effect;—the immediate one, however, appears to be the weight of the new taxes.—Laying on taxes, at the best of times, is but an ungracious business; but when commerce had received such a shock, and people were smarting under the irritation of their losses, the very name of a tax was an injury; and ingenious indeed must the compounder of it have been, so to disguise the nauseous draught, as to make it grateful to the stomach, or palatable to the taste. In his speech in the House of Commons, in moving those taxes, he depicted, in glowing colours, the increasing prosperity of Ireland. In general he is little of an orator, and less of a poet; but a plain matter of fact man. It would seem, however, that he did not confine himself to facts on this occasion:—memory would not serve his purpose, and so he betook himself to invention. The people of Dublin, without circumlocution, accuse him of telling a parcel of monstrous lies, and assert that their distress is very great, and that it must be apparent even to the most heedless observer. In this number I fear I must be reckoned. Distress was not apparent to me; on the contrary, the general aspect of Dublin appeared much improved since I had seen it last. There was less splendour, perhaps, less frequency of routs, and less brilliancy of equipage. I do not know that this is an evil.—But there was less of that hideous contrast of disgusting rags, and squalid misery, which pained the eye before.—This I am sure is a good. The lower classes were cleaner and better clad, more decorous in their manners, and, whether it was fancy or not, I thought they had acquired something of an English accent. At every table to which I was invited I saw nothing but abundance;—a

dinner, given to a large company by a reputable merchant, was a most sumptuous one :—an epicure could have desired nothing either in food or wine beyond it.—Our entertainer was a mighty well spoken man ;—at least he thought so himself, and a party is always of the same opinion with a man who gives good dinners. After the ladies were withdrawn, he drew a most eloquent picture of the misery of the times ; stagnation of trade, and universal bankruptcy : in a short time, he said with a sigh, we shouldn't have a shoe to our foot, or a bit of bread to put into our mouths. " They must be different times from the present, then," said I, " glancing my eye on the decanters, with which the table was covered." My remark did not interrupt the flow of his observations ;---he became more eloquent, and more pathetic ; and one large, elderly gentleman, who, I suspect, was little accustomed to starvation, looked as if he was going to cry. Sorrow is always dry, and we swallowed such large bumpers of claret, that when we joined the ladies, we had all the visages of Benedictines. I was seated beside a very elegant young woman ; that was no novelty ; all the young women I met with in Dublin were so ;---she was very chatty ; that was still less so ; all the women I ever met with, whether old or young, were so. I felt my situation rather awkward ;---she accosted me immediately, and it was with great difficulty I could answer her : that which made my host eloquent, made me silent.---I was tongue tied, or rather wine bound :---not that I wanted ideas, but they were so confused.---We managed better, however, than could have been expected ;---the young lady spoke with such vivacity, that it was quite a treat to hear her ; particularly after the dismal ditty I had just been listening to. She had been only a month in Dublin, and found it so charming---walking, and paying visits every morning, and every night at some party or other.

She was not like the good man of the house;---she had no fears of being ruined. She described the beauty of the Rotunda gardens, "where she had been a few nights before," in the glowing colours of enthusiastic and undisappointed youth.----It was quite a fairy scene, she said, and when she listened to the soft notes of the music, as they died away upon the breeze, and gazed on the gay assembly who wandered through the delicious shades, illuminated by the coloured lamps that hung in gay festoons from the branches, she could have fancied herself in Elysium. I contrived to tell her that her description pleased me so much that I should certainly visit her Elysium next evening.---" Oh, do," said she, " I will be there myself, with my aunt and a large party; I will introduce you to them, and I am sure you will acknowledge it is a thousand times prettier than Vauxhall." " In your company, I am sure it would be so." This is probably what I should have said, had I been sober---I was tipsy, and began a fine speech on the occasion.---Nonsensical enough, I have no doubt, could I remember it; something I do recollect about verdant meads, and purling streams, and the moon's pale beams. At that particular part, however, she unkindly withdrew her light, and left me in utter darkness: in plain language, I got confused in my speech, and was unable to proceed any further. Claret, I find, is but a poor Helicon to draw inspiration from: the chrystal stream is ten times better;---probably, because, like most other authors, it is a drink I am more accustomed to.

Even in this remote place the progress of refinement begins to be felt, and, within the last four years, two cases of adultery have occurred---the last of which was attended with circumstances rather peculiar---the lady's name was N-----; the gallant's, Colonel S-----, nephew and heir to Lord A-----. The husband, who was suspicious of an



intrigue, forbade his wife to speak to him :—meeting them a few days afterwards conversing on the road, he gave the Colonel a severe horsewhipping—a duel followed, but, after the first shot, the magistrates arrived and put them under an arrest,—the Colonel was himself married to an amiable woman who had borne him four children.—After a short, but severe struggle, between duty and inclination, he gave up his commission, and fled, with his gentle Desdemona, to the Isle of Man—the receptacle of run aways, from this country, of every description.---The lady fearful, however, that when passion subsided, his fondness for his youngest son might cause him to return, contrived to decoy the child from his mother, and carried him along with them.—Candour obliges me here to mention, that this lady was not a native of Drogheda, noreven of Ireland—she was the daughter of a merchant in London ; where, if there are some vicious, there are a much greater number of virtuous women.,——In ancient times, parliaments were frequently held in Drogheda, one of which attainted the great Earl of Desmond, who was beheaded in consequence, the fifteenth of February, 1467—report makes his crime to be ~~extorting~~ coyne and livery—which means free quarter for horse and man, and money besides.---Tradition, however, tells a different story, and says that the real cause of his death was not the ostensible one :---he despised the king, for his marriage with the lady Elizabeth Grey, and often said she was a tailor's widow.---This was an affront it was hardly in female nature to forgive ; and though the poor Earl was so distant, her Majesty contrived to reach him with her shears.---King Edward, it is said, was willing to forgive him, but the Queen stole the privy signet, and put it to an order for his execution.- -The irritability of tailors, to insinuations thrown out against their profession, seems at all times to have been very great.---The fraternity in London, luckily for Mr. Dowton, had not so

much power as this Atropos of a queen---he advertized a farce for his benefit which exposed them to ridicule---they made a riot to prevent its representation---had they held the scissars of fate, they would have cut the actor as well as his comedy short.

### CHAP. XIII.

#### DROGHEDA.

**T**HERE are several pretty walks about this town, which however seem to be little frequented---the weather was charming, and the sea-breeze, which breathed on one of them, made it delightful ; yet it was silent and solitary as the deserts of Arabia.---Walking for amusement seems much less common than in England---the females, I suppose, are more domestic ; this, doubtless, is a great blessing to their lovers, and husbands, but it is monstrous inconvenient to the traveller, who soon tires of the most beautiful landscape that is not brightened “ by the human face divine.” The view from the Castle-mount, as it is called, is very fine ; it was erected a short time before the late unfortunate rebellion, and a battery planted on it, which commands the whole town ; whether in consequence of this, or other prudent precautions, Drogheda remained tolerably quiet, though the number of the disaffected was supposed to be very great ---lenient measures, however, were as little had recourse to as in other places.---The yeomanry corps of the neighbourhood were assembled in the town, and billeted on the inhabitants---they were all staunch protestants, and of course outrageously loyal.---Loyalty, like charity, covers a multitude of sins ;---they all drank and caroused, swallowed wine and

whisky in pail fulls, and, in their zeal for the good old cause, I fear, committed a number of bad actions.---The Catholics of Drogheda were to the protestants in the proportion of eight to one ; and every catholic was a rebel of course, who aimed at nothing short of the extirpation of the protestant religion, by the destruction of these its pious and learned defenders.---Their powers were unlimited, their prejudices were strong, and their fears were great :---when present fear was added to former recollection, it was hardly to be expected they would bear their faculties very meekly---fear has ever been the parent of the most horrid deeds.---Nero and Domitian were capricious, brutal, and malicious, almost from their first accession to the throne ; but they were not decidedly cruel, until they knew they were hated : fear, then, saw an assassin in every form, and a dagger in every hand ; and the most atrocious deeds, were considered only necessary acts of self preservation.---The Catholic hated the protestant.---Alas ! that is not wonderful---he had suffered much, and had suffered long,—he was beat down, and oppressed---he was despised, reviled, and persecuted---a stranger in his native land, he could obtain no honour, and gain no distinction :---even the land which gave him birth, which to him was nothing but a cradle and a grave---the religion to which he so fondly clung, which enabled him to bear his misfortunes upon earth, and pointed out to him happiness hereafter in heaven, were terms of contempt and reproach. The protestant hated the catholic—wherefore—his revenge might have been satiated---he had inflicted misery enough, his vanity might have been gratified---his was the triumph ---his avarice might have been appeased---his was the gain.---Wherefore, then, did he hate him,—because he feared him---because though disarmed, he was not helpless, because though cast down he was struggling to rise, and, Antæus like, might rise stronger from the touch of his

parent earth :---he hated him because he had inflicted misery, because his was the triumph, because his was the gain.

“ Forgiveness to the injured does belong,  
But he ne’er pardons, who has done the wrong.”

The conduct of the yeomanry, however, on the following occasion, was highly meritorious. A party of the Wexford rebels, closely pressed by the army, separated themselves from the main body, and, without any apparent object, except the temporary one of avoiding the force that pursued them, or the vague expectation of being joined by the country people of the places through which they passed, traversed in a wild and rapid manner, a distance of upwards of a hundred miles ; and, at length, by chance, rather than design, arrived in the neighbourhood of Drogheda.---The intelligence of this, as may be supposed, threw the royalists into considerable confusion ; their force was inferior to the rebels, who, instructed by the warfare they had carried on for several weeks against the King’s troops, were now become veterans in the art of war. ---The volunteers, however, leaving a small force for the defence of the town, marched out with great courage to meet them ;---courage was universally displayed by all the yeomanry corps, and would have entitled them to the highest praise, had it been oftener than it was connected with humanity. On their arrival at the spot where the rebels were posted, they immediately attacked and dispersed them in every direction. These unfortunate wretches made, it would appear, but a poor resistance, unworthy of their former reputation.---This will not be wondered at, by those who understand the character of the lower Irish---who are, beyond all others, governed by wild and unsettled emotion, and are often as helpless in depression, as they are bold and enterprising under less desperate circumstances.---An immense

distance of country lay between them and their home,--- their bodies were exhausted by fatigue and want of food,--- and their minds dispirited by the disappointment of their hopes of being joined by great numbers.---few joined them, and those who did were of no use,---unaccustomed to face danger, at the first approach of it they ran away;---their situation was desperate therefore,---of success they had no hope, and of mercy they had no chance. The courage of the Irish peasant, like all his other virtues, is headlong, violent, and unreflecting—Furious in attack, cheered by example, and animated by hope, regardless of consequences, he rushes boldly into the cannon's mouth; but in hopeless danger, which he has leisure coolly to survey, his fortitude almost always forsakes him,—despair, which often gives courage to others, who never possessed it before, softens and relaxes his---he looks round upon the world he is so soon about to leave,---he thinks upon his father, his mother, his wife, his children; he calls them by their names, he addresses them as if they were present; the field which he laboured, the cottage which gave him birth, the tree which gave him shelter, all are present to his imagination,

..... Dulces  
Moriens reminiscitur Argos.

The waves of passion subside, and tenderness possesses him solely---The lion's heart feels all a woman's weakness, and he who the moment before would have met death undaunted, melts into tears and unavailing lamentations. Every person who has seen the Irish and Englishman in circumstances of peril, would, perhaps, remark the superior daring-ness of the former; but he would equally be struck with admiration, at the manly resolution and stern stoicism with which the latter meets death when it is inevitable. "God have mercy on us! (exclaimed I) sitting at the open win-

dow of an East Indiaman, on seeing a man struggling in the waves, who had fallen overboard; "nothing can save him—he must die, he must die!" "That was what I was born for!" said the poor fellow, as he turned his manly countenance towards me. The waves bore him so close to me that I thought I could have touched him with my hand had I extended it—the next was of more fatal consequence, and buried him in its bosom for ever.

I should, perhaps, apologize for the following; yet it is so characteristic that I cannot bring myself to suppress it. I walked through the town this morning to form a more accurate idea than I yet had done of its appearance and dimensions. I was accosted by a woman. I thought she was a haggard, and was preparing to give her some trifle; when she was pleased to make me acquainted with the real nature of her profession.—I looked at her with astonishment, not without some mixture of horror:—this Drogheda Cyprian was, I think, above six feet high; her matted and sandy locks, strayed over her immense shoulders and forehead—her cloak, which was of the same colour as her hair, flew in tatters behind her, and through the innumerable crevices of her petticoat, the wind of heaven, visited her limbs full roughly.—It was a real Spartan one, and Lycurgus himself might have been satisfied with the slit that ran up the front of it.—Though she invited me courteously to the bower of love, I declined it; civilly, however, for I wished to avoid all kind of engagement with so formidable an amazon.—I was gently moving off when she caught hold of my arm, and swore I should not part with her in that manner,—had'n't she come the whole way across the street, and was I going to give her all that trouble for nothing?—In England, every foreigner is a Frenchman,—In Ireland, every person, whose accent differs from the national one, is in like manner an Englishman.—She had been with many Englishmen, but they were not half-men, she politely said; an Irishman was

the man for the ladies. "He must be a man indeed," said I, parodying Shakespeare,

"That dare look on that  
Which might appal the devil."

It would have been as well for me to have reserved my quotation for some other occasion,—my fair companion did not quote in return, she was too great a genius for that; she addressed me in a style of eloquence altogether original; there was information in it too.—I was an English hog, my belly was my God; some Yorkshire rider who had run away with his master's bags, and was now setting up for a gentleman; or a London hair-dresser, perhaps, who had stolen the parson's best coat, and was now come abroad to shew himself. When a girl of the town gets abusive in the street, there is only one method of stopping it, that, however, is an effectual one, and succeeds as well with her as with members of parliament.—I gave her some money; the effect was instantaneous.—"War smoothed his wrinkled front,"—"I was an honourable, nay, a most honourable gentleman." There was something in my face that struck her the first moment she saw me,—Ogh, and wasn't that the reason she had come over to me, though one of her best customers was waiting for her under a gateway.—She swore by the holy crook of St. Patrick, and the *blissed* toe of St.—I beg the Saint's pardon, but I really have forgot the name,—that she would go that instant and drink my health in a bumper of whiskey.—She prayed the sweet Jesus to guard me by land and by water, on shipboard and on horseback, and finally wished me a happy sight of my friends in Yorkshire, of which country she persisted in thinking me a native,—though I should have supposed my giving her money, without getting any thing in return, might have convinced her of the contrary.

We never (it is said) know the full value of good, until

we have experienced evil.—I am sure I never knew the worth of silence so much as on parting with this loquacious dame.

To enjoy it to perfection, I sauntered into the church-yard, the door of which stood charitably open :—in general, however, Irish church-yards, different from English ones, are rigidly appropriated to their proper purposes,—they are receptacles for the dead only,—the living are excluded; and the tour writer is deprived, by this arrangement, of an easy method of shewing his wit, as well as filling up a few pages by the insertion of quaint epitaphs, and ill-spelt inscriptions.—In Drogheda church-yard, however, I saw nothing of this sort; the inscriptions were modestly written.—In general they expressed the day of death and the age only. The characters were remarkably well formed, and cut so deeply that they promised equal durability with the stone itself.---One epitaph I insert, on account of the lofty panegyric a mourning husband passes on his wife;---few husbands I am afraid can say as much for a living one.---“ Her body and mind immaculate, without one stain of filth or sin,---justice held her balance in her breast---truth its temple---taught of God, her religion was in spirit, not in mode. Faithful, benevolent, lovely and beloved, her face the emblem of her mind, would you have her fellow, you must follow her to Heaven.”—— It is likewise recorded, with great triumph, that this lady, (Mrs. A. Fisher) was lineally descended from the great Earl of Clarendon---She is not the only native of Drogheda, however, for whom a kindred with a great man has been claimed.---There lived here about sixty years ago, one Guy Harrison, who boasted of his descent from Shakespeare;---he said he was his grand nephew, and delighted in speaking of his uncle. This anecdote is mentioned by a gentleman who often conversed with him; but who was then too young to take much interest in any thing that related to our immortal bard.---Harrison kept a little shop,



in which he sold thread, tape, lace, and other small haberdashery---his circumstances were indigent.---Should not some enquiry be made concerning his family?---Perhaps, if he had any children some of them may be still in being, I have likewise heard, that within these few years, a lineal descendent and namesake of the celebrated Spenser, was resident in this neighbourhood---that he was in possession of an original portrait of the poet; which he valued so highly, as to refuse five hundred pounds which had been offered for it---with many curious papers and records, concerning his venerable ancestor.---The church is a neat and elegant building, shadowed by lofty elms, which give an air of suitable solemnity to it---this is the burial ground of the Protestant---not that the Catholic is excluded---but so strong is the hatred they bear each other, that there seems a disinclination, even that their ashes should mingle---evil passions keep them apart during life---they disturb even the repose of the tomb.-----The Catholic burying place is about half a mile distant, in a field on which a monastery of Dominican Friars once stood.---A small portion of it is still standing, and no doubt serves to give greater sanctity to the spot.---There was less order and neatness here than in the other, but more of wildness and fancy;---the thistle grew unchecked, the grass waved slow and solemn, and the wild flower breathed its perfume on the chill mansions of the dead. A rude heap of stones, often, was the only covering, while in others, the earth raised into a mound, and bedecked with a green sod, secured from outrage the bones that slumbered underneath,---at the head of all of them, however, a small stone was placed, in a perpendicular direction, on which the name, and age of the deceased was marked, under a black cross, and the following initials----- I. S. M.----- Jesus Salvator Mundi.—On a great number was likewise inscribed, Gloria in excelsis deo.---One monument struck me, as well by its

beauty, as the singularity of its inscription :---It was a light and graceful pillar, somewhat higher than a man, crowned with an Urn. The lady to whom it was erected, died in child-birth at the age of twenty-seven : after enumerating her good qualities, and bewailing her early fate, the author, who was her husband, concludes thus.---“ Wrapt in EVER-LASTING sleep lies buried here.”-----This is the first instance of the kind I ever met with in a church-yard, and I trust it will be the last.---A tomb stone, is surely of all places the most unfit to record ones infidelity on.---It robs man of comfort, at the hour, and on the spot where of all others he wants it the most.---The belief of a future state of existence, is at all times and seasons a delightful one---in rosy youth and health, in the lap of prosperity, or the soft bed of love ;---but in the day of adversity, on the bed of sickness, and in the abode of sorrow, where else can man seek for consolation,---its blessings then are felt when all other blessings fail us.---It comforts those that mourn, it binds up the broken in heart, it gilds the walls of the prison, and makes the straw bed of poverty, a couch of softest down ;---and at the last solemn hour, when we behold the parting struggles of him we love, when the bed rocks with his convulsions, when we look on his changed face, on his eye, fixt and glassy ; when the cold damp of death stands on his forehead, and its icy hand presses on his labouring heart, even then we do not mourn, as those who are without hope.---“ I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that in the latter day he will stand upon this earth, and though after my death, worms destroy my body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.”-----Comfortable doctrine, cheering words, delightful delusion ;---should it even prove to be one.---Stop then, Barbarian, hold thy profane tongue, drop thy infidel pen ;---not for the sake of the dead, they are past your power ; but in mercy to the living.---Spare poverty its little hoard, spare the

grey hairs of declining age;---rob not the widow, who laments a husband, rob not the mother who mourns over a darling child, of her last hope, and only consolation. Cast your imagination into the grave in which he is lying, and behold her, who, with a countenance of unutterable woe, bends over it;---who, with tongue that speaks not, with eyes that weep not, contemplates the last sad receptacle of all her hopes, the pride and joy of her life, thus laid low. Behold her convulsed frame, as the earth falls heavy on his coffin,---hearken to her frantic scream, when it hides it for ever from her view.-----Hear, then, God of mercy, her fervent, her heart-reading prayer.---Softly mayst thou rest in transient sleep, happily may we meet in life everlasting.

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#### CHAP. XIV.

##### MONAGHAN.

**I**MMEDIATELY after writing the above, I took my seat in the London derry mail, for this town. I proposed leaving Drogheda a day sooner, but found it impossible.---An Irishman's house, like Polyphemus's den, is of easy access; the difficulty is in getting out of it.---My friend could not speak Irish, and hated the Papists; but in all other respects he was a genuine Irishman. He loved his acquaintance, and valued his Whiskey only as he could have one to share it with him---he would have had me partake liberally of it the night of my departure;---but as the sickness of a coach is quite enough, without drunken sickness into the bargain, I excused myself with some difficulty.---The coach came in from Dublin about one in the morning.---On entering it, I found two women

seated on one side; I took the opposite one, and flattered myself with the hope of undisturbed sleep till morning.---I was stretching myself on the seat for the purpose, when the return of three stout fellows to their places made me sit upright.---I was squeezed in between two of them, muffled up in great coats, though the night was insufferably close.---The weakest, says the Proverb, goes to the wall.---The last comer into a Coach, is in like manner thrust into the middle.---One of the women, who complained of rheumatism, kept chewing something, which, from its horrible smell, I think was garlic---the men's breaths were reeking with Punch like a furnace:---Whiský and garlic together, could not form a very delectable atmosphere.---I verily believe it was heated above eighty---The perspiration stood in large drops on my forehead, and even trickled down my face.

I thought of going on the outside, but the night, though warm, was wet, and it likewise seemed full.---I had no alternative, therefore, but to remain STEWING where I was; praying, as I most anxiously did, for the morning.---To mend the matter, after travelling a few miles, the man on my left hand fell a sleep, and began snoring like a Rhinoceros:---his head every instant came bump up against me, though I drove it back with a violence that would have awoken any man who had swallowed a less powerful opiate.---Never did I pass a more unpleasant night; for I had not only the annoyance of this SLEEPING BEAUTY on the one side, but of his companion on the other:---drunkenness, which made the one sleep, set the other singing; and, in a uniform, monotonous tone, like the drone of a pair of Bag-pipes, he gave us bright CHANTICLEER, GRAMMACHREE, and LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF LOVE.---Never did the soft notes of the latter breathe from more discordant lips. He afterwards laboured through another, which had, I think, upwards of forty verses: I recollect two of them.

" You are welcome from the stormy ocean,  
 I'm glad to see you return'd again ;  
 I hope kind fortune sent you promotion,  
 While you were ploughing the raging main.  
 To you, my jewel, my friends prov'd cruel,  
 Which caused me many a silent tear ;  
 'Twas for your sake my heart did ache,  
 When first you parted your Molly dear."

Prudence kept me for some time silent. The musician had the fist of an ox, and looked very well cut out for boxing, whatever he might for singing.---At length, finding his songs, like the Sultanness' Scheherazade stories, were inexhaustible, I lost all patience, and asked him angrily how he thought people could sleep, if he kept disturbing them in that manner.---"And is it sleep that you are talking about, my honey? (said he with the most perfect unconcern;) faith, and if its that you want, you should have staid at home in your neat comfortable bed, and laid yourself snug between your two sheets; the devil a soul here would have thought of wakening you."---Though I did not much relish the freedom of his address, I thought it as well not to pursue the argument any further, and, after a moment or-two's pause, he changed his song into a whistle.---He was not more fortunate here than in the other: exhausted with fatigue, at length I fell asleep, and left him in the middle of Rule Britannia, after having gone through the Coolan with its thirteen variations.---I was awoke by the stopping of the coach in Carrickmacross, about seven in the morning.---I got out, and sauntered a little about the town, while the horses were changing.---I think it consists of one street only, which is a very broad one; but whether it is situated on a hill or in a valley I am sure I have no recollection---that terrible fellow's song still rung in my ears. Had I been in Pluto's

place, I would have given him not only Euridice, but half the women in my dominions, to be rid of his piping. Happily he went no further than this town, of which he was a native.---Notwithstanding the altercation of the preceding night, he came up to me in the street, and invited me into his house to have a drop of something warm, just to keep the damp out of my stomach this cold morning.---I answered him dryly, that I never drank in a morning---then come over said he, and have a comfortable cup of tea, the Mistress will boil the kettle in an instant.---I should have been a brute to have retained resentment against so worthy a creature.---I was obliged to decline his offer, however, for the coach was preparing to set off.

On returning to it, I found it almost entirely deserted---one of the women only remained---she who had the rheumatism and chewed garlic.---I felt no inclination to enter into conversation with her,---it is but a poor pun, but as I conceived it, I will bring it forth:---she probably would have given me *foul* words; I therefore threw myself into the corner occupied by the ci-devant snorer, and betook myself to follow his example.---The distance from Carrickmacross to Castleblaney is thirteen miles; when we had got about half way, I awoke and looked out. The morning was wet, the road was rough, and the country was dreary. Within, the *landscape* was not more cheering---I shut my eyes a second time, nor did I awake till the guard's horn announced our arrival in Castleblaney.

Mr. J. Hanway, I think it was, who wrote a long pamphlet on the injurious effects of tea; the people read, and wondered, and, as is usual when told to give up what they like, drank it more than ever: had he been jolted all night in a stage coach, and then experienced the good effects from it that I did, he would, I dare say, have given it a better character.---I sat down sick and weary, and Morphous, with

his leaden hand, pressed heavy on my eye-lids. Had I taken up my pen to have written, nothing, I am sure, but laudanum, would have flown from it---but no sooner had I swallowed a few cups of this delicious fluid, than drowsiness and ill-humour, black children of the night, flew away as fast as the Trojans did at the sight of Achilles. Castle Blayney is a poor-looking place, and contains probably a hundred houses :---it takes its name from the noble family of Blayney, to whom it belongs. The demesne joins the town ; the present Lord had the old house taken down, and the present expensive one erected in its stead. I have never seen it, but am told it is a most fantastic building. The Inn where I breakfasted was likewise built by his Lordship---it is a large and handsome house, and seems very well kept. There was a smaller house a little distance from it, but it was unfortunately burned down a few months ago !--- The Landlord saved himself and one of his children; but his wife, two infants, a woman servant, and two soldiers, who were billeted on him, perished.--The Grand Jury, at the last Assizes, laid the amount of the damage done him on the county, so that he will not be a pecuniary sufferer. Some years ago, the inferiority of Ireland to England was in nothing more remarkable than in the state of her Inns ; they were wretched and miserable hog-styes, rather than the habitations of men ; they had abundance of meat and drink, it is true ; but filthy and disgusting, it was the abundance of a shambles, or a distillery :---a great alteration has taken place in this respect, partly from the increase of civilization, partly, as in the present instance, from the exertions of the gentlemen who had towns on their estates.---Englishmen sometimes travelled into Ireland---good eating and drinking, are essential points with them,---they value the comforts of a tavern life, more, perhaps, than any other people ; and, accustomed to a high degree of it at home, they

could ill-brook the want of them in the sister kingdom,--the more especially as they were always charged a very good price for very bad cheer.—Irish Inn-keepers did not trouble their heads much about the improvements of their English brethren, but they adopted their prices. They returned, therefore, dissatisfied and discontented, and, in their catalogue of Irish wretchedness, the state of the Inns was the most prominent grievance. When the Irish gentlemen awoke from the slothful slumber of ages, and seriously set about introducing improvement, they began with these evils, which, though not the greatest, were the most talked about---which met the eye of the traveller and stranger, and wounded their own vanity by exposing their country and themselves to derision.---Good Inns were therefore built, and the management of them intrusted to discreet and sober men.---It is but justice to their labours to say, that they have in general produced very beneficial effects.---Irish Inns, as far as I have seen, are now only second to English ones---in some respects not second.---The same spirit of assimilating the appearance of this country, to that of England, has dictated many other of Lord Blayney's improvements in this neighbourhood.---Direction posts have been put up at the different cross-roads, decently executed, and of a convenient height; not like many I have seen in England and Wales, so high as to be only visible to Hawks and Eagles.---the people of Ireland do not exclusively make bulls.---It seems no bad practical one, to construct Finger-posts of such a height as to be illegible.

The white-washing of cottages, on and near the great road, which has been done by his lordship's order, and I believe, at his expense, gratifies the stranger's eye, and tends to give him a favourable idea of the country.---It is deeply to be lamented, however, that in this, as in other parts of Ireland, the showey and ornamental, should be so much more attended to, than the useful, though less gla-



ring ;---that benevolence, not vanity, had presided ;---that the stranger and his opinion, had been considered less, and the country and its inhabitants more ;---that those efforts which were excited by the dread of ridicule, to escape from the sneer of pride, from the contempt of unfeeling prosperity, had not sprung from nobler motives, and been directed to valuable objects.---To make the outside of an Irish cabin, resemble an English cottage, might gratify the landlord's pride, but could add nothing to its owner's comfort :---the improvement should have commenced within, by giving habits of industry and employment to himself ; by giving food and raiment, to his half-starved, and not always half-clad wife and children ;---teaching the vine to bend gracefully round his little abode of wretchedness, and scenting his clay-built walls with the honeysuckle's perfume, was little better than an insult—it was the sun shining through the bars of a prison, and playing on the wretched prisoner's face, in mockery as it were of his woes---it was painting a skeleton, it was ornamenting a sepulchre :—" Which, fair without, is all bones and rottenness within."—I amused myself with these reflections, standing at the inn door, till the coach was ready ; I was at length roused from my meditations, by the clamorous solicitations of a number of beggars, who gathered round me ;—I surveyed the little group with attention,—it consisted of ten persons, men, women, and children ; where they all came from, I am at a loss to conjecture ;—the street was perfectly empty a minute before ;---beggars, like robbers, smell travellers' money afar off. They had, in general, the appearance of being well fed, nor were they very badly clad ; their dress bore evident marks of industry, as it was patched over with different colours, like a home-made quilt, or Joseph's garment :---they were not so mild or unobtrusive as English beggars, but with that exception, I saw little difference. I gave them some tri-

fling change, and in return they gave me a world of blessings. Ireland is the best country in the world for an economical man to be charitable in, for he always gets the full value of his money in praises, to say nothing of the prayers for his future happiness.---A chaise driving up to the door, with two ladies and an elderly gentleman, one of the women asked for something :—"I'll not give you anything," said the gentleman, "and I'll tell you the reason, you are drunk." "And I tell you," said the woman, "that if you were not a gentleman, and stepping out of your coach, I would say, by C---st you are a liar."---Lord Blayney resides very little on his estate;---he has been in the army from his earliest youth, and is at present with his regiment in Gibraltar;---the profession of arms seems as hereditary in his family as nobility;---he is the eleventh Lord, and was born November, 1770;---he is a brave soldier, though, if all I have heard of his conduct in the late rebellion be true, he has but little pretensions to the character of a humane one;---he commanded a body of light infantry, in the year 1797, which generally lay in the fields, and moved with great rapidity from place to place, as insubordination made it necessary. He was not only distinguished for the celerity of his movements, but the decision of his conduct;---the fame of his exploits preceded himself, and, wherever he and his little army came, he found the place deserted. A soldier is seldom a logician, and what was most likely fear, he denominated treason.---In his zeal, he probably forgot that the soldier and loyalist must eat as well as the rebel, and that the famine his conduct might give birth to, would involve them in equal destruction.---To authorize the burning of houses, appears to me equally inhuman and impolitic:---these burnings, doubtless, caused no small terror and consternation to the disaffected, but they caused also a loss to the community at large; rendered

many quite desperate, who were deprived of all; and augmented the violence of hatred in those among whom these houseless people took refuge.---The destruction of corn and other provisions, was likewise a most unjustifiable measure, and its effects were felt in dearth and famine, for two years afterwards; probably in this, as in other cases, the lower actors in the political scene, often exceeded the limits, within which administration would have confined them, if that had been practicable, after they had been once vested with authority. It is said that in early life, Lord Blayney evinced the same spirit he displayed in riper years:---one of his boyish amusements was of so singular a nature, I cannot forbear mentioning it:---he delighted in slaughtering cattle, and often gave the butchers in his neighbourhood money, for leave to knock down the devoted ox: the great dexterity he displayed on such occasions, was highly applauded by the regular professors, and he became as renowned a cow killer, as Guy, Earl of Warwick. The old people augured favourably of his military prowess, from his proficiency in this kindred art, as well as the expression of his countenance, which I am told is more akin to that of Mars, than of Adonis;---he seldom spoke in the Irish House of Lords; his talent was action;---his knock-me-down arguments would be but little relished in that illustrious Assembly, where reason, as is well known, was only attended to.

About nine miles from Castleblayney, is the little town of Castleshane; it belongs to a gentleman of the name of Lucas; the house is a mean and wretched edifice;---if the family is as ancient as the mansion house, he must be hard to please, who is not satisfied with its antiquity.

The coach arrived at Monaghan, about two o'clock; I had an introduction to a gentleman of the town, who insisted on my spending a day at his house.---I confess I complied

with little reluctance ; I was tired of the coach, and glad to exchange it for a comfortable night's sleep, warm room, and good dinner. During the interval, I amused myself with walking about the town ; it had ceased raining, and an indifferent morning was succeeded by a very fine day. Monaghan is the assize town of the county, and was formerly a place of some strength ; Sir John Davies, in a letter to the Earl of Salisbury, says, he visited it in the suite of the Lord Deputy, in July, 1606. They travelled with a small escort of eight score foot, and the same number of horse, which is an argument, he says, of a good time, and a confident deputy. It did not, then, deserve the name of a town, and consisted of a few scattered cabins round the fort ;---it belonged, with large tracts of the country, to Hugh Roe M'Mahon, chief of his name ; who petitioned the deputy to be settled in his inheritance, and the Irish say it cost him six hundred cows to get a promise of it ;---if such a promise was made, it was never performed :---he was tried, condemned, and executed, for levying forces two years before, to distrain for rent he pretended due to him. The Irish say he had hard measure, and that his great crime was his large possessions. His son, or grandson, took an active part in the grand rebellion (1641) ; the very morning that it broke out, he surprized the castle of Monaghan, garrisoned by a company of foot, commanded by one of the Lord Blaney's. After a fortnight's confinement, his lordship was taken to his own orchard, hanged, stripped, and thrown into a ditch. M'Mahon indulged himself in the gratification of his revenge :--- " Do you remember (said he to him) how you hanged my brother, and made me fly my country for several years, but I will hang you before I go ; but if you will, you shall have a priest." To which the other answered, " I am of the true church, and so assured of my salvation, that though you

would spare my life, yet I will not alter my faith. Monaghan is a neat little place ; it has a thriving trade in linen, and other articles ;---the inhabitants are mostly presbyterians ; their meeting-house is a large and unornamented building. I was forcibly struck with the contrast between this town, and the one I quitted the night before,---it was as if one had fallen asleep in London, and awoke in Edinburgh : the accent, looks, and manners of the people were so different. Monaghan may be considered the boundary of the north in this direction, and here its peculiarities, and strongly-marked Scottish character, begin to be distinguished. I, who am acquainted with the Northern Irish accent, know it the instant I hear it---an Englishman almost always takes it for Scotch ; but he is deceived, it is neither Scotch nor Irish, but a mixture of both, as are the people.---A great proportion of the inhabitants of this part of the kingdom, are the descendants of Scotchmen, settled here after the accession of James the First, to the throne of England.---It would appear incredible, how pertinaciously they retain the customs and usages of their ancestors, was it not considered, they were settled among a people they detested, whose talents they despised, and whose religion they abhorred.---In some of the maritime counties opposite Scotland, the Irish were almost entirely expelled ; the inhabitants, therefore, retain their Scotch manners in more primitive freshness.—In Monaghan, subjugation of the unfortunate native, was equally complete, but expulsion was by no means so general ; the new comers took possession only of the valleys and fertile spots, and kindly left the native, the bogs and mountains.---By degrees, as fear abated, and rancour subsided, he crept slowly down, and the lowly presbyterian, who was now become of consequence enough to have another to do for him, what he was once happy to have to do himself, allowed him to labour

the land he once possessed, and when his spirit was fairly broke to his fortunes, treated his humble hewer of wood, and drawer of water, with something that resembled kindness. He still, however, regarded him with distrust;---he rarely admitted him into the house where he slept, and when he did, a large door, double locked, separated their apartments:---“Never trust an Eerishman, gude troth he’s a foul chap---gin ye tak him in at your bosom, he’eel be oot at your sleeve.”---The presbyterian farmer often spoke thus, many generations after he had become an Irishman himself.---In the progress of time, the two nations were in some degree intermingled;---Irish vivacity, enlivened Scotch gravity;---Irish generosity, blended with Scotch frugality, and a third character was formed, better, probably, than either, but certainly different from both.---But still be it remembered, that the intrinsic character was Scotch; the adventitious matter only Irish;---the picture still retained the mark of the ancient master, it was the ornament and drapery, the gilding and frame only, that was the work of a modern hand. The first appearance of the northern, his shrewd, and penetrating air, his steady gait, his plain and unassuming manner and accent, are all Scotch; it is on closer inspection only, as the character develops itself, as the folds of the drapery become more open, that we perceive the changes, the progress of time, the influence of air and of soil, association with the native, and some slight intermixture of blood, have produced in it. I shall enter on this subject, however, more fully hereafter; I thought it necessary merely to touch on it here, that the reader may have some idea of the people I propose introducing him to.---I give him fair warning, they are different from his pre-conceived opinion of them.---Though born in Ireland, they make few bulls to excite his mirth, nor do they commit many blunders, to

gratify his pride by the contemplation of his own superiority. They are a sagacious, a prudent, and a virtuous people; not inferior in these respects to the English, or any nation under the sun---They saved Ireland, to England, at a season of great jeopardy and peril; should she ever again be assailed by rebellion, and insurrection, their talents, their energies, and their courage, would, I have no doubt, be exerted for the same purpose.---Would to God I could say, I had no doubt, with the same degree of success.---But I do not think this, and therefore it would be criminal to say it.---The gaol is a paltry building;---it speaks, however, favourably for the morality of the county---it is too small to hold many prisoners, and too weak to retain desperate ones. I was looking up at the beam from which criminals are suspended, when a man, suddenly bolting out of the door, asked me if I would *hop* in and have a peep at the prisoners.---I gazed at him, not thoroughly understanding his meaning,---he repeated the question. "What shall I see there?" I asked. "See," repeated he, in great exultation, (thinking, I suppose, he had got a country novice, who would reward him handsomely,) "you will see prisoners of all sizes, and two fellows who are to be tried at the next assizes for *life* and *death*."---As I had nothing better to do, I thought I would step in for an instant and have a look at those blood-thirsty felons. The turnkey, however, gave them a higher character than they deserved---they were only shop-lifters, and the worst that could befall them was transportation;---the number of prisoners did not seem to exceed ten or a dozen;---they had almost all yellow and sickly countenances. The men had long beards, probably not shaved from their first coming into prison. Human misery is always a melancholy, often a revolting spectacle.---The misery of a gaol, beyond all others, is squalid, filthy, wretched, and forbidding; yet

within these dreary abodes of vice and wretchedness, do our humane laws immure the youth who is forming, as well as the man who is formed; the fool who is cheated, as well as the knave who cheats; the unfortunate who owes a few pounds, as well as the ruffian, who deprives a fellow creature of life.——A short time afterwards, as I was standing in the street, a man asked charity;---I offered him a penny. “I canna tak it;” said he, “gentlefolks aways gie me siller.” I was driving him from me in some anger, when a person near me told me he was an idiot.---It may be North-country idiotism; but it is very like South-country wisdom, to refuse halfpence and take silver; and to stick so close to me that I was obliged to comply with the requisition. One should think that idiots are as much respected in Ireland as in Turkey, where they are looked on as inspired;---there is hardly a country town, in which there are not two or three real or pretended ones, who jest with the inhabitants in rude familiarity, and freely enter their habitations. This, perhaps, is the strongest proof that can be adduced, of Ireland being yet but in a moderately advanced state of civilization. It is evidently a remnant of the custom of barbarous times, when every castle had its dwarf, and every great man his jester. The poor wretch who addressed me, has free access to the kitchen of Colonel Leslie, (one of the county members) when he is at Glaslough.---The colonel sometimes gives him shoes, stockings, and other articles of wearing apparel.---About a year ago his stock was nearly exhausted, and the colonel was not arriving to replace them :---he set off early one morning, without giving any intimation of where he was going, walked to Dublin, crossed over to Holyhead, and from that begged his way to London; where, though an idiot, he had sense enough to find out his friend’s lodgings. On his return by Liverpool he put his foot into the first vessel that was



ready to sail for Ireland ;---the captain refused him a passage and turned him out,---he kneeled down upon the beach and prayed for curses on it, and all that were in it. Great powers are attributed to these curses, by persons even above the rank of the vulgar, and what would be denied to charity, is often given from the apprehension of them.—By one of those singular coincidences, which sometimes occur to strengthen superstition, the vessel was cast away, and a number of those on board perished :—the triumphant Idiot, returned in safety to Monaghan, by the way of Scotland. Since I am on this subject I shall relate a short story a gentleman told me in Dublin: he had taken his passage in a Liverpool packet, which was to sail the same evening. He did not omit taking his dinner, and still less taking his punch; he thought drunken sickness would prevent sea sickness, and that to shorten the passage, it would be a wise plan to get more than half seas over before he began the voyage:—he sallied forth after it was dark, and, by good luck, took the wrong side of the bay; when the mistake was discovered, it was too late to correct the error, as the vessel had sailed with his baggage and servant on board: “ Never was there such an escape, Sir,” said he, “ nor can I ever be sufficiently thankful to Heaven, for interposing with such a miracle to save me.—I that knew the way to the Pigeon-house, as well as to my wife’s bed-room, to miss it that terrible night, of all nights in the year.”—“ Then the vessel was lost, I suppose,” said I.—“ Bump she came against a rock,” he replied, “ and went down like a mill-stone.”—My friend’s piety seems fully equal to his understanding; what he attributed to providence, a less devout man might lay to the door of *Whiskey*. The country about Monaghan is beautiful and highly cultivated.—Here are none of those dreary mountains, so

common in other parts of the North of Ireland; whose sullen grandeur compensates not, in my estimation, for their look of desolation; nor is the eye wearied by the monotonous view of a continued plain, which, however, like an untroubled sea, it may at first fill us with admiration, soon oppresses by its uniformity, and palls by its rich and cloying sweetness. The ground is broken, by gentle eminences, covered with the verdure of spring, intermingled with the yellow honours of autumn---on the top of several, are planted tufts of trees, which cast an air of reverence around, and like the sacred groves of the Druids, seem the sweet abodes of piety and innocence; nor are the valleys less delightful.---I wandered through a sweet sequestered one; enamelled with the Primrose and Daisy, and spread with a carpet of nature's softest green. Often I was obliged to stop, to remove the bramble, and long-matted grass which obstructed my path; nor did I regret the interruption, which detained me in this northern Elysium.---I could not forbear contrasting its peaceful stillness with the turbulent deeds which had often disturbed its repose.---The honeysuckle breathed its fragrance on my senses; I listened to the Lark's sweet notes as it carolled on high; I looked upwards on the blue expanse of Heaven, and downwards on the chrystal stream, which, sparkling with sun-beams meandered at my feet.---Alas! the shrieks of death had often drowned the sound of melody, the stream of war had often dimmed that bright and glorious sun, and torrents of human blood, had polluted that clear and pellucid stream.---I was told on leaving the house, that dinner would be ready at four o'clock,---as I knew they expected more company, and that punctuality is not an Irish virtue, I allowed them till five, at which hour I exactly attended, expecting to have dinner as ready for me, as I was for it.---In this, how-

ever, I reckoned without my host, or rather without my hostess;---she had been in the kitchen, baking, boiling, and stewing, and had just stapt up stairs to cool and dress herself. I spent the intervening time in the shop, which, by the bye, was an apothecary's. I tumbled over Quincy's Lexicon, and looked into the drawers and bottles, for amusement only. —A hungry man has no occasion for medicine, nor does he much relish the sight of it.—Senna and Salts, are poor substitutes for Salmon fish, and roast Beef, which was what was promised me:---no wonder I quitted them with alacrity the instant I was summoned to dinner.---Beside our worthy Apothecary, who, if I may judge by his jolly figure, reliashes medicine, no more than I do, two other gentlemen were present, whom I took for clergymen: one of them was asked to say grace,---which he did with great apparent devotion, ---even a hungry man could not have thought it too long; though a fashionable one might have objected to the want of indifference with which it was delivered. I found, by their conversation, they were not clergymen, but shopkeepers, in Clones, a small town, about eight miles from Monaghan:---though not very abundant in worldly wealth, it seems it is prodigious rich in Gospel grace.---In Ninevah or Gomorrah, I don't recollect which, five righteous persons could not be found to save it from destruction:---here the inhabitants set judgments by fire and water, pillars of salt, and lakes of sulphur, at defiance---for they are all righteous, or methodists---which is the same thing. The above-mentioned two, were mild and unassuming men---no person could have suspected them to be either Scotchmen or Irishmen; their manners and accent were entirely English, ---I understand, the same similarity is to be found among all the inhabitants of Clones. The reason of this, upon a little reflection, will be obvious---a number of their preach-

ers are Englishmen ;---Methodists hear more of their preachers than other sects---for not to mention Sunday, which is entirely passed in preaching, and praying, they have sermons two or three times a week, and associate more with them in private.---The Methodists of Clones regard Dr. Coke, (the great Apostle of their sect) with peculiar reverence---he visits them frequently, and both in conversation, and his works, has mentioned them in terms of the highest praise.---It is natural, therefore, they should acquire much of his manner, nor (when the high opinion they entertain of him is considered) would it be very unnatural if they even *strove* to acquire it---in the hopes, that with the short hair, combed sleek behind the ears, the sanctified look, and musical tones, they would likewise possess the piety and godliness of their reverend teacher.---It is far from my intention, however, to talk lightly of Methodists, or to undervalue their labours.---They have been productive of much benefit, by the introduction of religion among the most uncivilized members of the community, to whom they have given a decency of deportment, a decorum of manner, and freedom from gross vice, which laws could never have effected.---The Edinburgh reviewers lament the rapid progress of Methodism in England---I am not of their opinion.---I consider it a blessing, and not an evil.---It may be enthusiasm, it may be fanaticism, and its tendency in its remote consequences may (as they say) be licentiousness and disorder---should it ever terminate in these, a remedy will doubtless be found in the ever-flowing stream of human affairs;---but to reject its present benefit, from such considerations, appears to me as unwise as not to eat our dinner to-day, because we may be hungry to morrow.---If religion is necessary to the people of England, methodism is necessary, for if they had not that, they would have none at all;---their eyes must

be dazzled, their senses captivated, their hearts touched, and their imaginations inflamed—to address their judgments is as absurd as to ask a blind man's opinion of colours.---As long as the clergy of the established Church dose and yawn over sober reason, and cold morality, they will have heedless auditors, and thin congregations.---The people will go elsewhere for their religion, and frequent Methodist meetings, or Jewish synagogues, as whim and caprice may determine.---In this country, the beneficial effects of methodism were evident during the late rebellion---with very few exceptions, Methodists took no part in it, or in the party disputes that preceded, and accompanied it:---their kingdom was of a higher and better world; in the contemplation of which, the paltry squabbles of men, the pitiful objects and wretched cares, of these poor helpless insects of an hour, were swallowed and absorbed.

After sitting a reasonable time I left those gentlemen over their bottle, and went to take another walk :—though methodists, they were no anchorites, but partook freely of the good things which were set before them.—Punch was what they drank, though wine was on the table: I suspect more for ornament than use: like the guinea given the Vicar of Wakefield's daughters, it was not to be broken.—When I returned I found the scene shifted—the Methodists, and whiskey bottle, had disappeared from the stage, and given place to gay young ladies, with sandy locks and freckled faces; glittering china, and a stately tea-urn, with pyramids of muffin, biscuit, and slim-cake.—Doctor Johnson says, let an epicure dine, or sup where he may, could he transport himself with a wish, he would always breakfast in Scotland.—In like manner I would always choose to drink tea in Ireland.—I passed a delightful evening, though, at times, to my shame be it spoken, I was near falling asleep.—That would have been unpardonable in the society of

youth and beauty; I, therefore, got up, walked about the room, drank my tea as strong as mustard, and took snuff out of an old lady's box; but with very indifferent success; —yawning gained upon me, and as it is well known to be catching, extended itself to the jaws of some of the misses. —To travel all the way from London, only to set ladies yawning, was mortifying: luckily for me, however, one of them was anxious to hear a particular account of the riots at the opening of Covent-Garden. I gratified her curiosity as well as I could; and as action is better than narration, sung several songs, and danced the O. P. dance, to the great entertainment of my fair audience; who very fairly concluded, that though the people of London were richer and greater, they were not a bit wiser than themselves. —Praise, I suspect, is gratifying to every man; nor does it lose any of its charms, when it issues from ruby lips, and coral teeth.—The pleasure I communicated returned, (as such pleasure always does) with tenfold usury to myself, and banished all thoughts of sleep.—My rehearsal of the O. P. dance was as effectual a cure for it in me, as the actual performance ever was, to Mr. Harris, Mr. Kemble, or any other of the heroes, or heroines of that theatre.—We sat down to a plentiful supper at ten o'clock, to which, notwithstanding the excellent meal we had made at tea, we did ample justice:—we ate and drank, and though last, not least, laughed heartily.—Good cheer is a great promoter of good humour, and either inspired us with good jokes, or, what was just as well, made us laugh at bad ones.—I suspect that ours were of the latter description; and as I cannot give the reader the sauce which made them so relishing to us, I shall not trouble him with them. I got up the next morning, entirely recovered from the fatigue of my journey, and as the family had not assembled for breakfast, amused myself with writing the following particulars of it:—The

distance from Drogheda to Monaghan is about fifty-four miles ; the roads about Cullen and Ardee, were smooth and level ; for the remainder of the way, rough and mountainous, but well made and in good repair. The fare was 11. 2s. Irish, which is nine-pence less than a guinea, and cannot be considered unreasonable.—Were I again to travel in it, however, I would prefer giving something more to have four, instead of six inside passengers.---This is a great nuisance, and should never be allowed in a mail coach.---It was a good and strong vehicle, lined with grey cloth ; the windows, (as I found to my sorrow) in perfect repair ; I could have wished there had not been a sound *pane* in either of them, even though the *pains* of my rheumatic fellow traveller had been quadrupled by it. We changed coachmen only twice ; they seemed steady and obliging men,---they got ten-pence from each passenger, with which they were perfectly satisfied. The change of the silver coin in Ireland, has been as unfavourable to the coachmen, as the flight of gold in England has been to the lawyers. Where they had a *thirteen* before, they now only have ten-pence, as the latter only gets a pound note, where he formerly got a guinea. ---The guard was as well clad as an English one, with a greater degree of good humoured and officious civility. I gave him twenty-pence on leaving the coach ; he took leave of me with great politeness, regretting he had not the pleasure of my company further down.---We travelled nearly at the rate of five miles an hour including stops, which I think, in a heavy-laden coach, and on an uneven road, was fair travelling.---More particularly as an Irish coach stops longer for meals, and is more tedious in changing horses than an English one.---In the former of these respects the Irish is a much more civil vehicle than the English.---You are not obliged to deyour your food like a cannibal, and at length to run away like a debtor pursued by bailiffs.--- You

are allowed a decent time for dinner; and should the goodness of the wine induce you to wish to extend it for a few minutes, the guard is seldom inexorable. His majesty's mail can wait, you may finish your *meal* at leisure.---I recollect once at Shrewsbury breakfasting with the company of the Holyhead coach; there were several ladies and gentlemen; the men, as usual, eat, drank, and helped themselves, without attending to the ladies: a good-humoured Swiss, shocked at this English proceeding, was all politeness, pouring out tea, and handing about toast and muffin; his tongue all the while going like the clapper of a mill---he was very joocular on the English method of preparing coffee: just as he had a cup manufactured to his mind, the fatal horn was sounded, and the instant afterwards the guard made his appearance:---the poor foreigner looked aghast, and instead of gulping down a few mouthfuls of the precious fluid, lost his time in appealing to the company whether he had eat a mouthful, and in swearing he would not stir without his breakfast.---The guard said he might sit breakfasting there till doomsday, or the day after, if he liked it, but for his part he would set off that moment.---It was not the least part of the mortification of *pauvre monsieur*, to have the attendant bowing to him, with---“ I hope you wont forget the waiter, Sir?”---“ Forget you !” exclaimed he in a rage, “cot d---n you, I will never forget you, nor de guard, nor de house,--- nor de nation,” (in a lower tone as if speaking to himself.)---He then began whistling Mallbrook with great earnestness, and, until dinner put him into good humour, was as inattentive to the ladies as any Englishman could have been.---The great dispatch of an English mail, sometimes has great advantages,---many men travel whose business, no doubt, does not admit of delay; but they certainly are the smallest number.---A large proportion of Englishmen travel for the sake of mere locomotion; they



go post haste, starve themselves on the road, fume, and fret, and run the risk of their own necks, as well as of the wiser animals who draw them, merely to arrive at a place where they have no business, and from which they return, perhaps, the next day with equal rapidity.---The Irishman travels to get rid of his business only, and seldom to get rid of himself; he is more gay, more lively, than the Englishman; ---his mind is more cheerful, and, therefore, his body is less active:---in every situation and rank of life, he makes less use of exercise, as a matter of mere amusement---he enjoys the present moment, the present spot, the present company.---An Englishman enjoys none of these,---unfortunately he expects too much of life,---his real blessings are disregarded, because they fall short of imaginary ones,---he lives only in the future, in the distant, in the absent--- in the dreams of hope, in the visions of ideal happiness---in the country he sees her in town---in the fertile valley, on the craggy mountain; amidst the peaceful security of his family---in the gloomy desert, among barbarous nations, in the sound of the cataract's roar---he often is where she *was*, he never comes where she *is*. In giving an account of my visit to the gaol, I forgot to relate an anecdote which my conductor told me:---two of his best chaps were tried, and condemned at the last assizes, for stealing pigs and horses;---one of them was a tight cock, and died game; the other was dunghill, to make use of the elegant language of my tender-hearted companion.---As no executioner could be found, the latter was pardoned on condition of hanging the other.---When the two friends met each other on the fatal morning, they saluted with uncere- monious greeting:---“ You ha brought your pigs to a fine market,” said the hangman, probably without meaning to be witty.---“ I think you ha brought your ain to a better;” replied the other; “ but you were always gude at driving a

bargain; tak care that the devil is'nt too hard for you at last : wait till I'm cauld," however, continued he, " and then you shall ha my shoes, for I see your ain are *nane* of the best ;---gude troth its plain ye *ha-na* been long in office by your being so ill shod.

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## CHAP. XV.

### COOTEHILL.

**AFTER** breakfast I prepared for an excursion to Coote-hill, a town about fourteen miles distant, where the mother of an old acquaintance resided.---There is no coach goes this road, and 'as the weather continued fair, I resolved upon a more primitive mode of travelling---namely, walking:---the worthy compounder of medicine objected strongly to such an exertion---it would give me a fever to a certainty, he said, and be the death of me---and, besides, what would the people say---they would be talking.---"That they would," said I, "whether I go or stay---whether I walk or roll in a chariot.---There are many diseases peculiar to Ireland, brother Doctor, but I dare say you never found a *locked jaw* in the number."---He wanted me very much to take his horse, but that was impossible---he was not only a Pharmacopolist but Accoucheur, or, to make use of the concise and glittering inscription of a sign-post, Surgeon, Apothecary, and Man Midwife.---A Man Midwife in the country, without his horse, is as useless as a fiddler without a fiddle, or a general without his army---he might as well want his forceps, or his instrument bag, or any other BAG, or appendage to his profession.---I therefore declined the offer

of this friendly son of Galen, with many thanks, and having taken leave of him, proceeded on my pilgrimage, with a change of linen in my pocket, and as a pilgrim should, with a staff in my hand.---A little distance from Monaghan, the road winds through a beautiful glen, watered by a silver brook, whose gurgling noise inspires pleasing sensations, and shadowed by rows of lofty trees, whose thick branches exclude the fervent rays of the sun.---I seated myself on a large stone, and, for want of something better to do, contemplated my visage in the mirror that floated before me.---I ran no risk of sharing the fate of Narcissus; what with the sun beams by day, and potations of whiskey by night, my countenance was as inflamed as an Alderman's at a city feast.---An old beggar woman who passed, was kinder to me, however, than my looking glass.---"Ah! bless your sweet face," said she, "will you give an old woman something?"---There was no resisting so judicious an appeal---I gave her some trifle, and as it was time for me to prosecute my journey, we parted, mutually satisfied with each other.---The road was excellent, particularly for foot passengers---it was hard and dry like a rock---formed, in some parts, of small pebbles of variegated colours, and in others of a deep red colour---my spirits were raised by the fineness of the day, and the luxuriance of the landscape, which now swelling into eminences, and again deepening into valleys, winding round hills, or following the meandering stream, ever changing, but ever beautiful, surrounded and accompanied me.---I sung, I composed, I recited; I dare say, the country people who passed me took me for a madman, or a strolling player,---no wonder, therefore, that the mile-stones flew unnoticed by me, and that I was filled with astonishment, on looking down on the village of Rockcory, from the hill over it, to find I had walked upwards of eight Irish miles.---This is a poor little place, containing about a

dozen indifferent houses---drinking must be highly prized here; for out of the dozen, five or six were public ones.---I went into one, which, from its appearance, I judged the best, and called for half a pint of wine, and some water.---I was shewn into a room, with the size of which I had no reason to be dissatisfied;---there was no ceiling, and as it extended to the top of the house, the walling was bare---a couple of beds were in one corner, covered with rugs in place of quilts---the floor was earthen, neither so hard, nor so dry, as the road I just had quitted---the furniture was of a piece with the apartment, and seemed all in disorder---there had been a dance there the night before, the maid told me, as an excuse for the littered state of the room.---“A dance here, my good girl,” said I; “what kind of Cyclops’s were they to choose this Polyphemus’s den, when they had the green fields about them, where they might have tripped it, like so many fairies by the light of the moon.”---Their country people were no *sky-hops*, she rather sulkily said, they had enough of green fields in day time, and therefore danced in the house, like civil christians, with good candle-light.---I sat down at a large deal table, which bore evident marks of the orgies of these county Menaghan Bacchanals.---I poured out a glass of the wine, in no very good humour---I expected to find it half whiskey---I was most agreeably disappointed:---I never would wish to drink better wine, nor did I ever, in a coffee house in London, drink any so good.---The distance from Rockeury to Cootehill is five miles---it was near three o’clock, and as I knew the lady, to whose house I was going, would wait dinner for me, it was necessary to be expeditious---the wine likewise quickened my appetite---I walked at a good round pace---nobody, I am sure, could have suspected I came to make observations on the country.---The shady groves of Dawson’s grove, waved in gloomy grandeur on my left hand;

the house and demesne of Fremount, in gay and smiling beauty, rose to my right.---I looked neither on one side nor the other---I looked straight forward---to the flesh-pots of Cootehill.---When I was a little distance from the town, a voice from behind halloed to me, "How far to Cootehill?" I made no answer---It was repeated---"I say, Mr. how far to Cootehill?"---"You had better," I replied, "lift up your eyes and look at it, and save yourself the trouble of asking questions."---"Native of the place, Sir, I presume."---"Of what consequence, my good fellow, is it to you," said I, "whether I am a native here or not?"---"Ask pardon, Sir; am a stranger in these here parts, and want to make out the best Inn---always like to sleep warm at nights."---"You seem to like to travel warm," I replied; "a great coat in such weather must be rather annoying to walk in."---"Wager, Wager, Sir; two of my friends left Monaghan in a chaise, same time I did,---~~demned~~ rumbling machine, and spavined horses,---betted rump and dozen, would be in Cootehill, and order dinner before they came up,---win my wager easily, are not yet in sight."---"I dare say they are not," said I, "but you didn't bet to carry weights, I suppose?---you might as well have thrown your bundle into your friend's chaise."---This seemed a little to abate his effrontery, and he continued for some moments silent, though he still walked along side of me.---Under his great coat he wore a light green one with black waistcoat and small clothes, and white cotton stockings, which bore evident marks of the dust of the road; he had a bundle tied up in a handkerchief, which he carried on a stick over his shoulders.---I set him down in my mind for a dancing-master, puppet-show man, or player.---"The country people," he resumed, "are ~~demned~~ brutes in this here place; I stept into a *cabine*, I think you call it, and asked for a glass of water;---the stupid brute brought me a noggin full of buttermilk."---"I dare say, fellow traveller,"

said I, laughing, "the noggin suited your mouth fully as well as the glass, and is what you have been most accustomed to; I think you owe thanks, however, to the man who gave you milk, when you only asked for water."---"In England, Sir, a man always gets what he calls for,---nobody pretends to think for you there; but these poor *creatures* are always cramming you with kindness; and then they have such a lingo that a *parson* can't understand the half of what they say."---"Their accent, (I replied, losing all patience) is a natural one, and will, therefore, never be disagreeable to any man of sense or reason; but your's is an affected one, equally ridiculous and contemptible,---you are no Englishman, nor can you ever persuade any person that you are;---if you wish to counterfeit one, imitate his virtues, and not his defects;---imitate his sobriety, attention to business, and love of truth; but don't meddle with his superciliousness and arrogance; they are bad enough in the original, but they are still more dispicable at second hand.---The Irishman, who, because he has lived a few months among Englishmen, affects to adopt their narrow and illiberal prejudices, who despises as uncivilized his untravelled countrymen, is a more contemptible character, than those he thinks most contemptible:---you have often, I dare say, thought it hard in England, that your accent and country should be treated with derision; yet you, the instant you arrive in it are mean and foolish enough to imagine that lowering your country's consequence adds to your own.---Leave me, I wish to have no further conversation with you.---I quickened my pace, and he shewed no inclination to follow me.---I learned afterwards that he had lived about eighteen months in England; and was a journeyman printer.---I have mentioned above that the lady to whom I was going, was the mother of an old and intimate friend, ---he was indeed a friend, such as is seldom to be found.

---His kindness had gladdened life in its gay, had cheered it in its melancholy, and sustained it in its sinking moments ---he was now no more.---In the flower of youth, in the enjoyment of comfort, he had been summoned from this life,---from the banquet he scarcely had tasted, from the cup that was just raised to his lips,---from his mother's house, where last I had seen him, the abode of plenty and happiness, to the cold mansions of the grave!---She received me with pleasure;---She strove to tell me so, but her heart was full.---Welcome was in her eye, but she could not speak it with her tongue;---she made the attempt, however, but her words were drowned in her sobs and her tears.---She looked on me, but she thought of her son,---of the days we had passed together, our convivial nights.---The years that elapsed were forgot, and her son seemed to stand before her in the person of his friend. I strove to console her, but I wanted consolation myself;---twelve years had rolled their heavy course since I had seen her last on this spot;---what changes had since taken place in her life and my own.---The dreams of youth were vanished, the brain-spun web of romantic happiness was broken, and the flowers, with which fancy graced its border, torn away. ---This, perhaps, is but ideal misery,---her's, alas! was real;---she was old, she was solitary, she was a widow, she was childless;---one of her sons had died abroad, in a distant land, among strangers, in the island of Malta.---The other, he whom I knew,---at home,---on the eve of marriage, in her arms;---she closed the eyes of him who she hoped would have closed her's, and she had not one relation remaining in the wide world;---like the North American chief she might sorrowfully exclaim,---"There is not a drop of my blood runs in the veins of any human being." ---After some time she grew more composed,---and we passed the evening in melancholy, but not displeasing

conversation.---We talked of times that were long past, and of persons I had once well known---there was not one family among whom great changes had not taken place; and so much I fear does misery predominate over happiness, that not even in one of them was the change for the better,---many whom I left children were grown up to men and women, and had turned out ill; many whom I left old and infirm, were alive still, a burden to others, as well as themselves;---while the healthy and vigorous, in the bloom of youth and fullness of manhood, had been snatched away, and now mouldered in the tomb.---There had been considerable emigration to America, a desire of change had taken some; poverty and drunkenness more.---This latter vice had made great progress among the youth, and several promising young men were destroyed by it.---I begged Mrs.----- to contrast her situation with that of their wretched parents who mourned worse than the death of their sons,---the death of their good name, of their talents, of their virtues, of their respectability;---whose vile bodies walked abroad, while the souls, which should have ennobled them, were shrivelled, and sunk, and degraded into idiotism, by the abuse of ardent spirits, which, was I a believer in the doctrine of the Manichæans, I should suppose some malevolent deity had showered on the earth for the destruction of man. She told me several stories of individuals, it would be improper to mention here,---nor is it necessary. Misery was the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and ending of them all,---misery is an often-told tale, and well may it be so, for it is the history of man.

“ ‘Gainst the foul fiend what can relief afford ?

“ Our bed he climbs, participates our board ;

“ Fly as we may o’er earth’s extensive round,

“ He follows still, and at our heels is found.

“ From his fell looks each joy a blast acquires,

“ And life itself beneath his grasp expires.”



## CHAP. XVI.

## COOTEHILL.

COOTEHILL, as the name implies, is situated on a hill, along the ridge of which it runs for nearly half a mile. The street is wide and spacious, and the houses good. ---It is in the county of Cavan, but near the extremity where it touches the county of Monaghan.---Cootehill is on the estate, and takes its name, from the noble family of Coote, which is now extinct, by the death of the late Earl of B-----.---The estate was bequeathed, by his lordship's will, to his natural son, S. C-----, Esq. and handsome legacies were left to his other natural children, of whom he had as long a list as king Priam.---He was a decendant of Sir C. C-----, a puritan officer who came over to this country in the year 1680. Lord B----- inherited none of the austerity or moroseness of his reverend ancestor---he was a man of the highest refinement, and most perfect elegance of manners; at one period he was the very mirror of fashion, "Th' observ'd of all observers!"---though the latter part of his life was passed in great seclusion, and his name was almost forgot in those circles where once he shone the gayest of the gay.---He was educated at Geneva, where he imbibed liberal ideas of government, little in unison with his courtier-like appearance, and the excessive and almost dazzling polish of his manners;---he spent several years abroad, and returned to Ireland, a finished petit maitre. Accustomed to the elegancies of the continent, he could ill brook the roughness of Irish manners; their rude, though hearty welcomes, and above all their everlasting drunkenness.---He used to express the utmost horror, and dread, of the Irish Hottentots, as he

termed the jovial generation of gentlemen, who then lived in Ireland.—In speaking of the county of Cavan, of which he was a native, he thus characterized it.—“It is all acclivity and declivity, without the intervention of one horizontal plain, the hills are all rocks, and the people are all savages.”

—Something of this excessive refinement, which shrunk like the sensitive plant from the touch of vulgarity; perhaps was real, it is probable more was affected---he delighted in resembling a Frenchman, nor could he be paid a higher compliment, than to take him for one. In the middle of one of his earliest speeches in the Irish House of Lords, he hesitated, he stammered like a country miss, and at length stopt short.—Bashfulness is not a French vice, nor was it his lordship’s---his audience were at a loss to understand what all this blushing meant---he thus explained it---he had been so long out of the kingdom---had associated so little with any British person; that he was really, he was sorry, he was ashamed, but he could not express himself in English, if the noble Lords would favour him so far as to allow him to speak in French.—The noble Lords did favour him, but it was with a loud laugh at such miserable affectation. For once he was ashamed, and ever afterwards, (when in the house) spoke English like his neighbours.---A short time before, he had made a similar display to an old barrow-woman who sold potatoes, “Pray my good woman, (said he) is dis de vay to Ca-pel-street?”---“And is it a praty you want?” my lord, said she, looking up at him with contempt, and thrusting one into his hand; “go home and ait it, it will be of more service to you, than frogs or soup-maigre.”---Notwithstanding this affectation (which as the fault of early youth probably subsided with it) Lord B----- possessed great personal courage; though like many other of his shining qualities, it was often rendered ridiculous by its misapplication; his duel with Lord T----- was a strong

proof of the singular mixture of diseased feeling, and erroneous reasoning which characterised all his actions.---He was remarkably temperate in eating and drinking.---Seldom exceeded a pint of Claret, and drank tea strong and green, in as great quantities as Doctor Johnson himself.---His ruling passion, was an inordinate love of women---to which he sacrificed every consideration of character, morality, and even humanity.---Like Mark Antony, had he the world, he would have lost it, and, perhaps, not thought it ill lost.---It is not my intention to follow him through the long catalogue of his seductions; many of which have found their way into Magazines, and other periodical publications.---The first of them was the most black and nefarious of any,---the name of the female was Miss D---, daughter to a Roman Catholic on his own estate.---I do not sufficiently recollect the particulars to mention them here; but I believe they are tolerably faithfully recorded in the Adventures of a Guinea.---She lived many years in a state of helpless and melancholy idiotism.---I have heard some of the old inhabitants of Cootehill say, they have seen her, weltering in the little garden of the cottage where she was kept, with no other covering than an apron before her, tearing up the earth with her hands, and swallowing it in mouthfuls.---His lordship married a sister of the late Duke of L---, who bore him several daughters, but no son.---As this was a match of convenience, rather than affection, he soon got tired of her society, and leaving her in B--- F--- with his children, went over to England, in quest of some connexion, in which his heart could have a share.---So strangely are we formed, and so near a kin are our virtues to our vices, that Lord B---'s excessive refinement and delicacy, and his excessive admiration of them in others, were the causes of his worst actions--- he shrunk with horror from the grossness of mercenary prostitution; from the touch of a

female who had even once admitted the embraces of another man.---The objects of modern gallantry, therefore, high kept women of the town, opera dancers, and actresses, were beneath his attention---youth and beauty, loveliness and innocence, only could excite it---like Satan he contemplated paradise, and only entered it to destroy.---Chance was so far favourable to him on this journey, that it shewed him an object he could love---perhaps the only woman he ever really loved---she was the daughter of a respectable tradesman of the name of Johnson. The heroine of a novel is always adorned, with all that the author can bestow to make her amiable.---I do not write a novel; yet, if I am to credit the accounts I have heard of this unfortunate young woman, she was lovely beyond even Poet's fondest dreams.---Lord B----- was introduced to her and her family, under the disguised name of Oswald,---he soon made an impression on her heart, and as soon perceived he had.---The magic of his address was irresistible even by women of the highest rank; no wonder, therefore, it made a strong impression on an elegant young woman, in an humble walk of life, whose cultivated mind would probably shrink from the vulgar ignorance, and pert sippancy, of the young men she was doomed to associate with.---Accustomed to the society of London shop-keepers, the mild, the tender, the fascinating Lord B----- would appear to her a being of a higher world; an object she might have contemplated in dreams, or in the fairy reveries of imagination, but never could have hoped to have met with in reality.---He prevailed upon her to elope with him, and they were married by a servant of his own, disguised as a Clergyman.---For several months they led a life of the greatest happiness; time, which weakens other attachments, seemed only to strengthen theirs.---Lord B----- was dead to the world, and lived only to love.---His friends, his country, his wife, and his children,

were forgot; nor did any person in Ireland know what had become of him. It is painful to think that so much happiness was not founded in virtue, and that it was now drawing to a conclusion. He had lived almost entirely in the house, for fear of being recognised by some of his acquaintances in London; confinement seemed to injure the lady's health, and as she was likewise pregnant, gentle exercise was recommended her---they drove out sometimes to the environs of London, but always in a close carriage.---On the last of those occasions, the coach met with some obstruction in one of the streets near Hyde Park corner; his lordship put his head out of the window, to see what caused it, when a gentleman from the North of Ireland unluckily passed at the instant;---he flew up to the coach; he was too full of what he had to say himself, to listen to another:---“ Good God, my lord B———, how glad I am to see you,—in Ireland we all thought you dead and buried, many a long day ago;---there is my lady B———, your poor wife, has been weeping and wailing, dispatching messengers, and advertizing you in all the papers in the kingdom.” The suddenness of this address disconcerted his lordship, and took from him all power of dissimulation;---the gentle victim of his perfidy, in an instant perceived the full extent of her misfortune:—“ I am not your wife, then, it appears,” said she, putting her hand on his shoulder, “ but your mistress;---“ triumph now, but you will not triumph long.” Touched by the sacred spear of truth, the fiend was now seen in his true colours, and shrunk dismayed from the Seraph's glance. He fell at her feet and implored forgiveness:---“ I forgive you,” she said, “ but I never, never, will forgive myself.”—That very evening she was taken ill, and about half an hour after having given birth to a son, she expired. Lord B——— was inconsolable; he clasped

the lifeless body in his arms, and it was only after several days, when its removal became absolutely necessary, he could be separated from it.—When violent grief had subsided into softer melancholy, he returned into Ireland, when a separation took place between him and lady B———; her ladyship and her amiable daughters, have since, I believe, resided pretty constantly in England: his lordship plunged into business, and quaffed the bowl of pleasure even to the dregs, but he never tasted happiness—by ruining another's, he had for ever destroyed his own. He was latterly unpopular among his tenantry, from the mismanagement of an agent, to whom he entrusted the conduct of his affairs: this wounded him deeply, as he was desirous of the character of a good landlord, and was in reality one: he seldom visited Cootehill, therefore, where, instead of the acclamations he was formerly received with, he knew he would only meet

“Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
 “Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.”  
 He had, indeed,  
 “Fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf,  
 “And that which should accompany old age:  
 “As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
 “He could not look to have.”

Justice, however, to his memory, obliges me to declare, he had many amiable qualities; he was a most excellent father, and the deep compunction he felt for the wrongs of the above-mentioned unfortunate lady, did honour to his sensibility. Even after a lapse of many years, the casual recollection of her would distort his face with agony; and in the gathering gloom of his eye, it was easy to read the anguish which preyed on his soul.—If, in the social hour, her image stood thus before him, no wonder it haunted him in the solitude of his chamber, in the gloom of mid-

night, that it should drive sleep from his pillow, and strew it with thorns;—if it poisoned even his joys, no wonder that it poured more bitter gall into the cup of his declining years: “Knowest thou not this of old, since man was placed upon earth, that the triumphing of the wicked is short, and his joy but for a moment.” The libertine had shot his dart, but it recoiled on himself, it grazed the cheek at which it was thrown, but rankled in his own heart: if he had inflicted misery on her, he had inflicted more on himself; the worst pang which racked her mind, at the discovery of his perfidy, which shook her frame in the hour of premature labour, were less than he had felt a thousand times;—which covered his face with wrinkles; which bent his body down with a greater weight than that of years.—She had felt sorrow only,—he felt remorse.

Opposite to Bellamount forest, is the beautiful demesne of R. Dawson, Esq.: he does not reside here at present, nor has the house been inhabited for some years, ever since the death of the late Mr. Dawson, a gentleman universally regretted, and well known in Ireland by the affectionate appellation of honest Dick Dawson. When a young man, he was remarkably handsome; even when I saw him, though inclining to be fat, he was still so—gifted with beauty, good humour, and the most winning affability of manners; it was natural he should be a great favourite of the ladies;—his intrigue with Mrs. ———, now lady——, was at one time much talked of; to stop the tale of malice, he brought her down, with other ladies, to Dawson’s grove, where she remained several months, as can readily be conceived, to the great mortification of Mrs. Dawson,—to be obliged to behave with civility to the woman she hated, who she knew possessed her husband’s affections, and shared (the Lion’s share) his favours, was a hard trial of a female’s temper, and might have overset the patience, even of the

patient Grizzle herself. Nature was often too strong for art, and instead of smiles and courtesies, and other fashionable displays of hatred, Mrs. Dawson met her fair guest with frowns and abuse.---In these, however, she was a poor proficient compared to her rival, who retorted on her with interest. The elegant inhabitant of Dublin castle, the favourite of the lord L---t, burst forth in the tropes of Billingsgate, accompanied with the gestures of Mendoza. Court ladies put on their court manners as they do their hoops, throw them of as easily, and, probably, are as impatient to get rid of them; this is the only instance of harshness I ever heard Mr. Dawson was guilty of; he, probably, was ashamed of it, as, soon after, he gave up Mrs. ---, entirely. Bacchus became now his favourite divinity; Venus friget, (says the Latin proverb) sine Baccho; but this only applies to its moderate use; four bottles of claret is rather too profuse a libation to the Cyprian queen, who no more relishes drunken, than she does drowsy votaries. Mr. Dawson represented the county of Monaghan in parliament, for many years before and after the union: nor could it have had a more upright or independent one;---in every instance he voted according to his conscience; he was steady in his opposition to the union, which he thought an injurious measure to Ireland, nor could the most tempting promises of the minister, or the threats of lord Cremorne to disinherit him, influence him to deviate from the line of his duty---the nobleness of such conduct can only be fully appreciated by those who know the state of embarrassment in which his affairs then were. Lord Cremorne was at cards with the Royal family, at Windsor, when the dispatches came in, which contained the proceedings of the Irish parliament, on this grand question, and the names of the members who voted on it.---Lord Cremorne was so much shocked at seeing his nephew's name on the obnox-



ious list, that he fainted—that one of his family should cause any uneasiness to so good a king, who not only asked him to cards, but gave him supper into the bargain, was the most terrible of misfortunes.—It is but justice to him, however, to state, that upon consideration, he had sensibility enough to perceive the rectitude of his nephew's conduct, and the magnanimity to pardon him—his disregard of his orders.—Unsolicited, he wrote him a friendly and affectionate letter, nor was the olive branch of peace less acceptable for being accompanied with a thousand pounds.—Mr. Dawson's estate was only 3000*l.* a year; but as Lord Cremorne was very old and infirm, his expenses were calculated on the scale of what he expected, rather than of what he possessed—if his munificent heart ever knew what it was to calculate.—He was son to Lord Cremorne's younger brother; a gentleman well known in the hunting world.—He was the Irish Nimrod of his day, and his exploits were the theme of many a ballad and song.—He lived in the same thoughtless profusion as his son; and for the same reason—expectation of the death of his elder brother, who was subject in youth to violent attacks, of inflammation of his lungs, and was obliged to reside, for several years, in the south of France, to avoid a consumption.—Some jocular lines of his are preserved in the recollection of some of the old inhabitants here.—I insert a stanza, to shew the humour of the man, rather than from any merit it possesses:—

“ Don't you think at length, I have a good chance,  
 “ For Tommy can live, no where but in France?  
 “ Dick's a *good* Father, and Tom's a *good* brother,  
 “ Pray Heaven in thy mercy, take both one and t'other.”

Lord Cremorne is still alive, and is upwards of ninety.—The vigorous Fox-hunter, whose swelling chest, and

Herculean frame, promised many years of duration, has long mouldered into dust.—When I was last at Dawson's grove, it was the seat of gaiety and festivity---Mr. Dawson's hospitality was unbounded---and every person whom he had once seen, found a ready welcome at his board; where his princely spirit always provided the best cheer, while his wit and good humour, would have given a relish to the worst.

“ A merrier man,

“ Within the limit of becoming mirth,

“ I never spent an hour's talk withal.”

He was a great improver of his demesne, on which he expended several thousand pounds.---The appearance of neglect is now visible---the eye that watched over it, is closed---rubbish covers the path, the ground is over-run by the bramble, and the weed grows unmolested, by the side of the rose.---“ Something too much of this.”---I fear I have some Aristocratic leaning; I stay too long in great men's castles, and don't visit the poor man's cottage, where the manners of a country are best to be learned;---the season is rapidly advancing likewise---and it will be a long while before I get to the *giant's* causeway, if I travel with these fairy steps.

The people about Cootehill are outrageously loyal---disagreeably so I was about to say---but checked myself.---The bulk of mankind will always be in extremes---in the cellar or the garret---and it is better to be outrageously loyal than the reverse.---The inhabitants of the town, in 1797, were supposed to have rather a democratic tendency ---assuredly they were not loyal no more than they were righteous overmuch. A friend of mine settled among them as a physician, and had difficulty enough to know

how to conduct himself---he was very moderate in his political opinions, and not over and above rich---his object, therefore, like the sun, was to shine on the just and the unjust, to physick both the Aristocrat, and the Democrat; and to eat the dinners of both, when invited to them.---This system, however excellent in theory (like many other excellent theories) succeeded very indifferently in practice---each party insisted he belonged to the other---like Mahomet's tomb, he hung half-way between heaven and earth, and of consequence had no support from either.---The Aristocrats set him down a Democrat for four admirable reasons---he was a presbyterian, he wore his hair short, he drank nothing but water, and was, oftener than once, detected in the fact---of walking with some ladies, who were said to be united Irishwomen.---United Irishwomen were more obnoxious than united Irishmen, because they were the grand missionaries for making proselytes---for putting men *up*, in technical phrase.---It is needless to add, the ladies most successful in putting *men up*, were young ones.---Why the republicans took him for an Aristocrat, will appear presently.---Among other introductions, he had one to a respectable gentleman, who resided a short distance from the town---he insisted on his staying at his house, until he could accommodate himself with a lodging---the morning after his arrival, the son, who was a lad about sixteen years of age, invited him out to the garden, to have a few moments conversation with him.---When they were arrived at the most retired part of it, his young conductor, drawing himself up with great dignity, proceeded to inform him, that the county regiment was complete in men---the subordinate officers were all appointed, but a leader was wanted---the situation had been offered him, but he thought himself too young, for so important a charge.---His maiden sword had not been flushed in any

species of combat---but he believed he had interest enough to procure it for him---he was a physician---a man of sense, and understood Latin and Greek no doubt; which was, above all things, what the troops desired the most.---(The rebels, it seems, in order to be in all respects as different from his Majesty's forces as possible, wished to have men of learning at their head.)---If, therefore, he would take the united Irishman's oath, the situation of colonel was very much at his service.---My friend stared at him for some time, thinking he was jesting, but finding he was perfectly serious, declined the favour, with as much gravity as it was offered:---he returned him many thanks, for the opinion he entertained of his talents, and the speedy promotion which might soon be followed by still higher, he meant to honour him with---he never could discover, however, that he had any military qualifications---they had all heard of heaven-born statesmen, and generals, but he was afraid he was not a heaven-born colonel---he had never fired a gun but once in his life, at a flock of sparrows, about ten paces distant, and then he missed them---his genius (if he had any) lay in another way---his ideas were grovelling---to his shame he must confess, he preferred the ringing of a pestle and mortar, to the sound of a trumpet, and writing recipes, to flourishing a pike---with his good leave, therefore, he would stick to his profession---concluding with nearly a similar sentiment to that of Othello.

" Though in my trade I may perhaps slay men,  
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience  
To do no contriv'd murder."

The conference here ended; my friend went in to breakfast, and the young colonel maker sallied forth in quest of some man who spoke Latin, and had more enterprise, and fewer

scruples, than he had.---That very evening, however, this military Roscius was obliged to walk off the stage---his friends found it necessary to send him privately away, and afterwards got him smuggled to America, where he now is :---as he since got his head broke at a large party for damning the Americans for a parcel of outlandish savages ; and was near losing his life on another occasion, in a duel he fought with a French emigrant, in defence of the reputation of lady Pamela Fitzgerald, and, moreover, has got a wife and three children, it is to be presumed his fire is pretty well spent, and that he is now a peaceful member of society. This gallant officer, like Dionisius, retired to Corinth, condescended for some time to teach a school, in one of the back settlements :---he has since emerged from that lowly calling, and, I understand, keeps a pork and sausage shop in New York, or Boston.

Some time after this conversation, Doctor ----- was invited to a grand entertainment, given by a gentleman a few miles from the town. It was Christmas time, and the season of jollity---dinner were plenty, though fees were scarce---physicians, like lawyers, take whatever they can get---my friend had no patient at the time, he therefore accepted the invitation :---there was a brilliant assemblage of both sexes : It was what is called a house warming, and there was a dinner, a ball, and a supper.---There were a great number of beautiful young women, smiling like Hebes, and verdant as spring, for they all wore her livery---green ribbons, green gowns, green shoes, and, for aught he could tell, green garters.---May lingered in the lap of December, and he literally thought himself in clover---mirth and music, politics and pastime, flew about like a pack of cards.---The company were all of one mind ; ladies old and young---youth which sat at a side table, as well as the grave personage who said grace.---Erin-go-brach, Unite and be

free, and Paddy's resource, were sung with rapture; and any friend, who had an eye to the young ladies' custom, perhaps, when they became wives, or was intoxicated with their charms, chorussed as loudly as if he had been Napper Tandy himself:---he was no enemy to government, but, probably, thought it would not fall a whit the sooner for the weapons they were then attacking it with. A gentleman, of a saturnine appearance, who sat in a corner, and sung the least, though he drank the most of any one in company, was of the same opinion---He addressed them on their improper levity; ---he expected to have heard some *rational* conversation, he said,---some plan for delivering them from their domestic enemies---the vile magistrates who oppressed---the vile spies who informed upon them---drinking and toasting was not the way---even if they toasted and drank to doomsday; ---but let every person single out an enemy, dispatch him in the best manner he could---so glorious an example, would be followed by their countrymen, applauded by the world---and Ireland would be free. Dr. --- heard this modest proposal of assassination, amidst the festivities of the table, with astonishment. Every one was silent: ---"This is the first time," whispered he, to his right hand neighbour, "that I ever heard butchering men, more than breaking their bones, was sport for the ladies." "When they are enemies to their country," replied this *humane* and *judicious* young lady, what better can they expect?" He looked at her stedfastly---at the faces of the men and other women---he had mistaken the cause of their silence---it was not wonder---it was not horror---he would not say it was approbation:---with the warmth of an uncontaminated mind, he reprobated the infamy of assassination, and the iniquity of such an advice---which was not more odious than absurd---not more shocking to humanity, than opposite to policy---which would detach every thinking man from

their cause, and for every enemy taken off, would raise up a hundred in his room.---The grave gentleman looked at him without making any reply---“Who is that fellow,” whispered he (to the gentleman who sat next him) “that has been preaching there. Is he a parson?”---“No,” the other answered, “he is a young physician.”---“Ecod, then,” replied the other, “he will never live to be an old one---he is a damned aristocrat.”---In the course of the evening he danced with a lady of a mild and prepossessing appearance---he did not talk politics to her, he was discouraged by his unsuccessful whisper to his fair neighbour at table:---she entered on the subject, however, herself---“I should never have thought you were an aristocrat, if I hadn’t heard it from your own lips!”---“My own lips, then,” he replied, “must have uttered false words; for I assure you I am no aristocrat, but a friend to the rights and happiness of man.”---“You take a *wrong* method of shewing it then,” said she, “by pleading the cause of his oppressors---vile wretches---I am sure death is too good for them---they deserve worse if worse is possible”---“It is not so much what they deserve we should consider, as what is proper for ourselves---I am sure assassination is not a fit subject for a girl, nor, I trust will it ever find an advocate in you.”---“Ah!” said she, shaking her head, “you are no true croppy---(the united Irishmen wore their hair short, and were therefore designated by the loyalists, in derision, coppers---persons who for convenience adopted this fashion, often experienced, therefore, insult, and sometimes injury, from the zealots of loyalty, who carefully preserved their own long and flowing locks, as if Irish loyalty, like Samson’s strength, lay in the hair)---you may wear your hair close, you may sing what songs, and dance what tunes you please, but I tell you, you are no true croppy---you reason, but a republican,” said she with animation, “feels---for his bleeding country---for the exile in a foreign land,---for the prisoner in

a dungeon,—for the victim on the scaffold;—for the wretched wanderer without habitation or name; whose house has been burned, whose wife has been outraged, and property destroyed, by the vile agents of lawless and brutal power.—and because I am a woman, I am not to think of this—I am not to feel for their sorrows, because I cannot relieve their distresses;—I am not to pursue with curses, their low-minded, and soon I hope, to be low-laid oppressors, because I am a woman---because I am weak---because I am a girl, as you were pleased to call me; but if I am weak, God is strong, and will soon I trust exterminate such monsters from the face of the earth. I would not, added she, after a pause, and in a more moderate tone, strike a dagger into one of their hearts, but I would bless and pray for the man who did it, and would take his chance of Heaven, far sooner than the cold-blooded preachers who talk of virtue, but encourage vice, and trample on, and outrages innocence, by affording impunity to guilt.”---No reply was made to this violent speech---to have answered it with ridicule would have been cruel; and reason would have been unavailing, to lay those terrific images her fancy conjured up; and which caused her, like Hamlet, to speak daggers, though, like him, she said, she would use none. Spite of his prudence, the cold-blooded doctor confessed he was struck with respect and admiration, for the feelings that dictated those sentiments; that sparkled in the eye, and illuminated the countenance of the fair enthusiast; and when he took hold of her hand, which still trembled with the vehemence with which she had spoken, and dried the tear which trickled down her glowing cheek, he found his feelings, in favour of the exile, the prisoner, and the wanderer, stronger than they had ever been before—Like Festus in the Apostles, he could have exclaimed, “almost thou persuadest me to be a republican.”—At a period



subsequent to this, I knew her myself.—She was then married, and I never was in company with a more amiable woman. The enthusiasm of the hour had passed away, and given place to the sober business of human life. Occupied with domestic employment, and domestic happiness, she thought little of those evils she once thought great,—which are incidental to all insurrections, and which interference, however well meant, hardly ever fails to exasperate. The fault she fell into, is one very common to persons of great sensibility,—whose feelings are strong and judgments weak---who have good hearts but weak heads. In the strong sympathy they feel for distress, all minor considerations are swallowed up---they never reflect how much of it is folly, and brought on by itself ;---how much of it is guilt, and deserving of punishment.---Become sanguinary, even by the excess of their humanity---become oppressors, from their abhorrence of oppression, they inflict misery from the hatred they bear it—their love of virtue makes them unjust, their horror of cruelty, makes them cruel, and sullen hatred, and demoniac malice, are not productive of greater ills in society, than their noble and generous, but romantic and ill-regulated emotions.——The English character itself is a strong and unfortunate illustration of this ;—without going back to any distant period of our history, we have only to refer to the causes which led to the war in which we have been engaged, with slight interruption, for upwards of seventeen years. What Mr. Pitt's motives for entering into it were, I shall not attempt to determine,---the man is at rest, which is more than he would allow the world to be---but of this I am certain, the humanity of the people of England, which made them tremblingly alive to the excesses perpetrated in France, could alone have engaged them so warmly in it---nor do I know whether most to admire, or execrate, the characteristic

cunning of this wonderful man, which enabled him, with such fatal adroitness, to convert the honest prejudices of the English nation, in favour of good order and humanity, into the deadly weapon of destruction, of all they most revered.—Ministers would never have dared to avow the design of starving twenty-four millions of men, if they had not previously intoxicated the people of England, and like the fable of Circe, prepared them, by their artificial declamations, by their pathetic and tragic speeches, for the perpetration of acts as brutal as those they thought most brutal.—The French people were guilty of great excesses, which excited the abhorrence of the English ;—It is to their credit that they did excite it, yet happy would it have been for the peace of man, had we been,

“ Duller than the fat weed

“ That rots itself in ease, on Lithe's wharf,

“ Ere we had stirred in this.”

For to our interference, I fear, is to be ascribed many of the miseries of the war, as well as the fiend-like character it displays.—This might have been foreseen by any person who witnessed the shock our declaration of it, in the year 1793, gave public, as well as individual feeling in France. That Austrian, and Prussian despots, should endeavour to crush the infant republic, was not wondered at. The French relied on the superiority of their strength, and as they had little fear, they could not long feel much resentment, whatever (from motives of policy) they might affect to feel.—But the interference of England, her gigantic power, her immense resources, put in imminent jeopardy the frail bark of freedom, assailed as it was by dangers of other kinds—nor was it more overwhelming than unexpected. England; the seat of freedom, of humane feeling, of just reasoning: England; whom they venerated, whose opinions they adopted, whose example they thought they followed, whose

prejudices they cherished ;—that she should regard those efforts, (for which she expected praise) with horror ; that she should repay her veneration, with insult and unkindness, were injuries too great, too aggravated, ever to be forgiven. Love was converted into hatred,---the milk of English kindness was curdled in their breasts ; and the *unsteady* Frenchman, became the *steady* and irreconcilable enemy of England.—He met, *he imagined*, no kindness in the day of his sorrow, no allowance for the excesses of his madness, no mercy in the hour of his weakness ; and we may be well assured, he will shew none in the hour of his *strength*.—I have said, perhaps, too much on this subject ; yet my feelings are so strong, I cannot forbear saying a few words more. The French revolution was a great but a fleeting evil—it was a transient cloud that would soon have passed away ; our interference fixed it and drew down that fatal storm, which has desolated Europe, and inundated her plains with blood. French atheism overturned the altars of religion, banished and murdered her priests ;—English religion forged assignats, and preached up a crusade of blood.—French ambition, overran countries, overturned governments ;—English humanity, encouraged nations to unavailing resistance, and sent her own troops to hopeless combat ; or to moulder in infected climes, and unwholesome marshes, from the effects of slow, though not less certain disease. French action, and English reaction, French barbarity, and English humanity, have inflicted as much misery on mankind these last seventeen years, as ever befel them in the same space of time---not even excepting the civil wars between Cæsar and Pompey, or the proscriptions of Augustus or Mark Antony. The case of Europe, God knows, was desperate enough ; we need not have made it worse by intermeddling---could she have spoken, she might have said to us, as one Doctor did to

another, of whose judgment he had but an indifferent opinion;—"Good Mr. John Bull, give me a chance for recovery, by forbearing to prescribe for me."

## CHAP XVII.

### OMAGH.

I HAD now spent several days in Cootehill, and it was time to think of quitting it;---I have said so much of the people, that I have not left myself room to say any thing of the place; no great misfortune either, as I know nothing remarkable in it, except the extreme neatness of the sham-bles: the meat sold there, I am told, is excellent, but of this I can only speak by hear say; I abominate the sight of raw meat, as much as I do that of a butcher; it reminds a man too forcibly of what a cannibal he is.---I took leave of my venerable friend, with a melancholy pre-sentiment we should never meet again in this life, nor was I disappointed; the very day I left her she was suddenly taken ill, and died after a few hours illness:---I do not know that at any age, death should be considered an evil;---I should think it a blessing, when it summons us at seventy-two.

"Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti;

"Tempus abire tibi est."

I dined at her house the evening before I went away, in company with a rich farmer, who lived some miles distant;---when he understood that my route was pretty much the same as his own, he invited me, with great civility, to

take a seat in his gig, and stop and pass the day at his house.— I complied with cheerfulness :---I was accustomed to Irish hospitality, and liked it---at the worst, it could only give me a sick stomach and head-ache, and I was sure of them, if I ventured into a stage coach.---We had a pleasant-enough drive, as the day was very fine, and my companion good-humoured ; but the country was dreary, with high hills, which we clambered up at a snail's-pace, and ran the risk of breaking our necks in going down. The witty Editor of the Morning Post observed, on Sir Francis Burdett's leaving the tower by water, that he might now boast of having gone through both fire and water for his country.---Were I to avail myself of this most exquisite pun, I might say I did the same for the benefit of my reader. For the greatest part of the way there were turf bogs on one side, and lakes on the other;---turf, as is generally known, is the firing of the Irish, and a most delightful fire it makes;---it appears to advantage in a grate, but certainly is no improvement to a landscape.---In some parts of Ireland the bogs are very extensive, and a traveller may readily go astray in them ; as the footing is not very firm, he is often not able to extricate himself without assistance, and, therefore, is often not extricated at all. When the ignis fatuus of whiskey has decoyed the poor peasant, returning from fair or market, into one of these immense morasses, he is generally found lifeless the next morning : A man is metaphorically lost in a bog, (in Irish phrase) when he gets so entangled in an argument, as to be unable to move either backwards or forwards.

The house where we were going was surrounded by trees, and looked very well at a distance ; like many men and women, however, it did not improve upon nearer acquaintance :---we drove up to the door, and stepping incautiously out, I was half way up my leg in a large puddle of dirty water, which stag-

nated at the very threshold---my makeen pantaloons, and white stockings, were little improved by the immersion. "Evil betide me, (said my conductor) not to tell you to step on the board."---On looking down, I found there was a board, on which, as on a bridge, I entered the house. "You must be fond of water indeed, (said I) to keep a lake in front of your house; one should think you had enough of them in the neighbourhood; but I would recommend a boat to you, instead of that Alpine bridge, made of a single plank; your visitors would pass over in greater security." "Never mind the water, my honey, (said he) take a drop of the cratur to keep it out of your stomach, and I warrant you it will do you no harm;---my sarvants are so busy, so busy, but if you happen to come this way about Christmas, you shall have a hearty welcome, and dry footing into the bargain."---As most farm-houses in the North of Ireland are similar in construction to the one I was now in, I shall describe it exactly:---It was two stories high, white-washed, and thatched;---on entering the hall, I found it likewise the kitchen, where a large fire was blazing---on the right hand was the parlour, off which there was a small bed-room; the apartments above corresponded in size to these, but were mere lumber rooms;---they resembled the worst half of Noah's ark; they were a receptacle for all unclean things---the apartments on the left hand I reserve for bed time.---A length of time elapsed before the mistress of the house made her appearance. I judge by the great bustle that prevailed, by the opening and shutting of doors, that she was either dressing herself, or the dinner;---unfortunately, it proved the former,---she sailed in, clad in an old-fashioned lutestring gown, that swept the ground behind her. After some time spent in conversation, which I every moment expected to have interrupted by a summons to dinner, the husband observed to his fair spouse,

It was time to give orders about dinner.---“Then it will be some time before it is ready,” (said I).---“Oh, not more than half an hour, (she replied;) the goose will be put on the spit in an instant.”---It was too true, the goose had to be put on the spit; but there was much preliminary matter before he could be brought that length,---he had to be drawn, and skewered, and plucked;---he had to be killed, for he was actually, at that instant, sailing like a stately swan on the pond, where I had so unfortunately made shipwreck.

Dinner was so long in coming, that I lost my patience first, and then my appetite.---It made its appearance, at length, however; it was tolerably well dressed, and we had a bottle of excellent wine. After I had eat of something else, I asked for a slice of the goose; my host flourished his knife and fork with great dexterity; but, instead of drawing the knife across the breast of the goose, as he intended, drew it across his own fingers, from which the blood poured down in a copious stream, on the dish before him.---There was no eating goose with such sanguinary sauce; I therefore sent away my plate, being perfectly satisfied.---My host's kind heart was not so easily contented; he had returned to the table with his fingers tied up, in a clout that was none of the cleanest: he said I had made no dinner, and that I must positively eat a wing of the goose, which he swore the blood had not touched. “But what, though it had man,” said he, with a cordial slap of his sound hand on my knee, “it is neither Jew's, nor Papist's blood, but a good old Protestant's, who never did a dishonest, or disloyal action; who loves God, and honours the King.” “And hates the Pope,” said I. “D---n the Pope,” said he, “and all *that* takes his part; if I had the *trial* of them, I would hang them all up without judge or jury;---an outlandish vagrant, seated cross-legged on his seven hills, like a scarlet whore, as he

is." "He has quit the hills," said I, "his French Physician thought the air of them too keen for his constitution, and ordered him down to the valley." "He should have ordered him to the Devil," said my host, (who had swallowed a bumper or two of grog, before dinner, and was now a little elevated,) "he and all his breed.---Come," said he, "I'll give you a toast, that I am sure you won't object to, for you have a good Protestant face; come, bumper, bumper I say, *nosky-lights*---here's to H---with them all for ever!"---"For ever" said I, "is surely too long; a thousand or two years might satisfy."---"*That's* purgatory," said he, "and the Papist's doctrine.---I don't believe in it.---Ah, master of mine, (drawing his chair closer, and speaking lower, as if afraid of being over heard) you don't know *them* as I do; you *hiv'nt* lived among them, and can't tell what sort of *vermin* they are: why, man, my own *servants* would murder me in my bed, if they durst; and so I told them on Friday last, being the *first* of *August* old stile, of all days in the year; you ungrateful vipers you," said I, "I feed and *nurish* you, and yet if the French landed to-morrow, you would *turn tails*, and cut off my head, for a present to some French Captain or other, to make yourselves more welcome." "French Captains," said I, "care very little about men's heads, whatever they may about their purses; there is gold sometimes in them.---And lead in the poor Irishmen's skulls," said he, with a laugh; "thank you, thank you, master; come, that's a good one too; I love my joke, and I love my friend, and I love my glass, and I love---dang it, *that's* well thought on too---I say, fill your glass, I'll give you my wife's health---a better soul never broke bread; doesn't cross the threshold from week's end to week's end, and yet you see, in company, she *hiv* quite the look of a lady---she's of a *grate* family, in the county An-magh---her father's a tip-top man there---keeps a large Tam-yard, and is hand in glove with Squire Verner, and all the



rest of the gentry.—Orange and Blue for ever; my jewel," said he,—“ King William, for ever,—King George,---God bless him.” “And the Princess Charlotte,” said I, “and the Prince of Wales, and the Royal family---That’s what the prayer-book says.” “The Prince of Wales is a good man’s son, and *therefore* we’ll drink reformation to him,” said he, “if you please. Can you tell me if he keeps company with Mrs. F—— yet?” “It’s very likely,” said I, “for I am told she is still a handsome woman.”—“She’s old,” said he.—“No woman is old in London,” said I. “There is a *grate* many of them,” said he, “that are older than they are good; I’ll be bound for it; but you can’t deny that Mrs. F—— is a Papist.” “Why, man,” said I, “the Papists are a great trouble to you,—Do you think the Prince of Wales goes to Mrs. F—— to talk religion to her?” “I don’t know what the devil he goes to her for,” said he, “nor, not to give you an ill answer, do I care;—but this I know, simple as I sit here, I would’nt go to a Popish W—— when a protestant one was to be got, for love or money: but I suppose, its all owing to that damned fellow Mac——, who, if he had his good will, would not let a Protestant dog near him, for fear of his barking some truth into his ear.”—Good wits jump; nearly a similar thought occurred to a noble Lord, in the reign of Charles the second: In the debates on the exclusion bill, as it was called, he was pleased to finish his speech in the following manner: “I would not have (said this admirable legislator,) so much as a Popish dog to bark, or a Popish cat to mew, or pur about the King,---“Colonel Mac-----” said I, “is no Cathello;” he is a member of Parliament, and goes to Church.”—“He be damned,” said he, “he is a rank Papist in his heart, if he was to swear till he was black in the face, to the contrary;—Mac, of the county Monaghan go to Church-- ha, ha!---a fine name to go to Church with, truly:---ah, *thin* things may go down with John Bull; but we know better, and take

care of him, when he does nothing but fill his fat guts, and go to sleep :—ha, ha ! people are wise now-a-days ; they laugh at old times and notions—they will emancipate the papists, will they—they will make them friends of England, —by doing that I warrant—they will stand by them at the pinch, and keep out Buonaparte.—*Ogh-hone*, but they know them well—and they'll soon know them better ; but by my soul they'll pay dear for their *learning*.—Emancipate the Catholics, to make friends of them ! J——s, what fools our great people be—if they were to give them the crown of England to-day, they would be quarrelling for the diamond, (that I'm *tould* once dropped out of it) to-morrow." In this manner we continued drinking, and conversing to a late hour. My worthy host was as hospitable as communicative, and no more a churl of his liquor than of his talk ;—he was, in truth, a kind-hearted creature, who hated nothing but papists and those who took their part ;—his house seemed the abode of plenty, but sparsely and dirty—his brain bore a good deal of resemblance to it—he had ideas enough, such as they were, but like the furniture of the apartment, a little topsy-turvy.—I have been particular in relating this conversation, because, though apparently frivolous, it is in reality not so—though delivered in coarse and vulgar phrase, it contains a faithful picture of orange feeling, on the subjects on which it turned ; —his sentiments were those of a class, though his language was that of an individual ; his phrases, his ejaculations, his vivacity, were his own—but his opinions, his prejudices, and his hatreds, were those of his tribe.—The uniformity of opinion which pervades almost all the individuals of the two grand classes into which Ireland is divided, is most wonderful ; nor can any thing be more instantaneous, than the sympathetic feeling which vibrates from the highest to the lowest ; and, making allowance for the difference of education, makes the peer and peasant speak nearly a

similar language.—The Prince of Wales is not so popular among the Orange men as he deserves to be; in consequence of the disposition they think he has manifested in favour of the catholics—which, as they are willing to lighten him as much as possible, from the ignominy of such degradation, as they conceive it, they attribute to the influence of Mrs. F——, whose effigy I wonder they never thought of burning, along with the Pope, and Guy Fawkes.—We had some supper, the exact nature of which I was at great pains to verify; so much had the bloody goose taken possession of my imagination, that I saw it in every thing I touched, as the unfortunate hydrophobic is said to see the image of the dog who bit him, in the drink he attempts to swallow.—When I was shewn to the room, in which I was to sleep, I could not help being struck with its dreary and forlorn appearance.—It was large enough for a barrack, and seemed a barn metamorphosed into a bed chamber.—The wind whistled through the broken panes, as melancholy, if not as musical; as an Eolian harp—it would have been an invaluable treasure to Mr. Monk Lewis, who has so happily revived the raw-head and bloody-bone stories of our infancy, to frighten the grown children of England—it only wanted a gang of banditti, a couple or three skeletons, a ghost, and a lady, to have made it a jewel of an apartment.—I surveyed it with wonder, if not with terror, and had I not been armed so strong with whiskey punch, (which, as an admirable weapon for parrying fear, I would recommend to all my fair readers who sleep in large and lonely apartments) I might have imagined I saw airy figures ascend out of the earth, and glide into the remote obscurity of the room; dimly illuminated, as God knows it was, by the farthing candle I had placed on a large meal chest, by way of a table.—Where is the good of reading history, somebody says; if we do not benefit by the examples it contains—my reading

has been mostly confined to romances---in humble imitation therefore, of heroines in similar situations, I looked under the bed, and behind the meal-chest, lest an enemy might be lurking there.---I would have peeped into it, for, like the Trojan horse, it was large enough to hold robbers in its belly, but it was double locked.---I walked up and down the room in pensive meditation; but as there was no looking glass, I could not start affrighted at the reflection of my own image, as the custom is on such occasions.---I could have wished greatly to have opened the casement, and gazed at the moon, but the casement would not open, and there was no moon light.---I therefore, to do the best I could, peeped my head out of one of the broken panes, and looked at the stars. Of all the planets, the heroine of a romance owes the greatest obligations to the moon---the sun, like other holiday friends, seldom shines when he is wanted; but the moon never refuses her pale beams to her votaries.---She is always at hand to light them on their way, when they sally forth at midnight in pursuit of adventures, with their little bundles tied up in a handkerchief, like milliners' apprentices. Tired, at length, of star-gazing, I took off my clothes, and went to bed---such is the advantage a hero possesses over a heroine. Neither Mrs. Radcliffe, nor Mrs. Roach, would have allowed one of theirs to have taken their clothes off for the universe.---The utmost length they could go, (if I am correct in my recollection) would be to unpin their hair, and throw themselves on the bed.---Whatever the reason may be, a heroine has as great an aversion to getting between a pair of sheets, as a knight errant of old had; one advantage, however, she possesses over him, and a great one it is, considering the expense of washing, that though she changes her linen as seldom as he does, it is always of a dazzling whiteness---this is indispensable; her chemise, though worn a month, must look as white as if just purchased

at a ready-made linen warehouse.—Another essential feature of a true heroine is, that she never sleeps until the first rays of the morning gild the hills, and play on the bars of the window---she may be then allowed a few moments of troubled repose, (it is well for Mrs. Roach that she wasn't an Irishwoman) with her head reclined on her lily hand, (a heroine can sleep in no other attitude) while the other grasps some part of her drapery---to guard against surprize, I suppose.—It would have been well for me had I had the clinophobia of those ladies,—I should have escaped a great fright, which was not the less real for being a ludicrous one. ---I had enjoyed, for about an hour, the blessings of slumber, when I was awoke by a noise more tremendous than thunder; to my terrified imagination it seemed like the roaring of the fiercest lion—I started up, and struck my head against something that felt rough and warm, and extending my arms (in an agony of fear I must confess,) got hold of ears of what I supposed a ferocious animal.—It is inconceivable the ideas of horror that rushed through my mind---I thought it was a mad dog, who had some way or other found his way to the bed---the bellowing, however, which was in an instant repeated, made me change my opinion, and I took it for a wild bull, who had broke loose, and would devour me, as the red cow did Tom Thumb.---I jumped out of bed, and endeavoured to escape by the door, but could not find it---I called loudly for light and assistance---the bellowing continued, though it did not seem to quit the spot where I first had heard it---between us we made a noise that might have broken any sleep, except what the last trump will waken us from.---My host at length made his appearance, followed by his wife, bearing a candle---he was in his shirt and red night cap, like a Turkish turban---the fair torch-bearer was in her chemise---though assuredly it was not “une chemise blanche.”---The husband thrust

the muzzle of a fowling piece, (which he carried cocked) into the room, before he entered himself---so that between the mad bull in my rear, and the orange party in front, I thought myself in a perilous situation.---When I had explained the nature of my alarm, we advanced in a body to the bed, to discover the cause.---The roaring, which was incessant, proceeded from the mouth of a red cow, with horns as long as a deer's---but the head only was visible; how it came there, or where the body was, was to me totally unintelligible---my host after rolling on the bed some instants in a hearty fit of laughter, explained it to me.---With the carelessness that marked all his domestic arrangements, a cow was sometimes turned into the chamber that communicated with mine, to save the trouble of taking her to the stable.---One he had purchased a few days before, at a neighbouring fair, had been confined there ever since;---as she was probably not much accustomed to live in a parlour, it was not wonderful she wished to make her escape out of it---by dint of perseverance, she forced a passage for her head, through the partition of lath and plaster which separated her from the side of my bed.---Unable to draw her body forwards, or her head backwards, she stuck fast in this pillory of her own creation, and broke out into the noise I have just been mentioning.---By enlarging the orifice, we set the prisoner at liberty, and released her from her disagreeable neck-cloth.---The lights were withdrawn, and I was once more left in solitude---I endeavoured to sleep, but it was impossible---the red cow had "murdered sleep."---The moment the first rays of the morning were visible from my windows, I got up, dressed myself, and sallied forth---I opened the door gently, lest my host should awake, and attempt to detain me, till after breakfast.---There was no mistaking the road, as it ran quite close to the house; but had it been as difficult as the labyrinth of Crete, I should have ventured on

it, without even a clue to direct me; so heartily sick was I of the sign of the red cow.—Getting up at the dawn of day is what I have seldom practised---for a few moments, I yawned and stretched myself without ceasing—every feeling of lassitude, however, was soon absorbed in the contemplation of the sublime spectacle before me.—Light and darkness still struggled for mastery—the former was on the top of the hills---the latter rolled its grey mist like a troubled ocean, over the valleys:---It gradually receded---Chaos gave place to creation---the features of the landscape became more distinct—the rays of the sun gilded the sides of the mountains---a few moments afterwards, he shot up into view like a pyramid of fire---all nature felt his influence, the dew-drops bespangled the trees---the hawthorn perfumed the air---innumerable birds poured forth their gratitude from their little throats---it was the incense of sacrifice from the earth, to the being who gave it birth,---It was the sleep of the tomb hursting into the resurrection of life.

“ The saffron morn, with early blushes spread,  
Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed;  
With new-born day, to gladden mortal sight,  
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light.”

## CHAP. XVIII.

### OMAGH.

I WALKED upwards of five hours without stopping, or meeting any person---I was considering that breakfast would be no unacceptable occurrence, when I came to a little

village, of four or five houses---it is called Cross-roads, probably because it is situated where several roads meet:---the appearance of the public house, though humble, was neat, and I resolved to enter and have some refreshment.---I was now in the north, and knew I could have whiskey and sweet milk, oaten cake, and fresh butter in abundance.---I asked the good dame, who came curtsying to meet me, if she could let me have some breakfast---“ To be sure, I can, Sir,” said she, bustling before me into a little room off the kitchen; “ what would you choose, tea or coffee ? My fears now all subsided. I found I had a choice, when I expected neither ; to make amends, therefore, I ordered both ; there was no necessity to mention eggs ; they always come in as a matter of course ; a breakfast without them, would be thought as preposterous, as a dance without a fiddle, or a dinner without potatoes. I was delighted with my little apartment ; not only from the gratification that cleanliness always gives, but from the satisfaction I felt at finding English neatness, and little pastoral ornaments, transplanted to the bleak mountains of the North of Ireland. Pots of geranium were in the window ; the bed in the corner was nicely made up, and covered with its many-coloured garment.

“ The broken tea-cups, wisely kept for shew,  
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.”

The weather was now warm, and the hearth beneath was (to make use of the words of the same charming poet) “ with aspin boughs, with flowers and fennel, gay.” I turned over some books that were on a table, in the Latin, Greek, and Irish languages. In the latter were several rituals of the Romish worship. I asked Mrs. A——, if they belonged to her. She laughed, and said no ; she had some-



thing else to do, than mind reading; I declare to my God," said the good dame, unpinning her flowered cotton gown, and smoothing it over her pea-green petticoat, "except a chapter or two in the testament, one of Blair's sermons, or a look into Hervey's Meditations, I don't open a book from one week's end to the other." I had no occasion to question her about her religion; I knew now very well what she was.—I had supped with a member of the established church the evening before—I was breakfasting, in the house of a Presbyterian. "I thought you might have been a catholic, by the books I saw there." "No, she was a Presbyterian (she said) and so were all her *fore-bearers*: the books belonged to the priest of the parish, who lodged in the house; he gave her thirty good pounds a year, for diet and lodging; and, what with his fast-days, when he would eat nothing, and feast-days, when he dined abroad, she seemed to think she had a good bargain." I found this good dame the most liberal protestant I yet had met with. "Why, should she hate the catholics, (she said in answer to a question I asked her) God made them as well as her;—for certain their religion was the eldest, and nobody could tell, but it might turn out the best;—if they were in an *error*, that was their own affair, and nobody had a right to meddle with it. The catholics were good customers of her's; many a good pound she had got of their money, and it had thriven with her as well as the protestant's." I had on a black coat, and my hair was cut short; it is not unlikely therefore she took me for a priest, and what I considered liberality was only compliment. My manner of eating would probably undeceive her;—I kept *no fast*---beside tea, coffee, toast, and eggs, drank two bowls of cream, and eat a large quantity of honey. I paid twenty-pence, and gave a trifle to a comely servant-maid who attended me. I suspect the priest had other employment here beside counting his beads, or

reading his ritual. St Chrysostom would sometimes be exchanged for the Art of Love.

About a mile from Cross-roads is the village of Emma-Vale. The country round it is level ;---the fields appear to be well cultivated, and are agreeably intersected with hedges ; in most parts of the north of Ireland, the fences are formed of stones. This village was formerly called Scarnageragh, an Irish word, of which I don't know the meaning ;---but which signifies, I suppose, something for which the town is famous. All Irish names of places, I believe, are compound-epithets ;---it is famous, however, at present, for nothing except its races, which are annually held, and continue several days : I should suppose they are mostly attended by the neighbouring farmers, and rustie jockies, who run for bridles and saddles : it draws together a considerable concourse of people, I learn ;---a very drunken assemblage, I have no doubt, it generally proves to be :---some years ago, it was likewise a very quarrelsome one ; every man, on leaving home, drew from its hiding place, his trusty shilelah ; and, as Bacchus, not Venus, was his divinity, the club of Hercules never became in his hands a woman's distaff. The custom of carrying shilelahs is still continued ; but the use of them is almost entirely abandoned---except a few boxing matches, no other quarrels occur. The magistrates of this, and, I believe, of every other part of the north of Ireland, have been unremitting in their exertions, to put down *club* law, and to put law in its place. As the country becomes refined, Irish names become obsolete ; they are too rough "for ears polite." I was curious, however, to learn the etymology of Scarnageragh ; I overtook a middle-aged man, decently dressed, and asked him if he could inform me. "I dinna ken," said he ; "I canna *spake* Erish---I would never *fash* myself with it ; for, to tell you a secret, I neither love it, nor the breed

that *spakes* it."—"That's a secret," I replied, "I should never have suspected; are you not an Irishman yourself?" "In troth, and I'm *nane*; I, and *aw* my generation, *ha* gone to meeting this *four* hundred years."—"They must have been a clever generation indeed," said I "to have gone to meeting a hundred years before there was any.—Where was you born?" "in *yon wee hoose*," said he, "on the *tap* o'the *brae*, with the *auld* tree *our* it;—*gin* ye *hae* time to step up, the auld wife will be able, to gie us a *bunnoch*, and a *drap* of buttermilk. By the Erish he meant the native Irish, or the catholics:--- his ancestors probably were settled a century among them; yet he spoke and thought of them, exactly as a Scotchman would have done. The manner of his expression involved what may be termed a bull---yet it is a bull grave and sober Englishmen have committed. Sir John Davis, speaking of the city of Kilkenny, says, "there are more Englishmen born in it, than in any other city in Ireland."---The protestant coal merchants of Dublin, about one hundred years ago, presented a petition to the Irish house of lords, complaining of the hardships their trade sustained, by the means of one Darby Molony, who drew all their customers from them---though he was a notorious papist and Irishman. The house of lords took this notable grievance into serious deliberation; what decision their *wisdom* came to on the subject, I have never learned. I was overtaken about half a mile beyond the town by a gentleman's servant driving a jaunting car---after bidding me good-morrow, which is a ceremony never omitted on an Irish road, he offered me a seat, which I readily accepted---I was not fatigued with the road, but I was with myself; I was tired of my own thoughts, and wanted company. The servant, with the usual courtesy of the Irish, gave me much information about himself, before he ventured on asking me any questions; I expected

then, to have to give a full, true, and particular account of my birth, parentage, and education—I was disappointed, he asked me only one question about myself—where I lived? I told him, the most of my time in London:—then I had seen Sir Francis Burdett, he supposed; I told him I had, several times; and had I seen him the day he came out of the Tower? I expected it, I said, and took a stand for that purpose upon land; but the weather was warm, and he went by water—as no doubt you have heard—Good man, good man,---he had heard it---he wouldn't risk the peace of the city---he wouldn't endanger the lives of the people, *naugh*, not even of his enemies---though they had done what they could to take away his; and had shut him up, for eight long weeks, in a narrow Tower where he hadn't room to turn himself. Had I ever spoke to him, he asked---Never, I said, I had no acquaintance with him. ---“*What a that, what a that*, wasn't I in the same town with him---oh *gemine, gemine*, if I was within forty miles, wouldn't I walk them barefooted, only to set my two eyes on him.”---He then asked me a number of minute questions about his height, age, person, dress, with an eagerness which shewed the enthusiasm with which he cherished the idea of this popular baronet.---“The ladies are all for *him*, to a *man*,” said I; “he is very handsome, therefore, of course; you know they never take the side of ugly fellows.”---“Handsome is, that handsome does,” said he; “and if he was as ugly as Black Bess, that I'm driving here, I would take his side.”---“He is lucky in having such a friend,” said I, “but as he says he is the friend of the people, it is natural you should be his.”---“I think,” said he, drawing himself up with dignity, “he is the friend of the poor, and can't bear to see how they are ill used---and that's what I love him for, because few of your gentle-folks think about them. Now here's myself; as long as I'm stout and hearty, and can drive the car,

and do my work, I have a livery put on me, and get something to eat, but if I was to become *ould* and useless, my master would turn me out to rot in the fields, as he yesterday did the *ould* bay Hunter, that carried him over ditch and gate for so many years."---"Your master was a brute, then," said I, "not half so valuable a one as the animal that carried him."---"He has three thousand a year, and drinks claret like a *Son of Mars*; but Sir Francis has twenty thousand, I warrant ye, and drinks no claret, but lays out his money in buying shoes and books, and giving porter, and bread and cheese, to the poor people about him: did you read the story of his goodness, to his wife's waiting maid, who had an *ould* mother to support?"---I told him I had. "There's a gentleman for you," proceeded he, with exultation:---(I cautioned him to sit steady lest he should tumble off)---"there's a gentleman worth fighting for; by the Holy Father, (his very oath, as I have in relating this conversation made use of his own words, as far as I could recollect them) I would wade up to my knees in blood for him; but these London capons have no spirit, or they would'nt have given him up so *donsily*! (easily)---ogh, ogh, if some of our barony boys had been there, we would have shewn them the difference; we would'nt have hung our tails and ran away, as those roast beef and plumb-pudding fellows did." "National vanity is a perfect Proteus: it founds itself in some countries on those properties which are the most despised in others:---an Englishman looks down with contempt on his ill-clad, and, as he thinks, worse-fed, brother Pat; nor are his bulls, and his blunders, greater subjects of merriment to him, than his potatoes and buttermilk. All Pat's jests, on the other hand, are levelled at, what he thinks, the shades in his brother John's character---his gluttony, and unwieldiness---his roast beef, fat pork, and strong

ale---his red face, and big belly:" he despises him as an overfed and inanimate hog, who is afraid to face danger, and unable to bear fatigue; and attributes the successes of the navy and army, to his own courage and exertions. We conversed afterwards on a variety of political occurrences, with the most minute circumstances of which I found him thoroughly acquainted.---If his information was peculiar to himself, he was an extraordinary young man; if it is general among the Catholics, there is some extraordinary system at work among them;---curious to know how he acquired it, I asked him a number of questions, some of which he answered, and others he did not:---I asked him what newspaper he read?---"The devil a newspaper do I read, (said he) or paper of any kind, for I don't know a B from a bull's foot, thanks to my father for it, who is now under the sod, rest his soul:---but I listen when I wait at table, to what the gentlemen are saying, and Barney Gallagher reads the paper to us at nights, at the Smith's forge, and gets two ten-pennys a week for reading, beside the papers into the bargain."---"What does your friend Barney think of the times," said I.---"Think," exclaimed he, "what can any sensible man think? but they are as bad, as bad can be:---when things are at the worst, they'll mend, however: it is a long lane that has no turning,---its queer corn that's never cut down.---Arrah Billy, my darling, you weather'd the storm didn't you;---you put the croppies down didn't you,---you hanged and flogged and transported them,---you should have choaked their children, too, in the cradle; but never mind, my jewel, you are now in your grave, and some of us may live to dance upon it." We had now travelled about five or six miles together, and were to separate.---I offered him some money, which he rejected with impatience.---"He hadnt asked me to ride, for any thing he would make by me, but for the

pleasure of my company."---"At all events, my lad," said I, "we must not part with dry lips; let us step into this house and have a glass of somewhat." He agreed readily to this proposition.---I poured out a glass of whiskey, "Come," said I, "here's the health of Sir Francis; you won't refuse to drink it?"---"If it was salts, down it would go in a bumper, (said he;) here's his health by land and by water, on hill and in valley; may he never be worse than I wish him.---Ough, when you go back to London, if ever you meet with him, will you tell him that our boys are all on his side?---the gentry, to be sure,---but he lives among them, as well as I do, and knows what kind of stuff they're made of,---they're poor blood,---muckle cry, and little wull, as the saying is:---if it ever comes to that, I would drive half a dozen of them before me, as easily as I drive my master's carriage."---We parted with great kindness,---he went the left hand road, which led to Augher,---I walked to Aughnacloy, which was about a mile distant.---Aughnacloy is situated on an eminence, as most north country towns are:---this is equally conducive to health and beauty.---It is probable, however, it had not its origin in those considerations, but in the more paramount ones of necessity and security.---In the barbarous times, when the foundations of these towns were laid, the country was a prey to anarchy and disorder, and peaceful men erected their habitations, as near as possible to the forts and castles, from which they looked for safety and protection.---From the neglect of agriculture, likewise, the natural consequence of perpetual warfare, the rains of so many ages subsiding on the lower grounds, converted many of the extensive plains into mossy morasses, as incapable of giving nourishment, as sustaining the habitations of men.---So general has this been, that near a tenth part of this beautiful island is become a repository for stagnated waters;---a sad

but faithful memorial of the woes she has undergone ;— there is a linen market held here on Wednesdays,—the inhabitants are mostly presbyterians, it is unnecessary to add, therefore, that they are industrious, and live very comfortably.—There are two inns, one of them lately built ;—a stately mansion, so bespangled with windows, that as the sun shone on them, it resembled a great looking glass,—there was an immense sign in front, so gay and so gaudy, so covered with gilding, that it looked like an angel in a puppet show, or a patron saint, dressed out for a procession.—This was too fine a house for me, I therefore walked into one of a less pretending appearance ; there was not so much tinsel without, and I expected more substance within :—I was shewn into a decent parlour, and on my enquiring what I could have for dinner, the lady of the house made her appearance :—I asked her a number of questions about the country :—she was a woman, and a widow ; it is not wonderful, therefore, she was not averse to conversation,—but what is wonderful, she told me nothing but good of her neighbours. The people of Aughnacloy are all angels, if I am to judge them by her character : an English landlady, I suspect, would not have given her townspeople so much “ con amore.” I conversed with her till dinner was ready, it consisted of fish, roast lamb, and sweatmeats : I was charged two shillings, and the same for a pint of port,—I was not astonished at finding it good,—the wine in Ireland is universally so, — I remember dining at a celebrated tavern in London, in April last ; I had a pint of something they were pleased to term port, though like Bayes’s prologue, it would have suited any other name as well. “ Which of these decanters is the vinegar ? ” said I to the waiter. “ This is it, Sir,” answered he, impudently adding, “ you see it is much clearer coloured than the wine.” “ And to do the wine justice, my lad,” said I, “ it is much sourer than the vinegar.” The principal land proprietor about Aughnacloy, is the



Earl of Caledon; he is, at present, at the cape of Good Hope, of which he is governor; he is a young man of amiable dispositions, and, I am told, an excellent landlord: he was colonel of the Tirone militia, and lived very much with his regiment, by whom he was greatly beloved: his father was the son of a respectable man in the middle rank of life, in the county of Derry.—At an early age he went to India, where he amassed an immense fortune: whether his peerage was purchased by a part of it, or was given him as a reward for his services there, I have never learned. Mr. H. Alexander, late chairman of the committee of ways and means, is a cousin of his lordship's, and accompanied him to the Cape; he is a man of great goodness of heart, and in conjunction with Lord Castlereagh, was the means of procuring, a few years ago, for the Presbyterian clergymen of Ireland, an augmentation of their salary from government:—this was a measure of good policy, as well as of justice, and was not *thrown* away on that reverend body. I amused myself with my wine, till the distant horn announced the approach of the coach I was waiting for: I wished to get to Omagh that night, but was disappointed, the coach was completely filled in the inside, and nearly so outside. Had the company, however, been of a more prepossessing appearance, I should have squeezed myself among them, but they were noisy and drunken, and seemed to have been quarrelling. The roof of a coach is almost as *perilous* a place to quarrel on, as the yards of a ship, where I once saw a desperate battle between two sailors; I avoid it in general,—I shrink from the rude familiarity it subjects one to, and I candidly confess I am apprehensive, when seated on this lofty pinnacle of greatness, (as is to be apprehended on every seat of greatness) of coming headlong down.

The instant the coach moved away, I moved after it;—

the horses feet made a prodigious chatter, and the outside passengers tongues a still greater than they;—they had called for some whiskey,—to drink it was easy,—payment was the difficulty,—they disputed it so long, that the coachman lost his patience, and the woman of the house her money; he cut the bill, as well as the argument short, by driving away.

I arrived at Balligawly, a little town where I meant to stop for the night, about seven in the evening. I had no difficulty in finding out the Inn, for there was only one, and a shabby looking one it was.---Inns, no more, however, than men or women, are to be judged by outside appearance. It was a little Eden within, or my fatigue made me find it so, which is just the same thing.—A man who rolls thirty miles in his chariot, is generally fastidious—a man who walks them, hardly ever so,—he is fatigued, and finds a deal chair a luxury---he is thirsty, and whiskey and water is nectar; he is hungry, and a boiled goose with onion sauce (my supper) is more delicious than venison;—greatness would do well sometimes to think on this.---The furniture of the little room was decent, and every thing perfectly clean. Geraniums were in the windows, whose mild beauty, and gentle fragrance, gave a rural appearance to the place;—There were some ludicrous prints round the room---one of Parson Adams, and Parson Trulliber---another of Sophia, fallen from horseback, taken from Tom Jones:—There was a capital display of limbs in this print—Angiolini could not have exceeded it, when she capers the highest. It was harmless, however,—the legs were as thick as a citizen's in a dropsy, and the face as frightful as Medusa's.—It would have been impossible to have recognised the lovely Sophia, but for the kind information of the engraver---I requested the loan of a book from the landlord---he sent me up two, Baxter's call

to the unconverted, and Willison on the sacrament--- which were his whole library, except the Bible, and Psalm book. A little afterwards the maid brought me in another,---it stood to reason, the good man of the house said, that after so long a walk, I would prefer something *laughey* (entertaining,) and, besides, gentlemen in the army never read godly books. It seemed he took me for a captain of horse.---Why he should do so I am at a loss to determine---It could not be because I came on foot---I was willing to exchange the work in my hand for the one brought me. It was a volume of *Clarissa Harlowe*---a book as universally met with, as *Tom Jones*, or *Don Quixotte*.---An ingenious author of letters, I recollect reading when a boy, gives the preference in pathos to the English, above all other writers : He says, " I do not believe any language, ancient or modern, can shew three traits equal to the following---the first is, the answer of Juliet, to the tyrannical Capulet."

" Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,

" That sees into the bottom of my grief ?

" Oh ! sweet, my mother, cast me not away."

The next is from Otway. When Jaffier gives Belvidera to Renault, and gives him with her a dagger, desiring him when she proves unworthy, to strike it to her heart, Belvidera answers.

" O thou unkind one !

" .... Have I deserv'd this from you ?

" Look on me, tell me,

" Why am I separated from thy love ?

" If I am false, accuse me ; but if true,

" Don't, prithee don't, in poverty forsake me,

" But pity the sad heart that's torn with parting."

The third is from *Clarissa*. After she has escaped from Lovelace, and is lodged at a glove shop, King-street, Covent garden, she writes a letter to her nurse, Mrs. Norton, in which are these words : " I am afraid my poor, as I used

to call the good creatures to whose necessities I was wont to administer by your faithful hands, have missed me of late. But now, alas ! I am poor myself."

In the volume before me, which contains Belford's account of the prison scene, which Clarissa, in one of her subsequent letters, calls a large death stride,---still more striking instances I think might be found.---I will not injure their beauty by quoting them.---It would be impossible to judge them fairly without the context ;---The following however, should be engraved in letters of gold, and hung up in the chambers of all calculating statesmen, and barbarous conquerors,---they have no feeling for others ; it might teach them to have some for themselves.---" If God will judge us, (as we are taught to believe) in a great measure, by our good, or our evil actions, one to another; O wretch, bethink thee; in time bethink thee, how great must be thy condemnation,"-----The tragedy of Lear, abounds likewise in the pathetic. I have never read without emotion, the last scene of the fourth act, where Lear is brought in sleeping in a chair, to Cordelia. When he awakes, his intellects are still wavering, and Cordelia exclaims,---" Still, still, far wide. Lear says,

" Pray do not mock me,

" For, as I am a man, I think this lady

" To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. " And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet ? Yes, faith---I pray, weep not :  
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.  
I know you do not love me ; for your sisters  
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong :  
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, No cause.

The heart-rending repetition of full-fraught grief, in the answers of Cordelia, must strike every person of sensibility ; yet I have never seen an actress in the part who seemed to comprehend it, but mumbled it over with as much

indifference as she does her prayers---if she ever says any. It is in the display of pathos, indeed, I think both actors and actresses generally fail. In rage, in terror, in horror, in loud-tongued distress, in the broad light and shade of the passions, they are often successful copyists; but in the more delicate, and less obtrusive touches of sorrow, they seldom are so: the reason of this I ~~think~~ is obvious; and I am sorry for it, for the sake of a profession I am attached to from prejudice, perhaps, more than reason: a player is seldom a man of sensibility, and as seldom a man of genius: nature is pretty uniform in her gifts to her sons, and very opposite qualities are seldom united in the same person;---where she gives great delicacy of some organs, she gives great obtuseness of others; where she gives great powers of mind, she counterbalances them, by great irritability of temperament, and great bodily disadvantages. Almost all men of genius are sickly, deformed, melancholy, awkward, and unaccommodating: Men of great beauty, great strength, great agility, as seldom possess great mental powers---an admirable Crichton is a phenomenon, that does not occur once in ten centuries. The essence of a player is flexibility of feature and voice, the power of imitation, the power of mimicry. A player is a mimic---he is not a person who feels, a poet who conceives, but a painter who copies---an Artist who puts the rule and line to passion, and by a happy knack of imitation, gives an idea of it to others---he gives fairly what he catches, but innumerable little beauties, the varied tints of hope and fear, of joy and sorrow, as like the changing colours of a lutestring, they blend and mingle with each other, he does not give, because he does not perceive them; his imitative powers are great, his perceptive ones are small---his mental eye is not acute, it is not microscopic---he is a telescope, through which we only look at large and distant objects. Garrick, with all his imitative powers, has

not one line in the numerous productions of his pen, a man of sensibility would wish to claim for his own. Even in the expression of those passions he imitates the best, how far does the player fall short of nature itself---how far is the counterfeit from the reality, the copy from the original; how poor seems his sorrow, his frenzy, to him who has seen real sorrow, real frenzy! how poor is the covering of the drawing-room, to nature's own carpet of green---how poor is the rose of the Artist, to the rose that grows on the stalk; how poor is the counterfeit nightingale, to him who has heard the nightingale itself. Some years ago, when in this country last, I was requested by a Surgeon of my acquaintance, to go along with him, to see a young gentleman, who was wounded by the accidental going off of a fowling-piece; on investigation we found the wound mortal; the shot had penetrated the abdomen, and lodged in the intestines---he was a most excellent young man---a most excellent son; he had refused many tempting offers of preferment abroad, to stay at home with his mother; she was a widow---he was her only son---he was all she had dear upon earth; she rushed into the room where we were consulting---her hair was dishevelled---her eye was fixed---she could not speak---she could not sigh---hardly she seemed to breathe; she came close up to us, she fell on her knees before us---With her hands clasped, she looked up in our faces---doubtless to enquire the fate of her son. O! what a face was there---what a countenance for the player to contemplate, could any have been found cool enough to contemplate it; even its transient glance, (I could take no other) was a volume of sorrow: never, never, may I view such another. I would have given the world, had I possessed it, could I have raised the wretched mourner---could I have spoke hope---where there was no hope; she saw it in my look, though she heard it not from my tongue. She threw herself on the earth---

she hit the ground---she raised herself up again; she beat her breast, she tore her hair; she called to her husband by his name---happy, happy, happy! you are in your grave, and did not live to see this: she looked up to Heaven, as if appealing to its justice; God, God, you would not; no, no, no; surely you would not be so cruel---you will not take the Widow's Son.

## CHAP. XIX.

### OMAGH.

I AWOKE the next morning, after twelve hours of undisturbed repose; I had wandered so long over heath and mountain, that my beard was as long as a Greek patriarch's: I sent for a barber to extricate me from it; an elderly man, lame of a leg, and with a defect in one of his eyes, like a full-grown Cupid, made his appearance a few moments afterwards: "A Clergyman I presume, Sur," said he, "by the colour of your cloth."---"Yes," I said, "I was of that trade for want of a better." "And a better trade it is, Sur," said he, "a bonie trade; a man's respected in this world, and he has as fair a chance to be wael of in the next, as any of his neighbours: there's our ain clergyman (continued he) as guid a sowl as ever broke bread; preaches two hours together without ever drawing bridle, and has as the ould and new Testament at his fingers' ends, from Genesis to the Revelations; lectures on the seven churches, and on the seven candlesticks, as pat as if it was the gospel o St. Luke; has but one fault in the world; he's our foad of the wee drap." "That's a great fault in a Clergyman," I said. "Guid man, guid man, it was *nothing* to the congregation, if it was na for the slights of others---they would na mind it gin he was to be drunk, till he was near bursting; but then it was what other Scots said---Ogh aye man, the pa-

pists, and the high kirk, hold out their fingers at us, and gibe us sore, sore, on his account." I ordered a glass of whiskey to comfort this tender-hearted Presbyterian, and sent him away perfectly happy---gin I ever preached within ten miles o that, he would come a the way on foot to hear me. The mention he made of the Revelations recalled to my mind a story I heard of an unfortunate enthusiast of the name of Russell, who was executed at Downpatrick, in the year 1803, for being concerned in the Insurrection of that period; before the judge passed sentence on him, he requested leave to say a few words---he did not expect life he said, he did not desire it---but he had been long engaged in writing a commentary on the Revelations, and had now brought it near a conclusion; if his lordship would allow him a few weeks to finish it, he would be obliged to him---Had his lordship allowed him, till he had succeeded in making this portion of Scripture intelligible, he probably would have lived as long as any person in court---A terrible misfortune had like to have befallen me in this place, which, if after travelling so long together, the reader did not regret, I should have a very ill opinion, either of him, or myself: I had walked about half a mile, when I heard a voice, calling from the hill I had just descended---Captain, Captain; an instant afterwards, your Reverence, stop, stop; I could not conceive to what Reverend Captain all this howling was addressed; when the girl of the house I just had quitted, came up all out of breath, and I found it was to myself: she had formed a compound idea of me, from the united ideas of her master and the barber: "Sir, Sir," said she, "if you forgot your pocket-book; but whether it holds gold, or bank-notes, aas, safe---its na the lighter for me."---"That I am sure it is not, my good girl," said I---The book did not contain the kind of treasure she imagined; the keeping it would have nought enriched her, but made me poor indeed. It



contained neither Bank of England or Bank of Ireland notes,---but notes and observations, infant thoughts, and half-formed ideas, for the book I am writing.---I am right glad no wag found MY POCKET BOOK. My intention, on leaving Balligawly, was to walk to this town; after I had walked a mile, however, my old enemy, the rain, came in such torrents, as to put that promenade out of the question: ---where it came from, I am at a loss to conjecture, as the sky was as bright as a looking glass about five minutes before.---My road lay through a turf bog, probably at the best of times, not very dry; a few moments continuance of the shower made it almost impassable.---A turf bog never stands in need of rain; it is like sending coals to Newcastle. I stepped into a cabin which, by good luck, was on the road side.---It was really good luck, for there was a large dunghill in front, which nearly hid it from view.---By making a detour, however, and stooping very low at the threshold I got into the house.---“I am come,” I said, “to seek some shelter till the rain is over.”---“And why not? and *tin* thousand welcomes into the bargain;” said the man; of the house, starting up;---“*shusy*, draw his honour a *creepy*.” (a small stool.)---I knew now I was the guest of a catholic.---The dunghill was suspicious:---your *honour*, was decisive. A Protestant never gives this appellation lightly,---a presbyterian never gives it at all.---The cabin consisted of a kitchen, and room off it.---It was not cleanly certainly,---nor was it squalidly dirty: there was a good turf fire blazing on the hearth, and several noggins; porringers, and a few plates were on the dresser.---Stools in abundance, likewise, and one chair. The latter was crazy, however, and seemed an article of state, rather than utility. ---Yet this was the habitation of a peasant of the lowest order. The man’s name was Mc Laughlin. Mac, I believe, in ancient times, prefixed to a name,

signified great man, or lord, as O did prince, or a lord of the highest class. Some of his ancestors, probably, held the land on which he now lived a poor cottier. The change of property in Ireland is almost inconceivable. The descendants of the ancient inhabitants, are now only the dogs of the people. The wheel of human affairs, however, is perpetually turning, and no person can tell where its revolution may bring them again. He was smoking when I entered; after wiping the pipe, he civilly offered it to me, and on my declining it, handed it to his wife. I asked for a drink of water: "*Shusy*," said he, "hand the gentleman a noggin of milk." "I wish," said the poor woman, as she brought it to me, it was butter,\* for your sake.---This is a strange, but it is a pastoral idea. Job, though he did not drink butter, made almost as singular a use of it. "O that I were," exclaimed he, "as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me. When I washed my steps with butter, and the rocks poured me out rivers of oil." "These mountains of your's," said I, "are very dreary and solitary; many a robbery has been committed in them, I dare say." "Many a one I trow," said he, "but not just of young days: (he meant lately) I have heard my father tell many a long story of what happened, when he was a boy." I endeavoured to get him to recollect some of them; but he said he could na, they had aa escaped his recollection. There was a torpor and listlessness about this poor creature, not unusual among Irish peasants. Travellers have often met with it, and with the pert flippancy of presumptuous ignorance, have smiled at it as inherent, and constitutional laziness. It is not laziness, however, in the common acceptation of the word; it is melancholy, it is hopelessness, it is despondency.---It is a singular recollection of ancient sufferings and humiliations. It is the heart sinking of the prisoner, as

whom the act of cleaning himself, becomes at length a burthen.---The day was again fine, and finding that my host was not likely---“*ex fumo dare lucem,*” I continued my journey. I gave him some trifle on quitting him; a stranger, by his blessings, and his wife’s, might have thought it great; and, perhaps, such was their poverty, that a trifle was great. Balligawly mountains, in ancient times, were the scene of rapine and murder.---They were haunted by a gang of robbers, at the head of which was one Redmond O’Hanlan, celebrated in provincial story, as the Cartouche, or Robin Hood of the north of Ireland. The most marvellous tales are told of his courage, his exploits, and generosity; robbing the rich only, and sharing his spoils with the poor.

Redmond O’Hanlan was among the last of that obnoxious body of men, distinguished by the title of Rapparees from the Irish name of their half pike; a weapon easily procured by the most barbarous. They roved about in bodies, in search of subsistence, without any certain abode, or destination, and plundering every district they visited, were dreaded and detested by the country. They were well known, during the reign of Charles the Second, under the name of Tories; and served to give a nickname to a body of men holding certain political opinions, which name they retain to this day. The Irish Rapparees were long a subject of popular terror and wonder, to the English; and to the idle and exaggerated tales, which were propagated of them, are to be, in a great degree attributed; the abhorrence with which too many of them still regard the Irish. Yet many of these unfortunate men were driven, by necessity, to this wretched course of life. They were robbed themselves, before they became robbers; plundered by the miscreants of those armies, which so often ravaged and desolated Ireland, “they had no alternative but to plunder and rob in their turn, or to starve—to be murderers or to

perish: they assembled at the dead of night in solitary places, projected their excursions, rushed suddenly on their prey, vanished at the first appearance of opposition, and were again readily collected.---They hung about the army on its march; every straggling soldier they killed; even for the sake of his arms or clothing. In the rage of national hatred, they frequently mangled his dead body, and returned on their invaders' heads, a portion of those woes, so dreadfully inflicted on themselves. After walking a couple of miles from my last halting place, I was overtaken by the Derry coach; there were only three inside passengers; and I was happy to make the fourth. By a whimsical coincidence for the north of Ireland, (where strangers are not numerous) they were all of different countries. One was an Englishman, the other a Scotchman, and the third a Frenchman. The country we passed through, was forlorn and dreary; a bleak and dismal bog was on one side, on the other wild and barren mountains covered with heath, and destitute of inhabitants.---But the evening was beautiful; the parting rays of the sun, played on the streams, that poured down from the craggy cliffs that hung over us, and the soft notes of a clarionet, on which the guard was playing, intermingled with the sound of the waters, and made it most delightful. Our music, however, was doomed to suffer a melancholy interruption. The guard, having placed himself incautiously on the roof, was, by a sudden motion of the coach, thrown to the ground, and killed on the spot.---The body was left in a cabin near the place where the accident happened; nor could I on driving away, restrain a sigh of commiseration for the unhappy man, whose wild notes an instant before had given me such pleasure, and who thus—

“ Did play the swan,

“ And die in music.”

We got into Omagh about seven o'clock ;--The coach stops at a house, of which I have forgot the sign. I preferred the Abercorns Arms directly opposite ; which, for cleanliness and civility, I found equal to any house I have ever been in.--The landlord's name is Jenkins ; he is a civil, obliging little fellow,--he shewed me every thing that was curious in the town and neighbourhood : and performed the part of Ciceroni with great success, considering it was his first appearance in that character. He assured me I was the only traveller, who ever thought it worth his while to ask him a single question about Omagh, during five years he had lived in it. The approach to this town is pretty ; it is situated on a rising ground.--The country round is highly cultivated, intersected with hedges, and tolerably well planted. The church spire, and a small cupola erected on the session house, give it a gay, and somewhat of theatric appearance.--The interior of the town, however, destroys the delusion.--The streets are dirty, and irregular, and though there are some good houses, they are by no means so numerous, as those of an opposite description--yet I saw none of those hovels, which are described by travellers, as forming the entrance to an Irish country town.--In general the cabins were tolerably decent ;--what I allude to is the external state of the habitations of many, who no doubt belonged to the better order of inhabitants ; and which indicated negligence and indolence, more than poverty and want.--A number of the houses were thatched :--being repaired at different periods, as necessity required, the roofs often presented a grotesque appearance, and were decked in all the colours of the year ;--the fresh straw of autumn, on the part lately done, and the green verdure of spring in the plentiful crop of weeds which grow on the more ancient.--At a distance one might have taken it for the city of Babylon, with its gardens and green fields,

on the tops of the houses.---Omagh (pronounced Omay, as being softer,) is the assize town of the County Tyrone—a dignity it owes more to its central situation, than to any other advantage it possesses.—There is a degree of gloom about it, which it is more easy to feel than describe.—If I was confined to a country town, I should not chuse Omagh for my prison. It was formerly the property of the O'Neils, and takes its name from them---A learned Etymologist tells me, it signifies the field of the O's---A small portion of their ancient castle still remains near the town; a large bird like an eagle, curiously cut on stone, was taken down some years ago, from off one of the pillars of the grand portal.---This eagle attracted great crowds of visitors to the yard into which he was thrown, and as he had no power to defend himself, he was very roughly handled; his beak was broken, his claws were clawed off, and his wings so clipped, that when I visited him, I could not tell whether he was an eagle, or an ancient Irish warrior. The Austrian eagle, has not been more roughly handled by the French Emperor, than this Omagh one by its curious visitors. The only other remnant of antiquity, is the remains of an old abbey, but this, like the Eagle, may be any thing else as well. At Omagh, like other places, antiquarians see things invisible to common sight---It stood to reason, a man said (who came out of a house to give me its history) it should be a friory, for from the shape of it, it could be no other building; I don't say it could be no other, but certainly it resembled a friory as much as any other building ---he told me he recollects when part of the roof was on it. Over the front gate, likewise, there were two holes for cannon, to guard it.---It would appear, by his account, they did it most effectually:---at the wars of Ireland, a regiment came forward to take possession of it; at this time the friars had all fled, and only the old porter, an old woman, and a cat,

remained:---As soon as they perceived the soldiers near enough, the old man began a brisk fire upon them, the old woman assisting all the time to load the cannon:---what the employment of the cat was, my narrator could not inform me.---Having lost many of his best men, the colonel came forward and demanded a parley; he begged of the old man to allow him to go in, and gave his word and honour, he would do him no injury, nor suffer any one to enter but himself.---The old man consented, and let him in.---The colonel asked where all the people were, who had prevented his men from entering. "There was no one here at all at all," says the old man, "but that old woman, myself, and that grey cat." "I suppose," said I, "the grey cat was a witch; and was the life and soul of the little garrison." "Witch, or warlock, I cannot say," said the man, "but the story is as true as you stand there, for I have heard my father tell it twenty, and twenty-times, when I was a little boy."-----The colonel, as was natural, was struck with the heroism of this gallant Triumvirate, (I beg pardon for the buff) and assured them, that no unhallowed thing should pollute these holy-walls.---He was as good as his word, or rather heaven took care of them.---No heretic ever had power to enter. The ark of holy Noah, was never profaned by the tread of Protestant feet.---When the three brave centinels above mentioned were relieved by the course of nature, another no less formidable one started up---a ghost in a red cloak---well known in Omagh to this day, by the name of *Auld* red cloak.-----The only place of worship in Omagh is the church, which is pretty well attended. The presbyterians, who form the bulk of the inhabitants, have their meeting house a little way out of town---both protestants and presbyterians, I am sorry to remark, are equally rooted in their prejudices against the Catholics, as in other places I have gone through---their religion is one of hatred and not of love.---They seem to view the papists (as they

term them) with the same eye, that some chaste dames, & ladies of a different description.

" Who think the nation ne'er will thrive,

" Till all the W——s are burnt alive."

A melancholy proof of this diseased state of public feeling will be found in the following narrative.—In July, 1800, the protestant, or orange party, met to commemorate the battle of the Boyne; and, as is customary, were decked with orange ribbons, and orange lilies, in honour of their great deliverer.—King William, as is well known, was called the Prince of Orange, before he ascended the throne of England; and, by a whimsical species of association, orange has since been the favourite Protestant colour.—Unluckily, a party of volunteers from a regiment of militia, came into town that day, on their way to England. They wore still the uniform of the regiment they had quitted, and had green facings and feathers—Green is a most obnoxious colour to the orangemen, and obtruded on them thus, in the midst of rejoicings, made it still more odious. Nor is it unlikely, as they do not detest the Catholics, more than the Catholics detest them, that the militia men made an ostentatious display of it. They had received their bounty money, and whiskey was plenty on the road. A soldier who has money to purchase liquor, and can get it to purchase, is seldom sober. The orangemen had met to commemorate a grand event—"It was a day of fun and jollity." It is to be presumed; therefore, they drank as freely as the soldiers. Whether it was the frenzy of party, or of liquor, or of both, a quarrel soon ensued:—several severe blows were given on each side; but, at length, the militia were driven off the field.—The orangemen, however, had but a short time to enjoy their triumph:—their antagonists returned in a few instants, with muskets they had borrowed from



the soldiers of a company quartered in town---They fired promiscuously on the group of orangemen, and inhabitants that covered the street.---Five men, I believe, were killed, and a much greater number wounded: of the men killed on the spot not one was an orangeman.---They were merely spectators attracted by curiosity.---The death of a person of the name of Harvey, was attended with some extraordinary circumstances.---He was endeavouring to prevent a friend from going out to join the orangemen; as they were struggling on the threshold a shot struck him on the knee, and he died shortly afterwards.---By the exertions of the magistrates, this unfortunate business was at length put a stop to, and the volunteers lodged in prison,---eight of them were tried at the next assizes, but acquitted. I mention this to the honour of the jury who tried them. They were, doubtless, almost all presbyterians; they had therefore, strong prejudices to struggle against; but their sense of the obligation of an oath, was stronger even than their hatred of Catholics. About two miles from Omagh is Rash, the beautiful demesne of Lord Mountjoy. The house is a mean cottage, but I am told conveniently fitted up in the inside. The late Lord Mountjoy was a benevolent character; was fond of agriculture himself, and encouraged it in others. He commanded the Dublin regiment of militia, and was killed at the battle of New Ross, in 1798. Lord O'Neill, another northern Lord, was killed at Antrim a few days afterwards. It is melancholy that two of the most amiable men, among the Irish peerage, should have been the victims of this unfortunate rebellion. There were many others who could have been much better spared. The present Lord is a military man likewise:---he commands a legion of volunteers, or yeomen, and if not one of the most experienced, is certainly one of the finest officers in

his majesty's service. His jacket and pantaloons are loaded with gold, and stars, and jewels, if I am to credit popular report:---his bridle, saddle, and saddle-cloth, are equally ornamented.---“*Surr*,” said my informant, “even his stirrup irons are gold.” This is a bull, but it is an excuseable one;---it is a *hit*, but not a palpable one.---Iron is the substance of which stirrups are generally made;---stirrup irons, therefore, are supposed to denote the thing only, and not the thing and the substance combined. In England a similar mode of expression is not uncommon:---delicate ladies will say, “I am sick of mornings, if I do not eat a few mouthfuls of somewhat before breakfast.”---And I have heard not ill-educated people say; “no; I never drink the common sort;---my tea is always warm water with a little cream in it, and sweetened with sugar. His lordship is not only a fine officer, but a fine player likewise,---another Irish Roscius,---a new northern light, or dramatic luminary;---acts tragedy, comedy, and farce; and what is a rare merit, and proves the man of genius,---he is *equally* great in them all,---farce, however I am told, is his own favourite; he is fond of recurring to it, and something of it is to be seen even in his tragedy.---He has erected a neat little theatre in his demesne;---sent for a scene painter to London, to paint gods and goddesses, heathen temples, and Chinese pagodas, green fields, and fat cows, with other scenic decorations. A summer or two ago, he brought down a shbal of actors and actresses from Dublin; quartered them on his tenants, and buffeted them through his grounds, like travelling gypsies; and opened his theatre, having previously issued cards of invitation, to all the neighbouring gentry. It is needless to say he was loudly applauded, particularly by the ladies:---when a man has the good fortune to be rich, young, handsome, and though last, not least, a lord, they must be

hard-hearted ladies-indeed, who would not be delighted with his performance. He had something too, to please all palates;---tragedy is melancholy work, and his lordship did not wish to send his hearers weeping to their beds,---tender souls might cry at the *play*, but every body brightened up at the *after-piece*.---There was always an excellent supper, and wine for the audience.---The gentlemen with one accord pronounced him a spirited, and the ladies a most ravishing performer. He is, I learn, a good-humoured, and amiable man; not a philosopher, perhaps, but that is not wonderful. Lords seldom are philosophers, and to do our government justice, they seldom make philosophers lords. I dined with the people of the inn---I found them pleasant and agreeable. When we were at table the waiter came in, and asked for paper, pen, and ink.---This is completely a Scotch mode of expression,---in the same manner they say here, butter and bread, or cheese and bread, instead of bread and butter,---bread and cheese. One of the young men played on the fiddle,---not so well as Mr. Ware, perhaps, but well enough for Omagh.---Among other tunes he played the Highland Laddie:---a Scotch officer in the next room heard it, he came in where we were sitting, apologized for the intrusion, and begged leave to tak a tumbler with us.---“My hert warmed to that tune whenever a heard it, for ye man ken, I was borne near Inverary, and am a highland laddie myself.”---He was about fifty years of age, and upwards of six-feet high. If he was a highland laddie, I wonder what highland men and women are. “Can ye play the *wauking* of the *fauls*,” said he, to the musician?”---“No,” the other answered. “Eh! mon, that’s a pity,---it’s a deevil of a guid tune,---I could listen a whole night to it: it puts me so muckle in mind of a *lang syne*.---Here Sandy, Sandy, (starting up and calling to his servant) devil tak

the chair, he's neer to be got when he's wanted.---Here Sandy, whistle that gentleman the *wauking of the fiddle*, may be he can catch it with his fiddle."---The servant, who seemed to have more sense than his master, felt awkward, and did not immediately begin.---"Why dinna ye begin, ye mule ye," said the other; "ye would hae been whistling it by the oor, gin I had na asked for it."---The boy then put himself in a military attitude, like Trim reading the sermon, and began whistling the *wauking of the fiddle* so vociferously, that I walked off as precipitately as I should have done from a pair of bag-pipes. The morals of the Scotch have been justly and highly applauded.---Their manners would not be thought so favourably of, if they were to be judged by some of the Scotch officers who come to this country. The Tay-Side fencibles were quartered here some years ago. A gentleman said, jocularly, to one of the lieutenants; "What did you do captain before you turned soldier?" "In troth then poor enough," said the other, "if the truth were to be tauld:---my father was a tailor, and had a wee bit o' land, and so I wrought sometimes on the board, and sometimes at the tak." I was soon known to be a doctor, and as soon got a patient.---Travelling doctors are greatly prized in Ireland, because they are a kind of God-send, and never take fees.---It would be very unreasonable if they did, for the patients never take their prescriptions:---my present one was a farmer, who lived about a mile out of town.---The young man who played the fiddle, walked along with me. I was shewn into the room where the sick man lay.---It was a very sultry evening, he lay under a treble load of blankets, and an immense fire blazed on the hearth.---I moved to the window, to try to open it, but it was nailed down. Irish farmers think they have air enough in the open fields, and seldom admit it into their apartments;---they would there-

fore be reservoirs of disease; but happily, the same carelessness which shuts it out, sometimes lets it in.—Panes when once broken, are seldom mended, and even a hole in the roof is seldom hastily repaired.—I felt the man's pulse and looked at his tongue—he was in a high fever—his situation would have caused some degree of it to every human being. I desired the guid wife (as she is called) to take off some of the blankets.---“ I durs na, Surr,” she said, “ he is in a great heat, and would tak his death of coold.”---“ My good woman,” I said, “ if he takes his death (which is not unlikely) it won't be from coold I assure you—why do you keep such a fire on this warm evening ?” “ In troth, Surr, and I will just tell ye: he has a grate weight about his *hert*, and the *ni'bours* advised me to put it on, and now and then, to gie him a wee drop of Whiskey, just to strike it out.”---“ And then my guid ni'bours, come in o'evenings,” said the sick man, “ to ask how I am, and crack a bit—one must have something to make them comfortable you know.” “ I know,” said I, “ if I was in a fever, I would think of myself, and not of those who, from idle curiosity, came in to visit me ; and who run the risk of taking an infectious disease, and propagating it through the country.---Do you wish I should order you any medicine ?” “ I canna say I do, Surr ; not that I would *kaist* ony slur on your judgment, but I am in the hands of Providence, and he is the best Doctor :---he knows what is guid for me, better than I do myself, and gin it be *leese*, or death, I submit myself to his will.” “ Providence allows second means to be made use of,” I said ; “ as he gives corn to satisfy hunger, and water to quench thirst, so he gives medicine to cure disease. You had better let me order something.”---“ I canna, Surr, I canna ; dinna be angry with me, but it would be tempting Providence. Affliction does na rise from the dust, nor sorrow from the ground.---Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth ; he

gives and he tak away ; he makes sick and he makes well ; blessed for ever be his holy name." " Tell me, then," I said, (I assure you I am not angry) " why were you so anxious to see me. I am no magician ; you don't suppose I work miracles ---I can't cure you by a look." " Na, na, na, Surr, I know ye canna ; but I just wished ye to spend your opinion on me. I have a son, a bra daddie, just out of his time, who works at the carpenter trade, in Armagh---gin I thought I would dee, I would send for him to give him my blessing, and a wee bit of advice ; youth is never the worse of it, and I would wish him to see, what he man one day come to himsel. But gin I am to live, I would na choose to tak him so long off his work," " My good friend," I said, I admire your fortitude, and resignation, though I cannot say I think much of your wisdom---I will tell you honestly, therefore, my opinion : If you do not resolve to throw off a portion of these clothes, to extinguish that fire, to quit cracking with your *ni'hours*, and taking their prescriptions ; the sooner you send for your son the better ; and as he is a carpenter, he may bring a coffin with him."-----I believe I have said in a former part of this work, that the belief of predestination is a comfortable doctrine for the soldier. I am sure it is not so for the Doctor---how many sleep heads would be rough ; how many who *aw* roll in chariots, would mend shoes, for want of genius to make them, if the fine ladies and gentlemen of London were to become Calvinists. " Gin I was to do the one half of what ye tauld me, and my husband to die," said the woman, as she followed me to the door, " I could never lift up my *heed* again ;--- the *ni'hours* would say I murdered him." " At all events," I said, " you can put a clean shirt on him ; the one he has on is scandalously dirty." " Its na dirty, Surr, I assure ye, I put it on him the day he was taken ill, that winna be a week till to-morrow."---This good woman's idea of clean linen, reminds me of the following instance given by Doctor G----- in his lectures, of what he jocularly

terras Scotch cleanliness.—He was attending a young lady in a fever—he several times desired the mother to change her linen; she repeatedly said she would, and at length, though reluctantly, complied.—“Doctor,” said she to him one morning, “I have done as you directed me; I have put a clean shift on Maria, and she finds it very refreshing.”—“I hope,” answered he, “you took care to have it well aired.” “Oh! don’t be under any uneasiness about that,” replied the careful parent,—“before I put it on her, I wore it two days myself.”—I cannot forbear mentioning another instance I have heard of Scotch cleanliness; though possibly it is a fabricated, rather than a real story. An English gentleman travelled once in Scotland, who was very fastidious—he disliked the cookery, and was disgusted with the dirty manner in which every thing was served up to him. He tried several Inns, but found them all alike—they could give him nothing that was clean, or nothing that he could be brought to think was so.—He stopt once at a little public house—he asked what he could have for dinner; the woman said she had a nice goose egg, which could be dressed in an instant.—The poor traveller thought, at length, he had a fair chance of something cleanly; he ordered her to put it down in the ashes to roast, and sat down by the fire side to watch it.—“I think,” said he, “I have at length got a dish the devil himself can’t spoil in the cookery.”—“I fancy it must be done now,” said he, to the landlady, who was sitting beside him. “I’ll soon tell you that,” said she, pulling a large pin out of her mouth, with which she had been picking her teeth, and thrusting it into the side of the egg:—“ah weel-a-wot, Surr, its as weel done an egg as ony in Christendom.” A few years ago, the Presbyterians in the country parts of this kingdom, were not much cleaner than their Scottish ancestors. The inside of a vessel was seldom washed, and the outside hardly ever.—I have heard a worthy man who lived very much among them, (when in

early life he travelled as a pedlar,) say, that the oat bread and butter, handed about at tea, was generally spread with the thumb and fingers of the good woman of the house. ---The man who would have refused to eat it on that account, would have been thought a conceited coxcomb, or in the phrase of the country, more nice than wise.---A small distance from the house where I had been visiting, is Drumra Bridge, an edifice of great antiquity; built over a beautiful winding river, called the Cammon (which is the Irish word for crooked)---at the far side of the bridge, are the remains of Drumra old church, founded by no less a personage than St. Patrick himself.---St. Patrick was a great benefactor of Irishmen---he not only made them christians, and chased all venomous creatures from their island, but he levelled mountains, overthrew rocks, and built churches.---This at least is the Catholic account of him.---The Protestants, it must be confessed, hold him, and the whole of his fraternity, in contempt, swearing they were more sinners than saints---a kind of spiritual jugglers, who threw dust into people's eyes, and cheated them with tricks of legerdemain, and slight of hand.---This has been for ages a very gentle place.---I was at a loss to understand the meaning of gentle, thus applied, and asked an explanation:---This was easily given; it has long been a favourite haunt of the fairies.---Soft music is frequently heard here in summer evenings, and at midnight they generally begin their dancing. Near the church there is a small cabin, the owner of which took it into his head, a few months since, to cut down some old hawthorn trees, which grew in a field behind his house. They had not been cut down many nights, when his house became disturbed with uncommon noises, and turf, clay, and sand were thrown about in an extraordinary manner: one of his neighbours (our informant) can safely swear, he saw a red



loosening itself, rising gradually from the lower part of the wall, behind the bed, and then just as if it had been blown from the mouth of a *bast*, struck him plump on the *breast*, over several people's *beds*. It did not do him the least injury;---had any thing human thrown it, it certainly would have knocked him down.---He had scarcely time to *bliss* himself, before his wife was struck on the side of her head with a lump of clay; and though her cap was as white as snow, (being not more than three or four days washed) it was not in the least soiled. She blessed herself and ran home as quick as possible, and the good man, from his care of her (for he was 'nt in the least *afraid*) followed her immediately. The next morning they sent for the man to whom the house belonged, advised with him, and *raisoned* with him to *tak* back the hawthorn trees to the place he had brought them from, but all to no purpose.---He said, that now the deed was done, there would be no use in taking them back;---besides, that he had always said, that the gentry were *gude folk*, and he never intended to harm them by taking away the trees; but all his good speeches *behind their back*, had no effect on the gentry, as the throwing about turf, clay, &c. had still continued. They at last sent for the priest who read prayers in the house. The gentry had so much respect for his holy function, as to keep tolerably quiet while he was present, but the moment his back was turned, became more noisy and obstreperous than ever. The man who gave us all this information was detently enough dressed:---he said, "That gin he was to die the next morning, he would tak it to death with him that every word he spoke was as true as the bible." Whether he was deceiving or deceived, I will not take on me to determine, perhaps he was both:---a part he thought true, and endeavored to strengthen it, by feigning the remainder. We are too fond of simplifying, in judging the actions of men.

We think of one cause only, when there are many. The mixture of simplicity and cunning, folly and knavery, is more frequent than people are aware of. How else should we have so many miracles, saints, quack-doctors, and methodist-preachers.

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## CHAP. XX.

### NEWTOWN STEWART.

I CAME here in the coach last night. I travel by easy stages---Newtown Stewart is only eight miles from Omagh. It was dark when I took my seat. I could not see my fellow travellers, but I heard them. Young ladies, we are told, should be seen before they are heard. In Ireland both young ladies, and old gentlemen, are generally heard before they are seen. They were talking of the Jews. A man in a corner said, it was an observation made by Grotius, that the Jews were probably scattered over the earth, by a wise dispensation of providence, to make them the means of propagating the gospel, to the remotest parts of the universe.---He quoted two lines of Homer, I suppose, in illustration of this :---how he came to procure his authority for the conversion of the Jews first, and then the Pagans, I am at a loss to conjecture ;---perhaps it would puzzle Grotius himself, if he was alive, to explain it. I said, I had no doubt they would be successful missionaries,---if they circulated the gospel as extensively as they now do English guineas, christians would be as plenty on the earth, as gold is now scarce in England. A young man told us of a great affront put on him in London, some weeks before. He went (from curiosity) to the Jewish

Synagogue. A person asked him some questions about the nature of the worship,—"D—n ye," I said, "do you take me for a Jew?" "If he had looked in your face," said a female, I am sure he never could have made that mistake." "Oh, mam, much obliged to you,—damned hog of an Englishman; if it had not been in a place of worship, I would have beat his snub nose as flat as a pancake. A few days afterwards (he proceeded) he was invited to a Jewish wedding. There were a great number of fine girls, and the bride could not listen to the Rabbi for looking at him." "You would have had no objection," said I, "I suppose, to have taken the form of the humblest of the tribe of Issachar if it had been a more effectual means of recommending you to these black, but comely daughters of Jerusalem?" "A gentleman of his appearance (the modest dame again observed,) "required no other shape than his own, to please either Jew or Christian." I record this silly chit-chat, merely to shew how cautious a traveller should be in forming his opinion of a country, from loose observation, or casual conversation. Not one of these three persons was a native of the north of Ireland. He who quoted Greek was a priest, and educated at the university of Salamanca. The young man was a citizen of New York, and the lady was a strolling player, and an Englishwoman. A little distance from Newtown Stewart, a bag of dollars, that was loosely fastened on the top, fell off, and poured a portion of its precious contents on the ground. We got out to assist the guard in picking them up. It was his own fault that he had not more numerous helpers. The country people came flocking, to see what was the matter; and when they found a harvest of dollars was to be gathered, they were all willing to become labourers; what was so kindly offered, however, was most ungraciously rejected. The guard levelled his musket, and desired them to keep

at a distance. It was his majesty's *silver*," he said, "and if one of them dared to touch a *copper* of it, he would blow his brains out."---The poor people retired as expeditiously as they came: whatever relish they might have for *silver*, they did not seem to have any for lead.---We continued our search so long for his majesty's stray *silver*, that I do not believe we left a single *copper* for any person who came after us.---I supped most deliciously on bacon and eggs. I would recommend this dish to any of my readers who may travel in Ireland, for two reasons:---in the first place, he will generally find it excellent; and in the next, it is the best relish for Whiskey punch I am acquainted with. I quaffed the latter off in full streams, as clear as if they had issued from Mount Helicon. They did not give inspiration, perhaps, but they did happiness, which is to the full as good a travelling companion. I don't know that I ever saw a more beautiful village than Newtown Stewart; situated on the declivity, and nearly at the bottom of a lofty hill, the eye ranges with delight over the fairy mansions, extended in gay theatric pride before it. A pretty little spire has been lately erected on the church, which is at the head of the town, and forms a conspicuous ornament, as it elevates its glittering head among the green branches of the surrounding trees. A poet would here delight to place his imaginary Arcadia;---surrounded by lofty hills, far removed from the busy haunts of folly and vice, sheltered from the stormy blast of life.---

" Here reigns content

" And nature's child simplicity, long since

" Exiled from polished realms."

But the region of a poet is proverbially fiction, and Newtown Stewart will afford no objection to the justice of the observation.---I believe, as in most country towns, more

cunning and trick, more envy and jealousy, more heart-burnings and dissensions, more hatred and malice, more mean, pitiful, and paltry contentions, will be found here, than in ten times its size in the largest town in Christendom. ---The man who wishes for pastoral innocence, and simplicity of manners, must seek them in the country, not in a country town. There are several old castles on the adjacent hills, but in general they appear to have never been of much consequence, or of any considerable strength; many of them, however, are partly composed of a very strong cement, and almost impossible to reduce, even with gun-powder. ---One near the town, circularly built, is said to be of great antiquity; it is called Harry Avery's castle, and I am informed was formerly the residence of the Kings of Ulster. ---Part of this old castle projects eight feet beyond its base, and has the appearance of being suspended in the air, so great is the strength of the cement, which keeps the stones together. ---Some time since, there was a review of volunteers at Newtown Stewart ---as the greater number of them were orangemen, they attended in the colours of their order. ---This was one of their grand gala days, and they came ornamented in their very best manner, as they meant, after the review was over, to treat themselves with a walk to Strabane, a town about eight miles off: ---Strabane was very obnoxious to them ---orangeism had made little progress there ---the inhabitants had good sense, and, what is fully as rare, ---the magistrates had good sense likewise. They wished to discountenance, or at least to prevent the public display of those odious distinctions, which separate the people of Ireland so fatally from one another: ---Beyond all other things, orange processions are offensive to the Catholics; they remind them forcibly of their ancient misfortunes, and what they think their present degradation. They

regard them not only as injuries but insults, and writhe at the sight of them, with such agony as a wretch might be supposed to do, at the sight of the rack on which he was to be extended.—The magistrates, therefore, would allow no orange procession to march through the town, and when some individuals attempted it, they threatened to read the riot act, if they did not immediately disperse.—The orangemen were now assembled in such numbers, as to be indifferent about opposition, and bid defiance both to magistrates and riot-acts.---They could at once display their strength, gratify their revenge, and enjoy their triumph. The people of Strabane were worse than Catholics.—They had protestant faces, (in this country a man's religion is seen in his face as well as in his actions) but they were mere renegadoes, who had deserted the good old cause, and cared no more about King William, than King Priam—poor grovelling souls, who remained at home all day, stuck fast to their counters, like bad shillings, instead of stalking about, like may-poles dizenèd with flowers, for the good of their country---a solemn procession might reclaim them from the evil of their ways, and teach them a more exalted manner of thinking---When the review was finished, the general addressed the volunteers with compliments on their appearance, and day's performance---he hoped, he said, that such of the gentlemen as were orangemen, would return quietly home, and give up the idea of marching to Strabane. They took his praise as their due, but rejected his advice with as much contempt as if it had been a doctor's:---he spoke to them more peremptorily; he reminded them that obedience was the great duty of a soldier.---It was a duty they had never much thought of, or if they had, they chose to forget it on this occasion—After consulting a few minutes together, they laid down their arms, and one of them thus spoke in the name of the rest—"There are our guns, General," said he, "and here we are *oursels*, and *deel* tak our

sauls, gin we *irna* allowed to march to Strabane, if we will ever tak them up again."---The general knew what kind of people he had to deal with---They might not be men of obedience, but they were of truth :---They had protested too much, but he knew---they would keep their word. He prudently rode off, therefore, to avoid witnessing a breach of discipline, he would not encourage, and could not prevent. The troops being now their own masters, resumed their arms, and began their march:---Consternation and dismay preceded them; and when they arrived on the little hill that overlooks Strabane, the inhabitants thought they were to be overrun by a worse plague than any that befel Egypt.---They did these poor orange missionaries injustice, however:---they came to reclaim, not to punish sinners.---They passed through town as harmless, though not so silent, as mourners at a funeral---Except annoying a few people who had delicate ears, by their hideous yelling, opposite the door of the most obnoxious magistrate, it does not appear they did any other mischief---It can hardly be called such, their getting drunk and robbing a few orchards on their return homewards.---They had marched and huzzaed themselves into a fever, for the good of their country; they surely had a right to pluck a few apples to cool it.---Standing at the Inn door this morning, I counted no less than twenty wheel cars, laden with goods, going downwards from Dublin---These paltry wheel-barrows (as some Englishmen who visited this country have termed them) have been a never-failing subject of merriment and ridicule---yet they are admirably adapted to the local situation of Ireland.---An Englishman might as well despise Irishmen for having bogs, and rocks, and mountains, while he has dead flats, and unvaried plains, as laugh at them for their small horses, and humble wheel-cars, while he has teams of elephants and gigantic waggons.---In every country, what

is universally practised must have some foundation in nature and reason.---But pride will not be instructed, and indolence will not enquire.---Flippancy gives itself the airs of wisdom, and to prove it, finds fault with every thing it sees. Men listen with complacency to the tale of others disadvantages, and rejoice in the advantages they themselves possess. Censure, therefore, will always find more readers than panegyric, and a sneer will be more relished than an argument. An Englishman is too obstinately attached to his own habits to make sufficient allowance for the habits of others ; or even to be a competent judge of them---he forms his ideas from the standard of London, and whatever is different is wrong ; he feels no comforts in other countries, and caricatures, and exaggerates, all their defects :---whatever is not abundance is want---whatever is not perfect cleanliness is the extreme of filthiness---whatever is not costliness is rags :---haricot of mutton, is not roast beef---Italian macaroni, is not Cheshire cheese---and French claret, is not London Porter. ---I dined about two years ago in a French coffee-house, in Nassau-street, in company with a friend from Shropshire.---There was a bill of fare before us as long as my arm---the only thing my companion would eat, however, was not in it :---He kept raging and bellowing for beef-steak and oyster-sauce, to the great amusement of a number of foreigners who were in the room.---I hung down my head in confusion---It struck me as a brutal thing in him, to be so desirous of cow's meat ; for I'm sure at that instant I thought him a great calf. This unfortunate arrogance in the English character has been productive of many ill consequences.---It has given foreigners an erroneous idea of it---like the sun seen through a mist, its rays were dusky as the veil thrown over it. It is neither loved, nor esteemed, nor valued---It is not amiable, and therefore, it is thought not estimable.---“ I have now seen and mixed much with the world, (said once



an enlightened Italian to me)---I owe many obligations to Englishmen, and surely my prejudices, if they are not for, are not against them---yet, God so help me, as I declare my firm opinion, they are beyond all other men the most disagreeable---the most unaccommodating---the most arrogant---the most supercilious---the most selfish, and the most unamiable;---I do not say that I have not met with many exceptions---and when I did meet with them, they were of the noblest kind; but the bulk of the nation are as I have described them."---A Scotch officer lodged some years ago, at the house of a good-humoured Dutch woman, at the Cape of Good Hope,---"I no like the English officers, (said she to him,) half so well as the French---Frenchman lodge in my house---he be very civil, he talk to me, he say how do do Madam---how is Monsieur votre Mari---how is Mademoiselle, votre Charmante Fille?---But Englishman come in the morning---stalk, stalk; he no speak to me, he no speak to my daughter---he drinks off two great cups of tea, and then says, 'me was d---d drunk last night.' "-----There is hardly a nation in Europe which has not taken English money, for which they have given nothing in return, not even their affection or esteem---Even those who were the longest defended by it, would, I fear, exult in our mortifications, rejoice in our distresses, and triumph in our overthrow. This may be great ingratitude in them; but is it not a two-edged sword, which wounds either side?---does it not likewise prove great mismanagement in us?

## CHAP. XXI.

STRABANE.

I DID not leave Newtown Stewart till the day was pretty far advanced.---It was Sunday. The people were going to meeting and church, as I was turning my back on them—the day was beautiful—the earth was clad in the garment of summer—the heavens were without a cloud :—I was in the great temple of nature, and worshipped the being whose bounty gave it birth—I had but a few miles to go; I sauntered, therefore, rather than walked.—I was overtaken by a boy driving a car, with a chest and some furniture on it.—It was followed by a good-looking young man and woman—their eyes were red, and their faces inflamed—I thought they had been drinking, or quarrelling—they were crying—the man turned his head round, as if ashamed of his grief—the girl did not turn her's, she seemed even to invite my glance.—In a woman's tears there is a softness that seeks sympathy—in a man's there is a sternness that rejects it.—I asked her if they travelled far:—"I do not," she said, "he does."—"Do, Peggy darling, do, turn now (said the man,) ye *ha* gone far enough—we *man* part, and is'nt it best to have it *our*?"—"I'll just *gang* the length of that *auld* tree, on the *tap* of the hill—many a sorrowful parting has been at it, and we'el put ours to the number."—"The best friends must sometimes part," I said, "you will soon, I trust, have a happy meeting."—"Never, never, *Surr*,

in this *leefe*," said the girl, "when we *pert* now, my *hert* tells me it is for ever---ah! man, man, *gin* ye had *na* been *prude*, *gin* ye had trusted to providence, and staid at *hame*---what though we could *na* get the *ferm*---what though we could *na* live in a *stane* house---they could *na* keep us out of a *scraw* one---I would have wrought for ye, and slaved late and early---and *gin* we could *na* ha got bread---we could have died together."---" *Dimma* Peggy," said the man, "*dimma* break my *hert*, it has enough to bear already; *dimma* make me shame myself, (again turning his head to conceal his tears;) it is a *braave* country I'm *ganging* to, woman," resumed he---"there's *nae* hard landlords nor *prude* vicars there to *tak* the poor man's mite---I *war'nt* ye, I *winna* be slothful, and whene'er I earn the price of your passage, I'll send it *our*, and then *wha* will *pert* us?"---"You are going to America, I presume," said I.---"Yes, *Surr*, please God---this is *no* country for a poor man to *leeve* in.---I thought for a *wee* bit land---but its *nae* matter---God forgive them that wronged me, is the worst that I wish them."---"You have been wronged then, I said."---A, *Surr*, its *nae* to seek that I could say---but we *winna* talk o' that now, for I wish to *gang* in peace with all men.---I would *na* hae cared for myself---a know that man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards; and *wee* God's help, I *dinna* fear either *hertship* or difficulty---but that poor lassie---she was aa to me in the world---and to *pert* with her is a sore tug---I *man* own it---but it was my fate, and I could *na* get *our* it;" beginning to whistle, for fear he should cry.---The poor lassie walked by his side, apparently unconscious of what he was saying---she moved mechanically forward, for the large drops that every instant gathered in her eyes, and fell on the ground as she walked, must have prevented her from seeing.---"Now, Peggy, honey," said he, "we are at the *tap* o' the hill,---the road is rugged, ye hae a *lang*

way home, and ye hae na me too."---Here the tears that were dropping fast, prevented his proceeding---" I will never, never, leave ye," said she, starting from her reverie, and clasping him in her arms ; " I will never leave ye-- I will go barefooted *our* the world---I will beg with ye, sterve with ye, *dee* with ye---one ship will carry us, one grave will *houle* us ---nothing but death now shall *pert* us".---Is it that passion is uniform, and makes use of similar modes of expression, in every age and clime ; or that the foundation of this thought, was laid in ideas that were not original, but acquired.---This woman was a presbyterian, and of course had read the scriptures---its expressions probably floated in her memory, and she used them without being conscious of it.---It is impossible not to be struck with the resemblance her speech bears to the beautiful and pathetic address of Ruth to her mother-in-law : — " Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee : for whither thou goest, I will go ; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge : thy people shall be my people, and thy god my god : where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried : the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me."— Her grief was too highly wrought to admit of reasoning, and both she and her companion seemed exhausted by want of nourishment, as well as affliction.---I therefore took them into a little public house, on the road side, and got them some oat-bread and butter, and whiskey and water---I easily convinced her, how absurd it would be to think of going, in that unprepared condition, to America ; I remarked to her that her lover was an active young man, would have a few pounds in his pocket when he landed, and probably would soon earn enough to take her over decently.---They grew more composed, and parted, though with deep, yet with less frantic sorrow,—I walked a few

paces on, the young man soon overtook me :---“See what a beautiful day this is,” I said---“the sun shines on your setting off.”---“Let him shine on her I left behind,” said he, “and he may spare his *beams* to me---*mony* and *mony* a time we have seen him set, from the hawthorn bush, in my father’s garden ; but that’s over now, as well as every thing else.”---“It is not over, I hope,” I said, “you will, I trust, have as happy hours, as you have now sorrowful ones ; but if you should not, remember, that affliction is the common lot, and that you have no right to expect to escape it---you have health, you have youth, you have the testimony of a good conscience ; you have the approbation of your own mind, for manfully acting your part in life.---Of these your enemies cannot deprive you---they will follow you to America, and gladden the wilderness where you may chance to reside---they will sweeten the rude morsel that labour procures you---they will lull you to sleep, in the sound of the torrent’s roar,---while greatness, that wants them, will find its costly viands insipid, and seek in vain repose on its gilded sofas, and beds of down---you think the rich are to be envied---I tell you they are more to be pitied than you --they have the miseries of lassitude, of intemperance and vice---of ill-health, that folly engenders, of vice that gives no enjoyment, and of the greatest of all wants, that of having something to do ; leave them their diseases and riches---take you your poverty and health---leave them their sensuality, their gluttony, and drunkenness---take you temperance and content---leave them their close apartments, their midnight revels, their burning tapers, their gilded canopies, their luxuriant carpets---take you the air which breathes so sweetly on you---the sun which cheers you, these birds which sing around us---this immense apartment of the universe---this green and verdant earth, which heaven itself has fitted

up for the gratification of man"---Having thus spoken, we cordially shook hands and parted.-----Emigration from the North of Ireland to America has of late years greatly diminished---This is not so much, I fear, the consequence of any melioration of the condition of the people, as of arrangements of government ; they became terrified at the extent of the evil, and devised various means to stop, or at least to moderate it--I do not wonder they should have been alarmed---some years it amounted to twenty, and never I believe was under ten thousand---a great proportion of these were protestants---the catholic hardly ever emigrates---fondly attached to his country, to his friends, to his parents, he seldom leaves them, when he can at all live among them.---When obliged by want or imprudence to quit his native place, he goes into the militia, or perhaps wanders as far as London.---The people of England judge the Irish nation by his character, with equal fairness, as if a foreigner would form his opinion of English men and women, by the sailors and prostitutes on Portsmouth Point ; or, as a sagacious captain of an Indiaman judges the empire of China, by the suburbs of Canton---It is most singular, indeed, the predilection of the Irish Catholic for the spot which gave him birth ; and the reluctance and sorrow with which he quits it.—One might suppose that the physical evils of his situation attached him more strongly to it.

“ Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;  
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,  
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,  
 So, the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,  
 But bind him to his native mountains more.”

The Presbyterian, like the Scotchman, wanders wherever he thinks he can best earn a livelihood.

“ All places that the eye of heaven visits,  
“ Are to the wise man ports and happy havens.”

His attachment to the country is not half so strong as the Catholic's; his energy is more, and his sensibility less. Oppressed by his landlord, whose exactions hardly allow him the necessaries of life, he seeks, most commonly in America, what Ireland denies him; where his perseverance and industry soon give him independence and affluence. The departure of these men is of infinite disadvantage to their country---Active and enterprising, sober and reflecting, reading and reasoning---estimable even in their prejudices, for they are all on the side of morality and religion, they are the best friends of a good government, as they are the bitterest enemies of a bad one---Their loss, I fear, will every year be more and more sensibly felt.

“ Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

The population of Ireland is rapidly becoming more Catholic. This (however I may have written, with what many will term, an undue predilection in their favour) I consider a great evil. In every form of religion, there are many dogmas to which I cannot subscribe; but I think Presbyterianism, as it *now* exists in the North of Ireland, is beyond all others the religion of reason. The proportion which Protestants bear to Catholics, however, is not diminishing from emigration alone, but from various other causes. The Protestant

in general does not marry so young. He has more the ideas of an Englishman, and likes to have some sort of settlement before he takes a wife---In consequence, he is often thirty before he marries---At thirty the passions cool---and he seldom has a very numerous offspring. The Catholic, more thoughtless, more improvident, more amorous, perhaps, takes a wife when he is yet a lad ; piles up a heap of sods into a cabin, eats potatoes, and gets children like a patriarch of old. It is no unusual thing for his wife to bear ten or twelve children, before she ever thinks of stopping. How these poor infants are supported is the wonder. Heaven sends meat, where it sends mouths, is a common saying with the Catholic, and it must be owned he relies pretty much on the observation. We may see here how simple, and unsophiscated is nature, and how little it requires.

“ Allow not nature more than nature needs,  
Man's life is cheap as beast's.”

These poor, naked, ill-fed, and neglected children, grow up hardy, stout and vigorous men, capable of enduring fatigue, and facing danger ; apparently regardless of cold, or wet, or hunger, or thirst. What a contrast to the sickly and delicate sons of fashion, who are nursed, and pampered, and dandled into effeminacy---which may sail on the smooth current of prosperity, but is too frail and fragile a substance to encounter the rough and inevitable storms that agitate the ocean of human life-----The whole of my walk to-day was delightful. A northern landscape changes so frequently its forms, that the pencil has difficulty to catch it ;---it would be impossible therefore for the pen to do it justice---my descriptive powers are not great, nor am I a great admirer of the descriptions of others ; yet I should be glad to give my London reader an idea of the



country I travelled through; it is so different from any thing he is accustomed to; here are no dead unvaried flats, whose dull uniformity wearies the eye, and oppresses the traveller. The landscape was varied by a beautiful distribution of gentle undulations, and graceful eminences. By a fine river, that meandered through verdant fields on the left, and by lofty mountains which bounded the horizon in every direction. The appearance of these mountains was at once awful and pleasing; the hand of industry had crept up their sides, overcoming heath and rock; giving heat to coldness, drought to moisture, and fertility to sterile barrenness; with the touch of a magician, converting dreary bogs into waving fields of corn, while their tops, enveloped in mist, bleak and dreary, in primitive barrenness, reared their heads in gloomy, but faithful evidence of the toil and labour of the men who could overcome such difficulties, and convert a dismal waste into a smiling Eden. The approach to this town is likewise very fine—about half a mile from it, you ascend a steep hill, on which there is a neat little village, and some orchards—On emerging from the village you catch a partial view of the river underneath, and the opposite bank, which gradually swells into a gentle eminence, or rather chain of eminences, which run in a parallel direction to the hill on which I was walking; proceeding a little farther, the town opens to the view, extending upwards of a mile along the banks of the river—It was evening—The setting sun shed his rays on the hill which was opposite me, and threw a ray of glory on the distant mountains. The lower part of the town, surrounded by water, appeared like a city in a lake, or like a Venice in miniature. The neat little cottages of the upper part, as I caught a partial view of them through the trees, realized the visions of the poet, and transported me, as

it were, to Arcadia---I do not say that Strabane will appear so to every body; short-sighted persons have a kind of second sight. They do not see what others see, but to make amends, often see what others do not. Much of this magic colouring, however, dissolves on entering the town---What was beautiful in perspective, loses its charms, contemplated at hand.---Strabane, like most pictures, many men, and some women, appears to most advantage at a distance.---The streets are mean and narrow,---the houses, (with a few exceptions,) very indifferent; in the extremities of the town, carelessness and want, misery and neglect, are too apparent. This only applies to the habitations.---The police of the town, as far as its power extends, seems to be excellent; and reflects credit on the magistrate who presides over it. About the centre of the town is the market-house; a neat plain building, erected about a hundred years ago. There is a large clock placed on the top of it, which proclaims the hour with more noise than veracity; as it is universally known over the country by the title of the lying clock of Strabane. Considerably lower down, and nearly opposite each other, are the two principal inns. They were formerly gentlemen's houses, but have now shared what Goldsmith calls, "The usual fate of a large mansion,"---Having first ruined the master by good housekeeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an Inn.---They are both, I believe, good houses; but of this I can only speak by hearsay. When in Strabane, I do not live at an Inn.

## CHAP. XXII.

## STRABANE.

I SPENT the evening of my arrival in a solemn, but pleasing manner. A few years ago, Sunday, in the north of Ireland, was a day of gloom and mortification. The morning was passed in listening to long sermons, and the evening in saying long prayers. To smile was criminal, or even to chat on indifferent subjects.---This has passed away, and a decent observance of Sunday only remains. After tea, which is always drank at seven o'clock, one of the family read a sermon of Dr. Blair's; after which we had some psalms. About a year ago, a travelling psalm-singer set up a school here, under the patronage of the Bishop of Derry.---When a man has the good fortune to be patronised by a bishop, he seldom fails of success.---He got a prodigious number of scholars, of all ages and sexes,---grey age and youth,---people who had voices, and others who had none;---psalm-singing became a kind of rage;---Grammachree Granua Uile, and the Blue bells of Scotland, were no longer remembered. The milliner at her cap, the tailor on his board, and the smith at his anvil, chaunted hymns and anthems.---The choristers of Westminster, one should have thought, had emigrated to the north of Ireland. This, however, was a temporary frenzy. The rage of psalm-singing seems to have given way to the rage of cards. Strabane consists of one very long street, two or three short ones, and a few lanes, of such unpromising aspect, that I contented myself with viewing them at a distance. In the upper part of the town, it will admit

of no greater extension ; as it is bounded on the east-side, by a steep ridge of hill, and on the west by the precipice which overhangs the river. Building in the lower part has long been discontinued, on account of the floods, to which it is exposed. Strabane, therefore, may be literally said to be in a *thriving* way ; like a breeding lady it is increasing about the *middle*. The name is compounded of two Irish words, Stragh, and Ban, which signifies white-home or level. Why it was called white, I cannot conjecture, unless it was christened when the snow was on the ground.---It is now *lucus a non lucendo*. It is a town of some antiquity, and was burned in the grand rebellion (1641) by Sir Phelim O'Neile. The Protestant inhabitants were cruelly massacred.---A number fled for protection into the castle, and defended it for some time.---The barbarous ruffian ordered it to be set on fire, and these unfortunate Protestants were consumed. The lady of Strabane, as she was called, by some extraordinary means alone escaped.---She lived to appear afterwards in evidence against Sir Phelim, who was justly executed for his innumerable atrocities.---He was a man of violent passions, mean parts, and little education. He communicated much of his own diabolical disposition to the rebellion which he guided :---perhaps, however, this was unavoidable.---Men of humane dispositions will seldom be at the head of revolutions.---I am sure they will never be at the head of them long. The ground on which the castle stood was long considered unhallowed and accursed.---Imagination peopled the spot with spirits, which murder had deprived of men,---shrieks of woe were heard in the blast, as it past sullen over the roofless walls ; apparitions, clad in white, wringing their hands, and breathing the soft notes of sorrow, were seen gliding among the ruins :---angels, in flowing robes, and crowns of glory, were seen descending to console them ; and the spectres of the blood-stained

dæmons, who had inflicted such misery, fled howling at their approach. The houses of the respectable inhabitants are generally two stories, nor are any higher than three. They do not inherit, therefore, the predilection of their Scottish ancestors, in favour of lofty houses---the post of honour in an Edinburgh house, is well known to be the fourth or fifth story. A Scotchman once said, he ken'd vary weel what gentility was,---he had lived all his life on a sixth story, and was na come to London, to *leeve* on the ground. Though many of these houses are old, they have a modern appearance; leaded windows have given place to sash ones;---and the projecting buttresses, and, old-fashioned turrets, have disappeared like the hands that reared them. It is curious to remark the thickness of the walls, as well as the timber.---Our ancestors built for posterity;---the present generation build, (as they live) for themselves.---They trouble themselves little about those who are to follow, who in return, I suppose, will trouble themselves as little about them.---It was customary formerly to put the date, carved on a large stone, over the door.---It is astonishing to what perfection this must have been brought, in early times in Ireland.---The letters on one I have seen, are exquisitely well cut, and in perfect preservation; the date is 1646. In a periodical publication the inhabitants of this town are made to amount to five thousand; this strikes me as a mistake, as well as the number of houses. I might inform myself with tolerable accuracy, but do not think it worth my while to enquire. Counting heads, and reckoning houses, is an equally wise method of giving an idea of a country, as that of the man of old, who had a house to dispose of, and carried a brick of it in his pocket as a specimen. The proportion of Catholics and Protestants is of more importance. I should suppose more than the half are Presbyterians. The remainder are

Catholics, and members of the established church, in nearly equal numbers.---As the weavers in the north of Ireland seldom reside in towns, the lower class of inhabitants are mostly mechanics and labourers. I should suppose when they are industrious they must earn nearly as much as people of the same description in England :---but whiskey and party, are the great banes of industry in Ireland : though less, perhaps, in this town, than any other. It is I fear, a rare occurrence, for any assemblage of Protestants and Catholics to take place, without disputing about religion first, and fighting afterwards.---On these occasions the Protestant generally has the advantage. Many reasons concur to give him it, without attributing to him either superior strength, or superior courage ;---he is of higher rank and importance in the community ; he has been taught to value himself on his exertions in favour of government ;---he prides himself on being 'a Protestant, and a freeman. The Catholic is depressed and dispirited.---He hates the Protestant, but he fears him,---for the party to which he belongs, which is powerful, and which he thinks is supported by the magistrate, and the state---but he fears the Protestant for himself. By the force of habit, by the tale of his ancestors' sufferings, his misfortunes, his bloody, and everlasting defeats.---It would not be in human nature, that such a combination of circumstances should not produce some sense of inferiority. That opposed to him, it should not operate to a certain degree, in relaxing his exertions, and damping his heart. A French sailor has not less natural bravery than an English one ; but he fights without hope, though not without courage. He is defeated by his former defeats,---to speak in what would ill-naturedly be called the language of the country I am in,---the battle is lost before it begins. It has been observed that an Irishman (by which is meant a Catholic) opposed to a

Protestant or Englishman, seldom fights well in his own country.---That he can fight well out of it, the history of Europe is a bloody witness; as England has often experienced to her sorrow. At the battle of Fontenoy, the ever memorable English column moved undaunted, through hosts of surrounding foes—assailed by numerous batteries, by the flower of the French army; it preserved itself unbroken---but retired at length discomfited by the charge of the Irish brigade---the English, (observes lord Chesterfield,) had at least the satisfaction of being defeated by their own countrymen---it should have been less their satisfaction, than their shame, their sorrow, and remorse ---shame for their folly in making such men their enemies, remorse for the woes they had inflicted, and sorrow that entire expiation could never be made.---Several complaints were made to Louis the fifteenth, of the irregularities of the Irish brigade---Your countrymen (said he peevishly to the general who commanded them,) give me more trouble than all my other troops beside.”---“Sire, (replied the officer with felicity of expression equal to the courage with which his troops fought) all your majesty’s enemies make the same complaint.”---I have had occasion to look into the habitations of several mechanics, both Protestants and Catholics ---I am sorry I cannot bestow much praise on them ---They are confused and littered,---There is a species of squalid wretchedness, more a-kin to neglect than poverty---for in reality there was not poverty---they had the necessaries of life; and they who have the necessaries of life, cannot be said to be poor.---I have seen them at their meals, which were either of flesh meat, or salt herrings, with potatoes and butter, or milk. ---At one of these meals, the table was a large stool---the candle was stuck in a turf, and the potatoe pot was lifted up and laid at its side.---The family were all in different attitudes---one lying like an ancient Roman,

another sitting cross-legged like a Turk, and a third, (he who said grace I suppose) kneeling.---In their persons, however, they appear to be more cleanly---they shave tolerably regular and change their linen, perhaps twice a week.---The upper class of inhabitants, are either merchants, or shop-keepers---they carry on very considerable business---and are a very industrious, and highly respectable body of men.---I do not know that there is a town in his Majesty's dominions, where trade is conducted with greater integrity, with more liberality, and less jealousy, than in Strabane.---The Mourne, which flows past Strabane is a beautiful river, winding through a romantic country, deepening into a dark and solemn stream, overhung with wood, in some parts gurgling as a silver brook, over shallow fords, and pointed rocks, in others.---It is subject, in winter, to frequent and sudden floods, which often rise high in the town, to the material inconvenience and injury of the inhabitants.---A person who lives in a level country, can hardly conceive the sudden change, the mountain floods, pouring down in innumerable channels, produce in this river.---Touched as if by the gloomy wand of a magician, the fairy brook of beauty becomes a wizards murky well.---The clear and chrystal stream becomes a bleak and troubled ocean---raised into waves, roaring like thunder, and flowing with a rapidity that dizzies the sight.---A flood which I saw some years ago, was not more awful in its aspect, than destructive in its effect ; and the resistless and extended torrent, while it filled every beholder with terror, carried desolation into every habitation within its reach: from obvious causes the poorer inhabitants of the town were most exposed to its influence, and destitute of means to moderate its violence, or to avoid its injuries, they were doomed to meet the utmost violence of the storm---which, impetuous in its progress, as sudden in its origin, burst upon them in all the fulness of accumulated



fury in a short space after the first wave had given warning of its approach.---To make the calamity still greater, it occurred amidst the gloom and silence of the night ; and before aid could be offered all aid was vain---I was young then, and had not seen much---slight distress appeared great in my eyes.---I thought the mind could hardly conceive scenes of greater distress than those which the departure of the water exposed to my view.---The unhappy sufferers were found naked, and in want---with scarce a faggot to heat their famished limbs, or to expel the moisture from their damp and noisome floors---and many without a mouthful to support debilitated nature, or to cheer their spirits, sinking under the load of miseries they had undergone.---I record with pleasure, that the inhabitants of Strabane displayed, on this occasion, the same spirit of humanity by which they have uniformly been actuated.---Large sums were collected, and liberal and immediate assistance was afforded.---Nor was this generous disposition confined to Strabane, or its neighbourhood---it spread in every direction, and contributions were received from very distant parts.---It appears strange to the traveller, that so injudicious a situation should have been chosen to build a town on---men seldom think, and are too apt to judge preceding generations, by the one in which they live---damp and unwholesomeness, were not thought of by men accustomed to fatigue, and unacquainted with comfort.---Flood, fire, or the devouring pestilence, were little dreaded by those who lived in continual apprehension of greater dangers.---In the unfortunate times in which the foundations of Irish towns were laid, man had no evil so immediate, no danger so imminent, no enemy so fierce, and barbarous, as his fellow man.---In Strabane, therefore, he availed himself of the protection which the Castle (built at the lower end of the town,) as well as the confluence of the rivers Finn and Mourne, into a rapid

stream, afforded him---of the wretched state of society, at that time in Ireland, some idea may be formed from the following circumstances.—About a quarter of a mile from this town, (on what is called the Woodend road,) there is a small brook called the kissing tree burn.—When a person went on business to Derry, (only fourteen miles distance) it was customary for his friends to accompany him this length, and to take leave of him, often with tears and lamentations, as of one they might never see again.—Even within the last fifty years, a shop-keeper going to Dublin, made a will, and took a solemn leave of his acquaintances ; and was welcomed back with feastings and acclamations.—An Englishman, who rolls over his peaceful land in a chariot, or post chaise, without meeting, or dreaming of mischance, will think that dæmons, not men, were then the inhabitants of Ireland.—Let him reflect, however, that the Irish were two distinct nations---that they could never be said to be at peace. It was either active war, or a hollow truce.—Let us suppose (the supposition is not impossible) the French had landed in England, and got partial possession of it.---That each party exhausted by the struggle, took a few months repose to enable them to renew the fatal contest---does he think that hatred and malice, fear and dread, would repose likewise.---If the English were on Shooter's Hill, and the French were at Canterbury---does he think that a trip to Margate would be a jaunt of pleasure?---I hope in Almighty God, that such an event is never likely to happen.---Let us not be too confident however.---Nations, no more than individuals, have all joy and no sorrow.---Drunk with former prosperity, we do not think of the precipice on which perhaps we stand.---Calamity has long been busy on the earth, but it was not English calamity.---We have heard the sound of war, but its rude din before it got our length, was softened down to a gentle breeze.—We have

heard of countries ravaged, plains desolated, and thousands massacred.—But they were distant countries, distant plains, distant thousands.---Austria has fallen, Prussia has fallen, Spain has fallen---did we ever ask ourselves whose turn may come next?

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## CHAP. XXII.

### STREABANE.

THE Province of Ulster is encompassed on three sides by the sea. It is about one hundred and sixteen miles in length, and one hundred in breadth. It contains nine counties, three hundred and sixty-five parishes, one Archbishoprick, and six bishopricks.—The air is temperate and salubrious; being cooled by various winds in summer, and qualified by frequent rains in winter. The temperature, therefore, is milder than in England, both with respect to cold and heat, especially the former. Snow of a month's duration on the ground is a rare phenomenon;---and some winters are seen without it altogether. The seasons are later than in England. The spring and autumn more tardy in their approach, as also the winter. The fall of the leaf is later here than in England. Tradition and history both inform us that few countries of equal extent were better timbered than Ulster. But the natives, repeatedly harassed by the inroads and encroachments of the English, frequently found asylum in their forests, from the swords of their invaders.---These became, therefore, an object of equal jealousy and vengeance, and the destroying axe generally accompanied the sword, in the joint extirpation of woods and men. Ulster then became denuded;---and the long continuance of civil

discord, the fluctuation of property, and the hopeless despondency which hung over this devoted province, have left it destitute of its ancient beauties for several ages. The aspect of Ulster, therefore, is dreary to the eye accustomed to the shady groves, the extensive plantations, and numerous forests of England.---The want of hedges, the numerous bogs, the appearance of many of the habitations, and of many of their inhabitants, no doubt heighten this; and an Englishman, who seldom takes more than a cursory glance of the countries he travels over, is apt to pronounce it a spot for which nature has done little, and man has done less. He is wrong in both these conclusions;---nature has been bountiful, and man has not ill-performed his part;---better than could be expected, when the history of this ill-fated province is considered. The waves which break upon its rocky shores, the tempests which howl over its lofty mountains, are the peaceful circles of a lake, the soft breezes of the south, compared to the storms, which avarice and ambition, hatred and malice, fanaticism and bigotry, have raised,---and which are still felt in their consequences, after a lapse of some hundred years.---The history of man is said to be the history of his crimes and his woes. I hope not in the former, but certainly in the latter, Ulster stands in melancholy pre-eminence.---I know of no equal extent of country, where equal misery has been inflicted, for an equal number of years:---like the lightning-struck tree, on a solitary common, it still bears in its withered trunk, and leafless branches, the marks of the judgments with which heaven, (no doubt for wise purposes) has visited it.---It was first invaded in the year 1177, by Sir John Courcy, a gallant knight who had served under King Henry the Second, in his wars in England and France.---He set out from Dublin in January, with twenty-two knights, fifty Esquires, and

about seven hundred foot soldiers;---all chosen men, on whose courage he could depend :---he marched through Meath and Louth, and arrived at Down, without any molestation : here he found provisions and other necessities for his small company, who had been half famished in Dublin.---O'Donnell, the Ulster chieftain, having assembled a large army, purposed to besiege him in Down ; when Sir John, judging it better to adventure the fight in the field, than to be shut up and famished in the town, came to an engagement, and forced O'Donnell, after the loss of numbers, to retreat before him. After this successful introduction to his conquests, he fought four other great battles, in all of which he was victorious ;---he penetrated as far as Dunluce, in the most Northern part of the province, overcame all opposition, and subdued the whole of Ulster to the obedience of Henry the Second.—He was requited for this service, by being the first Englishman dignified with any title of honour in Ireland, by a formal creation.—The king, in 1181, creating him Earl of Ulster, and annexing thereto the Lordship of Connaught, with a grant by patent, to him and his heirs, that they should enjoy all the land in Ireland he could gain by his sword, together with the donation of Bishopricks and Abbies, reserving from him only homage and fealty. It was to this lord, and his successors, the heirs male of his family, that King John granted the extraordinary privilege, (their first obeisance being paid,) of being covered in the royal presence of him, and his successors, Kings of England.—The reader, unacquainted with it, will find a curious account of this transaction, in Hammer's Chronicle, or Sir Richard Cox's history of Ireland. The privilege of being covered in the king's presence, is to this day enjoyed by the Lord Kinsale, as the lineal heir male of his body. Almoricus, the twenty-third baron

asserted it by walking too and fro with his hat on his head, in the presence chamber, before King William.—The king observing him, sent one of his nobles to enquire the reason of his appearing before him with his head covered.—To whom he replied, he very well knew in whose presence he stood, and the reason why he wore his hat that day was, because he stood before the King of England.—This answer being told the king, and his lordship approaching nearer the throne, was required by his majesty to explain himself; which he did to this effect:—"May it please your majesty, my name is Courcy, and I am lord of Kinsale in your kingdom of Ireland;—the reason of my appearing covered in your majesty's presence, is to assert the ancient privilege of my family, granted to Sir John de Courcy, Earl of Ulster, and his heirs, by John, King of England, for him and his successors for ever."—The king replied, "that he remembered he had such a nobleman, and believed the privilege he asserted to be his right;—and, giving him his hand to kiss, his lordship paid his obeisance, and remained uncovered.—John the twenty-fifth lord, being presented in September, 1762, to his present majesty, by the Earl of Hertford, had again the honour of asserting the ancient privilege of his family, by wearing his hat in the royal presence. The submission of Ulster to the English government, as might be expected, was short lived.—It was extorted by force, and when that was removed the desire of independence returned.—For upwards of four centuries after its nominal subjugation, it continued a prey to anarchy and confusion, to slaughter and devastation. In turn the Irish and English prevailed and wreaked their vengeance on each other.—Constant contest engendered the most violent hatred—Constant danger, the most deadly malice—and constant slaughter, the most ferocious cruelty.—It is hard to say which of the parties was the worst, nor is it now of much consequence to en-

quire. By a singular refinement on misfortune, religion, which should have been the healing balsam of these rancorous passions, was poured like molten lead upon their scalding sores—Englishmen, and Irishmen, murdered each others happiness on earth. Protestants and Catholics, like dæmons, stopt not here.—Witnessing the tortures of their expiring victims, they rejoiced that those tortures were but the beginning of those which should last for ever, beyond the grave.—The great fault of English dominion in Ulster, and in every part of Ireland was, that a sufficient number of men was not sent at once, effectually to subdue the Island, and retain it in subjection, till its desire of independence had passed away. The system pursued was the most unfortunate that could have been devised,—A dwarf in mercy, but in cruelty a giant—alternately defeating and defeated,—ravaging and ravaged, torturing and tortured, it was too feeble to be manly, too poor to be generous, too much injured to forget, and too much injuring to forgive.—An officer in Queen Elizabeth's service, acquaints us, that those placed in authority, would draw together, perhaps, three or four hundred of the unsuspecting country people, under pretence of doing them service, when soldiers would be ordered to make a sudden attack upon them and cut them off.—The same author likewise asserts, that if a man had done wrong, submitted and received pardon—upon being charged with a subsequent offence, though he would voluntarily appear before a public session, to answer to the accusation, he would, without being admitted to trial, be executed for his former offence. In the latter part of her reign, Queen Elizabeth became fully sensible of the importance of Ireland to England—She was a wise Princess, and as the reasons which impressed this conviction on her, have even greater force at the present day, it may not be unwise in us, to make ourselves

acquainted with them.—Philip the second, King of Spain, was the most implacable enemy of England.—Partial invasions of Ireland were attempted by him, several years before the sending out of his Invincible Armada. The courage of the British Navy, with the assistance of a storm having defeated this formidable armament, seventeen of the ships that escaped, were forced, by tempestuous weather, on the coast of Ulster. The intercourse of the Spaniards with the natives, occasioned by this accident, tended to increase their discontents against government, and to prepare their minds for insurrection and rebellion. To assist them in it, stores and money were given them from the ships, and the most liberal assistance was promised from Spain.—Spain, of all foreign countries, is the most favourably situated for an intercourse with Ireland. The Spanish coast stretches so far out into the Atlantic ocean, as to lie to the westward of most of the Irish harbours.—Westerly winds, which mostly prevail there, are favourable for coming from Cape Finisterre to Cork, Waterford, &c. The northern Spanish shore in fact lies both East and West of the Irish coast ;—and Spain is better situated for constant communication with Ireland, than France, or perhaps than any English Harbour within the British Channel.—England thus found herself in danger of being beset on East and West, by the power of Spain, and of lying in the middle, between the land forces of the Spaniards, then centered in the Netherlands, and their Naval strength and armaments, which might be stationed in the harbours of Ireland.—These considerations determined Queen Elizabeth to make uncommon efforts to secure the possession of Ireland.—An army of twenty thousand men well provided, was sent, which, assisted by successive reinforcements from England, effected a complete reduction of all the different Lords and Chiefs, who,



till then, had ruled in the Island, after a war that lasted about seven years. The Province of Ulster was the last in submitting. The war was carried on by Lord Essex, and some generals who preceded him, with indifferent success.—Charles Blunt, Lord Mountjoy was more fortunate; less daring, but more cunning, he wielded a weapon which the generous and noble Essex would have disdained. The sword was slow and uncertain.---He called in a powerful auxiliary which was effectual.---He destroyed the cultivated fields, and every thing which afforded the natives the means of subsistence.—A famine ensued with its shocking consequences---thousands of the wretched insurgents, driven from their desolated habitations, wandered into woods and fastnesses, where, utterly destitute of the means of subsistence, they perished for want.—The common highways exhibited spectacles of misery, which the compassionate traveller could not behold, without feeling his breast glow with indignation against those cruel passions of pride, of avarice, and ambition, which produced effects so shocking and disgraceful to humanity.---“ No spectacle,” says Morrison, “ in his history of Ireland, was more frequent in the ditches of towns, and especially in wasted countries, than to see multitudes of these poor people dead, with their mouths all coloured green by eating nettles, docks, and all things they could rend up above ground.”---Many to appease the rage of hunger devoured human carcasses, of which a horrid instance was witnessed by Sir Arthur Chichester, Sir Richard Morrison, and other officers of the Queen’s troops, who beheld three children, the eldest of whom was not above ten years of age, in the act of eating the flesh of their deceased mother, with circumstances too shocking for a particular statement here.---The most enthusiastic ardor for freedom and independence, could not long support itself under such complicated wretchedness.

All opposition to the authority of the English government was put an end to.---The spirit of Ulster resistance was brayed, to use the expression of Sir John Davies, as it were in a mortar, with the sword, famine, and pestilence altogether.---The English government being now universally established by force of arms, there was a probability that the enmities of former parties would be in time forgotten,---that those inhabitants who had been compelled to adopt the English laws and customs, would gradually accommodate themselves to them, and that a lasting peace might prevail in Ulster;---but she had not yet arrived at the consummation of her suffering; and events unfortunately took place, a few years afterwards, which gave rise to animosities and contests as obstinate and bloody as those which had been lately terminated.---The peace which was sown in blood, was not watered by mercy. The Catholics were subdued by force, and no attempts were made to gain them by kindness. They were outraged and insulted, plundered and persecuted,---robbed of their lands and deprived of the free exercise of their religion.---That they did not endeavour to soften the resentment of their conquerors, by unqualified submission, rather than heighten it by desperate but unavailing opposition, is deeply to be regretted; but little to be wondered at. In the 1641, year availing themselves of the situation of England; which was distracted by the dissensions between the King and Parliament, they broke into a dreadful insurrection, well known by the name of the Irish massacre.---A rebellion which, taken in all its horrors, is almost unparalleled in the history of the world, and has cast as foul a stain on this province as is to be met with in the annals of any country whatsoever.---As the Protestants were taken by surprise, they had no opportunity of concerting measures for their mutual defence.---Each man separately endeavoured to protect himself, in conse-

quence of which the Catholics met with a very feeble resistance.---But when their fears subsided, they united in several places, under the command of the gentlemen who had received commissions, and had been speedily supplied with arms by government, and used vigorous efforts for their preservation. They defeated the insurgents upon one or two occasions. Enraged by this, several of the catholic leaders gave themselves up without restraint, to the impulse of sanguinary passions. Numbers of helpless and unoffending protestants were put to death in cold blood;---others robbed of their property, and driven from their habitations to the open fields, where they were exposed to perish, by the accumulated evils of cold, nakedness, famine, and sorrow. Such was the conduct of the catholics :---in their ignorance, in their fears, in their miseries and oppressions, some palliation may be found; but what can be alleged in favour of the protestants, who tortured and massacred the helpless and unoffending in their turn.---Of the punishments inflicted in Dublin, by order of government, I shall not speak,---because they are but imperfectly known. I shall only mention what is on record. The English parliament in their first indignation, against the design of engaging catholic forces to fight against them in England, voted that no quarter should be given to these forces; or, in the less offensive language of their own resolutions "that they should be tried by martial law, in the place where they should be taken."---Swanly, a commander of one of their ships, took a transport vessel, with one hundred and fifty men, bound for Bristol.---The merciless wretch selected seventy of his captives, who were of Irish birth, and though they had faithfully served the king, instantly plunged them into the sea. The Scottish soldiers, who had reinforced the garrison of Carrickfergus, issued out one fatal night, into an adjacent district, called Island-Magee, where a number of the poorer catholics

resided, unoffending, and untainted by the rebellion. If we may believe one of the leaders of this party, thirty families were assailed by them in their beds, and massacred with calm and deliberate cruelty.---A like desolation followed this rebellion as the preceding one.---“About the year 1652 and 1653,” says an author who was an ocular witness of the state of things, “the plague and famine had so swept away whole countries, that a man might travel twenty or thirty miles, and not see a living creature. Our soldiers would tell stories of the places where they saw a smoke,---it was rare to see either smoke by day, or fire or candle by night,---and when we did meet with two or three poor cabins, none but very aged men, and women and children (and these with the prophet might have complained, ‘we are become as a bottle in the smoke, our skin is black like an oven, because of the terrible famine’) were found in them. I have seen those miserable creatures plucking stinking carrion out of a ditch, black and rotten,---and have been credibly informed that they digged corpses out of the grave to eat.”---But general misery makes little impression.---We read of thousands who perish without emotion, because our minds have only general ideas, because all we know of these thousands is, that they lived, and that they died. But let us take a group---the contemplation of misery is good for man, it softens and subdues his heart,---it abates somewhat of the pride and arrogance, which is the great source of his misfortunes, and his crimes.---Let us take one family only, of that immense multitude, of all ages and sexes, of husbands and fathers, and sons, of wives and mothers, and daughters, massacred, starved, violated, whose blanched bones, were they brought together, would form a heap, from which ambition might attempt to scale the heavens, after having satiated its fell appetite upon earth.---See that little valley; a brook

flows through it,---see that cabin shadowed by trees, it is humble and mean, but it is the abode of sensibility and happiness---a crowd dances before the door---it is a wedding; the village lad takes a partner, gay and thoughtless as himself,---he is just entering into life---joy sparkles in his eye, his heart beats high with hope---his parents partake his felicity, the bed-ridden grandmother crawls out to view it, to bless him, and to die.---This is happiness, if happiness is to be found upon earth. Turn the picture:---The happiness is flown,---the dæmons of war have entered the valley of peace,---the crowd is dispersed,---the murderers are at their heels,---the bridegroom too---look at his bridal bed,---see her who sorrows over him,---who alone does not fly,---she is his bride,---she would have shared his little cabin, and smoothed his cares,---she looked forward to years of happiness,---but now curses, in the bitterness of her heart, the barbarous authors of her woes, --but not long she curses,---sorrow for the murdered, is swallowed up in fear for herself,---for, lo! the brutal crew return,---another dæmon rules them now---their rage of blood, has given place to the rage of lust:---she calls to him who loved her,---his ear is closed,---he hears not,---his eye is dim,---he sees not,---his heart is cold,---it beats not;---happy insensibility, he sees not violation, which he could not prevent,---he sees not expiring innocence, which at length finds in death a welcome release from the outrages of men,---and which, even in death, casts a glance to heaven, to ask why it permitted this.---Behold the unfortunate father, and the remainder of his offspring who gather round,---behold helpless innocence, that smiles in the murderer's face,---sickness that a few hours would have destroyed,---inhumanly butchered. One solitary son, whom chance, not humanity has saved, only remains,---unhappy chance which has reserved him for misery greater than

all,—the brook affords him water, but the earth gives him no food,—the berries, the brambles, the leaves have already been devoured by men :---O the days, the hours of famine, of slow consuming death, which he spends,—how is his frame wrecked with convulsions---how often does the heart die within him,—how often does the cold damp of the grave, stand in large drops upon his forehead, and again disappear,---famine subdues affliction,—hunger triumphs over piety, over nature ;--- the sorrowing mourner is become a ravenous beast ; in freinzy he gnaws his flesh, and sucks his own blood : O horror ! horror !---his father's corpse too !—he drives away the flies that had settled on it, makes a meal and expires !---Ill-fated inhabitants of Ireland, how little seems your guilt compared to your woes.—Never was misery like your misery, never was sorrow like your sorrow ;--- your noble natures have been degraded,—your glowing hearts have been chilled by the fiend's grasp,---the milk of human kindness has been curdled in your breasts, and the seeds of all misery, and all vice, have been sown, even in the bosom of virtue itself ;—for endless years your harp has been unstrung ; few have been the notes to which it has vibrated, and those were not the notes of joy :---O, what a wreck of human happiness have ambition and bigotry made ;—how have they dimmed the emerald ; how have they dyed your green island with blood,---what misery have they not inflicted, on those whom they murdered ; how much more on those who survived !—O, what a record would that be, which contained one year of the misery of these long and dreary years :---could it trace the ferocity that curdled the blood, that freezed the marrow in the bones of Irish happiness,—that poisoned the fountain of your enjoyment, even in the source.---An author of respectability wishes, that the massacres I have mentioned should be buried in everlasting oblivion.—I am not of his opinion,---I would hold them up.

as a beacon, to the present and all succeeding generations, to avoid the unfortunate rock, on which the prosperity of Ulster has made such fatal shipwreck ;---for it is not, I fear, in the nature of things that such a portentous comet, should not drag a long tail of misery, (of which the end is not yet come) after it. Is there a heart so obdurate that does not feel compassion, for the woes I have described ? ---that does not shrink with horror, at the idea of a possibility of a repetition of them ?---Yet the repetition is not possible only, but probable, if some means are not speedily found to conciliate the catholics of Ireland : by concession and kindness ;---but (it would be useless to disguise it) it must be great conciliation, great kindness. It is impossible in the present state of Europe, to govern them much longer by force ; the advice of so humble an individual as I am, will be little attended to. Yet for the sake of England, of Ireland, and of humanity, I wish that I could communicate to the breasts of others of greater influence, the one half of what presses on my heart at this instant. In the deep stillness and gloom of the atmosphere, I see the greatness of the gathering storm ;---in the tremulous movements of the earth, I feel the sullen approach of the earthquake which is to overthrow Irish prosperity.---The thunderbolt is forging, which is again to shiver the rock of Irish happiness.---May heaven avert the stroke. Protestants, Catholics, (I fear I shall make this subject tiresome---yet I cannot be done)---you are struggling on the brink of a precipice which yawns to swallow you both ---You who guard so strongly your unnatural supremacy ---You who contend so strenuously for imagined rights ---You who view each other with scowling eye---You whose glance, had it the fabled basilisk's force, would strike each other dead, think on the scenes I have described ---think on your suffering country ;---her ravaged plains,

her reeking houses, her overturned altars.---Is all that you would withhold,---Is all that you could acquire, worth the risk of one month's renewal of horrors such as these?---Mark, I say it, Protestant, if you do not conciliate, if you do not forego your pride, your arrogance, your supremacy; Catholic, if you do not abate your violence, if you do not forget, if you do not forgive, if once you launch on the hideous ocean of civil war, you will be a prey to the heavy evils which afflicted your forefathers.---Your fields will again be without living, and your ditches be filled with the dead.---The air will be putrid with exhalations, the winds of heaven will scatter pestilence, and the sun will be dimmed with the steam of human woe.---Protestants, do you think that four millions of people will live contented, in submissive obedience to one?---Catholics, do you think that protestants, whose energies you know, will be conquered without a struggle, and should you conquer; (which I do not deny is probable) will it be a bloodless victory?---Will you suffer no loss;---will no catholic blood be shed?---You cannot think this---will it be a joyful victory even---no not joyful, for you are men, and when unwarped by prejudice, have humane and benevolent hearts?---You would not rejoice over thousands, and tens of thousands of your countrymen, whose livid corpses, whose streaming blood, and gaping wounds, would rise up in judgment to heaven against you.---Revenge dies with what it feeds on---Hatred would be buried in the graves of the protestants, but remorse would survive to gnaw your own hearts.---Your ancestors suffered much misery in the last century---I regret as much as you that they did;---but men were barbarous then, you should be now more civilized.---It would be no consolation to you, to inflict misery in your turn.---The real evils of life are many, and we cannot escape from them;---do not disquiet yourselves too much



about artificial ones,---That you greatly exaggerate yours, is to me evident;---they wound your pride, but they do little other injury;---they would break little on the sober current of life, if you would let it flow its course ;---cultivate domestic virtues ;---enjoy present blessings;---forgive, if you cannot forget former wrongs. Happy are they, if they knew their own happiness, who have no greater misfortunes to complain of, than that they cannot command armies, preside as judges, or have seats in parliament.

“ In every government, though terrors reign,  
 Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,  
 How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure !  
 Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,  
 Our own felicity we make or find :  
 With secret course which no loud storms annoy,  
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.”

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#### CHAP. XXIV.

##### STRABANE.

**F**OR reasons it is unnecessary to mention, I stay longer here than I originally proposed. Beside motives of propriety, I have some of inclination---Like the rich man in the parable, I fare sumptuously every day: I hope there the comparison ends, and that I am not to go farther and fare worse.---The inhabitants of Strabane possess, in an eminent degree, the industry and probity of their Scottish ancestors ; they possess likewise a virtue of genuine Irish

growth, more acceptable perhaps to the traveller than either ; they are as hospitable as if they were descended from the ancient Milesians, or King Brian Borrome himself. I have been frequently invited both to dinner and evening parties---though the company sits long at table on those occasions, I saw no disposition to excess,---every person was at liberty to drink as he pleased. The hour on such occasions is five o'clock, and the dinner is in a profusion that is extraordinary. This is the more astonishing, as the men in general are very temperate eaters ; many of them dined off one dish, and very few tasted the confectionary, which was in a very great abundance---Virtue and vice, as well as good and evil, are pretty equally balanced---drunkenness is the vice of Irishmen, as gluttony is of Englishmen---Which is the worst---an Englishman will say drunkenness of course ; but he is a party, and cannot be admitted a judge---I do not say that gluttony is the worst, but certainly it is the most degrading.

“ The soul subsides and wickedly inclines,  
To seem but mortal e'en in sound divines.”

The Wines on the table were, Teneriffe, Sherry, and Port---yet very little of them was drank ; punch is the national liquor. Wine is taken without pleasure, as a matter of course, but the approach of the punch is hailed with rapture, as it makes its appearance immediately after the cloth is removed. It is pleasing to find, that the irritation of party, I have seen so much of elsewhere, is hardly known in this town---yet it is but a short-lived pleasure ; for, alas ! of what avail is one grain of sense in a bushel of folly ; one pebble of beauty, on a strand of deformity ?---Like a fertile spot in the deserts of Arabia, it only serves to make the surrounding wilderness more hideous.

The people of Strabane are plain and unaffected in their manners, and despise and ridicule affectation in others.—It is, therefore, the worst place in the world for a proud or a vain man to come to, as many proud and vain men have experienced. The repeal of the union (a question which so much agitates the public mind in Dublin) is neither talked of, nor wished for here; nor I believe in any other part of the north of Ireland.—The Presbyterians of Ulster are fond of England, fond of Englishmen, fond of trade and of quietness; beside this, there is no community of feeling in Ireland; no continuity of substance.---The Catholic is one.---The Protestant is one.---Dublin is one.---They must be amalgamated together, either by good government, or blood. I fear it is to be the latter. Routs are frequent in Strabane, and, as in London, the rooms are as full as they can hold. Folly flies with the wings of an eagle, while wisdom travels with the paces of a snail. Turnpike roads and mail coaches whirl the fashions of London, with their newest gloss, to the most remote parts of these kingdoms; and in a few years, if we wish to contemplate pastoral innocence, we must seek it in the wilds of America. There are some sweet romantic walks about this town.—I soon tire of the society of man, and wander for hours amidst rocks and solitary glens; I climb mountains, I dive into valleys; I overleap precipices,—I worship the great Author of nature, who, shadowed in darkness, presides over this gloomy and terrific sublime; I was seated about two hours ago in a deep glen, by the side of a sparkling brook, and in sight of an immense cataract, which broke into white foam on the rocks below—The projection of rock, under which I sat, forms the covering, of what is called Mavey Cann's Parlour. —Mavey in Irish signifies old Witch. Witches were formerly well known in

England, and are still in great vogue in this Country. With the usual inaccuracy of village narration, Mavey Cann is said to have drank tea here long before it was known in Ireland.—I don't know what sort of tea she made, but I am sure she has excellent water,---I stooped down and quenched my thirst at the fountain in front of her abode. About half a mile from Strabane, on the opposite side of the river, is the beautifully-situated little town of Lifford.---It would be called a village in England ; but by the courtesy of Ireland, every assemblage of houses is a town ; as almost every woman is a lady, and every man, when written to, an Esquire. This is an English colony, and some remains of the accent may yet be found. Until a few years ago, they retained the name of English, and frequent battles took place between them and the Scotch laddies, as the young men of Strabane were called. About three miles beyond Lifford is a little hill, called Stumpy's bray. A pedlar was murdered in a house near this, with circumstances of the most atrocious cruelty ; he struggled long against the assassin, and the marks of his fingers in blood were imprinted on the walls ;---his legs were cut off, and he was crammed into a box for the purpose of concealment,---he haunted the murderer every where.---“ Go where you will,” said the apparition, “ I'll follow you ; where you'll be to night, I'll be to-morrow night !”---The conscience-struck villain, appalled by the Spectre of his own imagination, fled to America.---The night after his arrival, he looked fearfully through his bed curtains,---the mutilated figure, pale as the tomb, in his blood-stained garments, stood on the hearth : “ Go where you will,” said he “ I'll follow you ; where you'll be to night, I'll be to-morrow night.” The man, the next morning, confessed his crime to a magistrate, was sent over to Ireland, and executed.---I went into a public house, near Lifford, to have some

spirits and water.---An old woman was reading at the kitchen fire ; she civilly took her spectacles off, and laid the book down ; perhaps it was not so much civility, as the *cacoethes loquendi*.---An old woman, who preferred reading to talking, would indeed be a phenomenon.---I threw my eyes over the book ; it was a London magazine, and, with a great deal of other silly matter, contained the following bull :---“ After the battle of Fontenoy, Louis the fifteenth observed to an Irish officer, ‘ Dillon’s regiment behaved well ; several were wounded.’---‘ Yes,’ said the other, ‘ but Clarke’s did better still ;---for we were all killed.’ Does the inventor of this bull know that he is himself guilty of one, or at least that he labours under a most lamentable confusion of ideas ?---From some peculiarity in his native language, the low Irishman, in speaking English uses the word kil’t, in a ridiculous manner. But the King of France, and the Irish officer did not converse in English, surely, and the mistake, which was barely possible in it, could never have occurred in any other language.---That the Irish formerly, more frequently made bulls than their neighbours, I think is probable, as well from the universality of the observation, as for the following reasons : the English was long to the Irish a foreign language, acquired after they had arrived at years of manhood ;---spoken with difficulty, and reluctantly,---they translated therefore :---they thought in one language, and they expressed themselves in another.---Every person acquainted with French, knows how ridiculous an Englishman’s mode of speaking it generally is ; but the construction of the Irish differs much more from the English, than the English does from the French. It is more poetical, more animated, more glowing. It abounds in interrogation, and hyperbole ; almost universally, (it is said) the subject or substantive is mentioned first, and the quality or attribute

afterwards ; this latter is one of the great beauties of the Irish,\* as it is of the Latin and Greek languages, but it is preposterous in English, and is called in derision of the Irish, putting the cart before the horse. Independent of language however, the peculiar disposition and temperament of the Irish, may make them more liable, than many other nations, to commit blunders.---They have great vivacity, acute feelings, and warm fancies. They may, therefore, be supposed to burst out in those quick sallies which overleap the regular concordance of words, oftener than their more cold-blooded neighbours ; but, having made these allowances, it is but justice to add, that there is much mischievous misrepresentation on this subject ; and that well-educated Irishmen, at present, make bulls as seldom as the English. English is the language which they speak from infancy, and the warm tide of their boiling veins has been cooled by the mixture of English blood ; but when a particular character has been affixed to a country, or a town, they hardly ever get rid of it ; thus, Edinburgh is still described as dirty, though it is actually one of the cleanest cities in Europe : Irishmen of all classes still make blunders, because it is probable the lower class of them once did so. Authors serve up the repast which suits the public taste, and manufacture Irish bulls in their garrets, as vintners do port in their cellars, as unlike Irish modes of expression, as the latter is to the real wine of Oporto. I think I cannot use a stronger simile. For a dramatic writer there is some excuse ; his trade is fiction, and his purpose is amusement.---“ He lives to please, and therefore must please to live.” The audience come to see the Irishman they have been accustomed to, a being of the stage and not of nature ; and he must quarrel, make love, make bulls, and swear by Jasus.---But fi

a tourist there is no such apology; he must be a man of some fortune, and, therefore, does not write from mere necessity. He professes to give a picture, not a caricature;---he comes abroad to observe men and manners, and proposes to instruct, not to amuse;---he may be deceived in his judgment, but he is bound to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I am sorry to remark, that the conduct of most Irish tourists has been very different from this. They follow the lead of those who preceded them; they find it easier to copy than inquire; more lucrative to gratify prejudice, than to correct it; they go about, therefore, twisting and perverting the most innocent expressions, and when they cannot find bulls, they make them. The effects of these misrepresentations have been most mischievous; they have served to feed the arrogance of the English; to increase their contempt of Irishmen; to make them heedless of their clamours, their wrongs, and their claims; because they have rendered them blind to their talents, their virtues, and their strength. On the other hand, they have wounded deeply, the feelings of a proud and high-spirited people, who can bear injury better than contempt.---This at all times would be a very great evil, but it is particularly so at the present time. England wages war for her existence; a great proportion of her army and navy, must necessarily be Irish; kind treatment will make them subjects; ill usage, insult, and contempt, will make them mercenaries.---What the fate of all countries who depended on mercenaries has been, I need not say. England and Ireland have inflicted much misery on each other, and are probably nearly equally to blame. England was proud in strength, Ireland was obstinate in independence; she struggled till she was ex-

hausted, and even then she bit at the hand which held her to the ground. England inflicted misery, but she conferred kindness, and had Ireland consented to become English, she would have given happiness,---but Ireland forgot the kindness and only remembered the injury :---let us hope however, that some means may speedily be found, to make Ireland happy in her own way, since she will not in the way England would have had her; let us hope that concord may be attained, at this moment, when discord may be ruin---of both the ruin;---for could Ireland succeed in pulling down the edifice of English freedom, she may rest assured, that, like Samson, she would herself be buried in the ruins. O! what a pity, that two nations so well adapted to each other,---which were so cut and tallied, that the protuberances of the one seemed to fit the notches of the other, should thus, by unlucky circumstances, by melancholy misconceptions, be repelled and alienated from each other; that Ireland should be Catholic, when England was Protestant ;---that Ireland should be royalist, when England was republican ;---that Ireland should be revolutionary, when England was steadily loyal. United by nature like man and wife, to sweeten each others cup in life; that they should have been always opposite, when they should have agreed the most---that the virtues of one should become vices to the other,---that the blessings of England should be the curses of Ireland; and that now, when England struggles, (greatly and nobly struggles,) for her name and independence as a nation;---that Ireland should hail her wounds, as her own balsam,---her danger as her own escape, her present misery, as her own future happiness. O! what a pity!---O! what a pity!



## CHAP. XXV.

A—————

SINCE writing my last I have met with a slight accident. I must confine myself for a few weeks to my chamber, and forego the pleasure I proposed to myself, in visiting the giant's causeway.---I hope to enjoy it, however, on some future occasion. As it is probable, therefore, I may again resume this subject, I shall only make, (in addition to those I have already made) a few general remarks on the inhabitants of the North of Ireland.-----In other parts of Ireland, it is to be lamented there are only two classes in society, and that the third, which is the best, is wanting---it is not wanting here. But there are not only three classes, but it may likewise be said, three nations. The gentry who are the English Irish.---The merchants, shop-keepers, and manufacturers, who are the Scotch Irish, and the servants and labourers, who are mostly composed of the native Irish.---The second class is by far the most rational, the most enlightened, and the most industrious body---equally removed from the extremes of want and wealth, it is in the middle state between poverty and riches, in which the Royal preacher wished to be placed.---It must be admitted, however, that profusion on the one hand, and the exactions of landlords on the other, are inclining it rather to the side of poverty. In most other countries the gentry give the tone to society,---it is the middle class, that gives it here---they are the link which unites the other two---to a certain degree, correcting their errors, and softening their hatreds---their gravity is the ballast, which steadies the bark of Irish levity, and their placidity the oil

which tempers the rough edge of English arrogance---in consequence of this, the gentry of the North are milder in their manners, "and bear their faculties more meekly," than in the West and South of Ireland.---It is, therefore, among the Presbyterians of Ulster that the provincial character is to be sought ; and I am happy to be able to remark, that after attentive examination, I find their virtues far more numerous than their defects. In general they are great readers of the Bible.---It is the first book that is put into their hands, and all their ideas take a tinge from it ; and often their phrases---they are accustomed to reflect, and to talk on the doctrines it contains, and are, therefore, great reasoners on theological, as well as other subjects. A simple country man has been known to stand up in the meeting house, and address the preacher, on what he called false doctrine.---There are few great farmers---the country people are mostly weavers, and have a few acres of land only. This is the ancient, and almost patriarchal mode of life, more favourable to happiness and morality---to national prosperity, though not perhaps to bloated national greatness, than any other.---The character and appearance of the English people have been materially injured, by crowding such immense numbers of men and women, into vast manufactories in large towns.---The children of such people are weak, rickety, and generally as deformed in mind as in body.---I have remarked that rickety people are almost always malevolent. Envy, perhaps, may have some share in this. The better class of country people live in great abundance---wine is not much used---but they have great plenty of what they like better, and what is better adapted to the climate---which is Whiskey punch.---They are slovenly in their habits, and an Englishman would often feel disgust at the state in which their houses are kept. They are in general large unhewn masses of stone---with little ornament

without, and little cleanliness within.---What is necessary is only attended to, utility alone is thought of, never beauty. ---A northern farm-house, therefore, is an accurate resemblance of the Northern character,---It is a picture without a frame---a bed without a curtain---a drawing-room without a carpet. It is astonishing how little idea Presbyterians have of pastoral beauty---the Catholic has a thousand times more fancy---but a Presbyterian minds only the main chance. If he builds a cottage, it is a prison in miniature.---If he has a lawn, it is only grass,---the fence of his grounds is a stone wall, seldom a hedge ; - his garden is kale but never has flowers,---nature may give him the honey-suckle, but he never plants the rose. --The truth is, that a Presbyterian has a sluggish imagination :---it may be awakened by the gloomy or terrific, but seldom revels in the beautiful. The sweet delusions, therefore, with which fancy loves to deck poor, weak, naked human nature, he is a stranger to. For this reason works of poetry are little relished by the Northerns. I know of only one instance of a poet of any eminence being born here : Farquahar, the author of the *Beaux Stratagem*, and other esteemed dramatic works, and I should suppose from the name, he was of an ancient Irish family.---This latter remark may appear fanciful, but it is just. The ancient Irish retain with the names, much of the ancient expression of feature, and much of the ancient character.---When a descendant of one of them marries a woman of Scottish blood, we see, in the Children, the varied predominance of Scottish steadiness and frugality, or Irish thoughtlessness and impetuosity, as their features resemble either of the parents.---This is a most curious circumstance, and a man of observation, who resided long enough here, to collect a sufficient number of facts, might throw much light on a very dark subject.---The natives of the place never attend to this, and would laugh at it if it was proposed to them.---Men never think strange what they are

long accustomed to, but they think strange, probably silly, the man who thinks it so.---The peasant, perched on some Alpine cliff, which overlooks the precipice, does not admire the wisdom of the Englishman, who forsakes his verdant meads to climb those perilous rocks, and shiver in that boundless snow.---The fisherman, whose hut is on the strand, sees no grandeur in the ocean, feels no terror from the tempest's roar.---In the Northern character there is much probity, much integrity and friendliness, but it has few of the lighter virtues which grace many other nations ;---It is estimable, therefore, rather than amiable ;--It is desirable more as a friend than acquaintance ;---it is a piece of massy plate, valued for its weight and solidity, but not for its fashion. Man is here, more as he came from the hands of nature ; rough and headlong, boiling and bubbling from the rock, he is like one of his own mountain torrents, which dashes against immense stones, rude projections, and has not yet formed to itself a passage and bed ;---he has not the mild and mitigated tones, the gentle manners, which now characterise English society---he is more peremptory in contradiction, more familiar in his address, and heartier in his laugh. I do verily believe, paradoxical as it may appear, that Irish morals, (I mean Northern Irish,) are preferable to English, but in manners they are far short of them.---But this, perhaps, is unavoidable ; we cannot have the graces of perfect civilization, with the manly virtues of a less advanced state.---We cannot at once smell the blossoms of Spring, and gather the fruit of Autumn.---Nor, perhaps, is that very high polish of civilization desirable.---Time, which mellows the colours of the picture, destroys likewise the canvas on which they are laid.---Though Northerners possess so little suavity of manners at home, I know no people who acquire it sooner abroad or, who sooner get rid of their provincial features and accent.---They have been very successful in mak-

ing their way in England, by regular and combined effort. Their conduct is orderly and proper; but as their original accent is Scotch, and they soon acquire an English one, they are seldom taken for natives of Ireland, nor when the prejudice against that country is considered, is it very wonderful that they should not be in a hurry to claim connexion with it.---Ireland is therefore in a great measure deprived of the advantage of their good character.---Several most respectable physicians in London, are natives of this part of the country, but hardly any of them are known there to be such. Lord Castlereagh is another strong instance of the facility with which they acquire the manners of Englishmen. When Lord Melville, and other Scotchmen, were high in office, even at the time their conduct was most approved of, they were viewed with some jealousy by the people; but Lord Castlereagh blended more naturally with them;---his politics might not be approved of, but there was no feeling of national distinctness either in him to them, or in them to him. Little as I approve of some parts of the public conduct of this noble Lord, I am happy to bear testimony to the many estimable qualities he displays in private life.---I know, from unquestionable authority, that on more than one occasion, during the late rebellion, his *humanity* saved those whom justice would have condemned.---A poor lad, the son of a blind harper, wandered barefooted and barelegged, a few years ago from the town of Strabane :---he returned some time afterwards, a reverend Dean of the church, and is now a bishop.---Colonel T——, Chief Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, is another fortunate Northern. He went into the army at a very early period of life, unknown and unfriended---The polish of his manners, the elegance of his address, and the integrity of his conduct, soon procured him patrons.---The Duke of York, in a particular manner, took an active share in promoting his inte-

rest.---He sent him, as military secretary, along with General Whitelock, to South America. After the unsuccessful termination of that expedition, he took him into his own office at the Horse-Guards.---In the discharge of its duties, Colonel T--- has given universal satisfaction; he presents a fair picture of the northern character, modified no doubt, by early association with the army, and people of rank. He is not deficient in that judicious assentation, without which it is impossible long to please any great man---yet with none of the servility of which the Scotch have been accused.---The native Irish, from their want of this assentation, seldom make their way well in life---not that they are incapable of flattery, but their habitual flightiness, makes it liable to many interruptions.---The folly or passion of an hour, destroys the labour of years---like a good cow which gives plenty of milk, but has a careless heel. Long before the abolition of the slave-trade in the West Indies, it was put a stop to in the island of St. Helena, by the indefatigable exertions of the governor, who is a native of the county of Cavan, in this province. He had much misrepresentation, obloquy, and even danger to encounter; but his philanthropy, made him regardless of them all.---On such conduct comments are unnecessary.---To the virtuous belongs a reward superior to the praises of men---the approbation of their own hearts---yet I cannot forego the gratification of inscribing on those pages, the name of Colonel Robert Brooke.---Lord Moira, in one of his speeches in the House of Lords, said, that there was more information in the province of Ulster, than in any other country in the universe, of equal extent. This, I think, is exaggerated praise---they are (as far as my observation extends) a rational and thinking, rather than a reading people; their natural good sense, however, enables them to talk with great propriety on most subjects of conversation.

They are workmen who do much, with few tools---they are musicians who ring many changes on few bells.---I know of but one periodical publication in the whole province;---a magazine printed in Belfast---a work replete with sound sense, and just observation, delivered in plain and perspicuous language.---In these respects it is a striking contrast to the general run of Dublin compositions. The authors of which, from their eager solicitude to please, often fail to do it---they substitute tinsel for gold, and shadow for substance---the matter is overwhelmed with its ornaments---the man is smothered in his amour.---I have often, on reading a page of prodigious fine writing, in a Dublin newspaper, exclaimed, with the Greeks of old, "what is all this to Hercules!"---If my advice had any weight with these gentlemen, I would recommend them, "more matter with less art."---The desire to be brilliant, and to dazzle, is too obvious, and is almost universal. The judge on the bench, and the bishop in the pulpit, are equally guilty of it. They write and speak of a subject, but they think of themselves. They resemble a handsome servant maid, who appears busy in putting the flowers in her mistress's head, but is all the time adjusting her own tucker in the mirror before her. It would be unpardonable in a sketch of this kind, not to say a few words of the ladies.---In general they are fair and well-looking ---They are not unsuccessful copyists of English fashions, and have a good deal the appearance of English women. If there is a shade of difference, it is that their features are harsher, and their persons rather more masculine.---They are very fond of dancing,---in which they display more vivacity and rapidity of movement than elegance or grace. This, perhaps, may be no evil. Young women who are taught the steps of opera dancers, are often apt to learn their tricks. They are more acute and knowing than English women.---They have not (I think) by any means, so

much sensibility;---their passions are not so easily inflamed.---They can play about a flame, therefore, which would singe and consume an English woman.---They have probably more vanity, and they have certainly more pride.---In an Irish country town, there are four or five different degrees in female rank, and each class looks down with sovereign contempt on the one below it.---The consequence of this is, I fear, that Irish women are not so agreeable acquaintances as English women :---they have many virtues, but pride is the rind that conceals them.---A man accustomed to English manners, will seldom take the trouble to break it.---Yet so strange a thing is human-nature---so admirably are disadvantages balanced by corresponding advantages, that I have doubts whether the negative qualities of this very vice of pride, does not do as much good, as any positive virtue;---at least, if female chastity is the essential virtue that people are disposed to think it. Irish pride gives chastity to the females, in a degree that hardly any country this day in Europe can boast of. Adultery or an intrigue even, is unknown among females in the middle class.---A married woman may be violent, may be a termagant.---An unmarried one, may be pert, may be ignorant, may be flippant,---but they are,

“ Chaste as the icicle,  
That hangs on Dian's temple.”

Climate no doubt has some influence in this;---religion has some; but pride, pride is the buckram and whalebone in the stays of Irish chastity, which enables it to walk through life, as stately as a duchess at a coronation. As I have already mentioned that the native Irish, in this province, are almost entirely servants and labourers, it would be unfair to judge the general character, by men in their situation. They appear to me to have many of the good quali-



ties, and many of the bad ones, which have been attributed to them. They are warm-hearted, friendly, cheerful, and affectionate,---but they are regarded with distrust: they are, therefore, cunning; they are drunken, and in that condition, turbulent and quarrelsome.---But even these faults should not make Englishmen despise Irishmen, their virtues are their own, their vices have been *forced* upon them. Moreover, if there is much individual vice in Ireland, that is not in England, there is vice in England that is unknown in Ireland. I would put it to any rational and virtuous man, whether the prevalence of the abominable crime, with the account of which we are so often shocked, does not counter-balance, in the scale of relative morality, the advantages England possesses over Ireland, were they ten times greater than they are. What is drunkenness, or insubordination, or turbulence, compared to vice, from which the eye of manhood turns in horror and disgust? Which has imparted a portion of the abomination of the continent, (I hope in God not extensively imparted) to the English character; and which too often makes a London newspaper, in the notice it is obliged to take of it, resemble less a modern publication, than a fragment saved from the destruction of Gomorrah. The employment of foreign servants, foreign tradesmen, opera dancers and singers, has been often reprobated; if it has had a tendency, (as I think it has had,) to cause this contamination,---how far short is the reprobation it has ever met with, from what it deserves.---I shall conclude this chapter with remarking, that the presbyterians of Ulster, will, I have no doubt, be found by every traveller who views them without prejudice, to be what I have described them, a sedate and orderly people. Whether they are so because they are presbyterians, or are presbyterians, because they are sedate, and orderly, I will not positively determine;

but I should suspect the latter. Men at length settle into the religion the best suited to their temperaments, as every man after forty is said to be his own best doctor. Modes of religion are modified by disposition and climate, and those which are adopted by one people, would be rejected, and with reason, by another. The cold and unadorned religion of Scotchmen, would little suit the warm and glowing imaginations of Italians or Greeks.---Religion is uniform, and universal;---the modes of it partial, and as varied as our countenances and complexions.---Of no more importance, (could men be brought to think so,) than the garment of the preacher. The pure and benevolent heart, is the only offering worthy of the deity, and equally acceptable, I trust, whether it ascends from the Catholic chapel, or the Protestant cathedral,---the Turkish mosque, or the Pagan temple ---the gorgeous dome of civilization, the clay-built altar of the savage, or the barbarous hut of the Esquimaux.



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